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LITERARY BREVITIES

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LITERARY BREVITIES

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

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THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED
TO MY FORMER ASSOCIATE TEACHERS, IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT
OF THEIR FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY AND THEIR MANY
KINDNESSES TO ME THEIR PRINCIPAL

JOHN G. WIGHT
CLINTON, N. Y.

INTRODUCTION

THE extracts contained in this volume have been made in connection with more than forty years of extensive reading. They are almost invariably short, and include a great variety of interesting facts, literary gems, and quotable epigrammatic sayings. They are characterized by variety in points of authors cited and of matter chosen. But very few of them are to be found in other compilations of the kind. Authors are quoted quite as much for what they say as on account of their high literary standing. Famous excerpts from writers of the first rank have been, to some extent, consciously excluded. On the other hand, the riches of a neglected literary man like Landor, or a not popularly known genius like Balzac, or even of writers having only a moderate reputation, have been freely drawn from. In fact, good things have been taken wherever found. This is in recognition of the fact, that a good thing said by an obscure writer is just as good as if it had been said by Shakspeare or Milton. Extracts from other than English authors have been generally taken from good translations, and always without giving the translator's name.

The arrangement of selections under subject-headings is, in some instances, not severely accurate. For example, under "Wit" are placed humorous and facetious sayings, strictly speaking only allied to wit, and rarely the extracts are, in sense, the opposite of what the heading implies.

In the plan of the book, there has been no thought of copying such a work as Bartlett; to the contrary, the intention has been to choose and arrange interesting matter not usual in books of quotation. One feature of excellence claimed for these selections is, that they show, in their variety and in their appeal to good taste, the places and authors where the reader may confidently look for what is most entertaining and edifying in literature.

It is believed that the book has appreciable value for writers and speakers, and for the general reader who may be seeking information or diversion; but especially for teachers of all grades and kinds.

J. G. W.

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LITERARY BREVITIES

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ADMIRATION

IT is a remark of Walter Pater, that the true value of souls is in proportion to what they can admire. As an apt comment on this, some one declares, that the time of his life he considers to have been wasted, from an intellectual point of view, was the time when he tried, in a spirit of dumb loyalty, to admire all the things that are said to be admirable. All have their periods of admiration; especially is this true of likings for certain writers as they affect one at different periods of life. At one time the absorbing author may be Tennyson or Scott or Hawthorne; at another Thackeray or George Eliot or Landor; and again it may be Shakspeare or Goethe or Balzac. Sometimes, except for the influence of growth in years, it is impossible to account for these changes in taste. It is, furthermore, of quite frequent observation, that an immoderate admiration for a book upon the first reading is to be regarded with suspicion, as a revulsion in judgment is likely to ensue. The really great authors seldom take us by storm. An old-fashioned novel like "The Last Days of Pompeii," or Madame D'Arblay's "Evelina," having at length become somewhat antiquated in style, is less pleasing than it once was, owing to the reader's having formed his taste upon new models.

T. W. Higginson has a pertinent fling at our, as yet, verdant American civilization, in which he declares, that to many the mere fact of foreign admiration is a sufficient proof of the greatness of an author — a foreign country being a kind of contemporaneous posterity. What has

been said in the way of criticism regarding the decadence of old writers cannot in any sense apply to the works of the greatest literary geniuses, the few classics that are for all time. Thackeray wished he could have been Shakspeare's bootblack. Emerson's idol, next after Plato, was also Shakspeare. St. Chrysostom used to sleep with a manuscript of Aristotle under his pillow. Petrarch, who constantly carried a copy of Virgil with him, was delighted beyond measure upon receiving an original text of Homer. Charles II was known to carry "Hudibras" in his pocket. When Keats and Coleridge were first introduced, after a brief interview Keats turned to go away, but again turned back, saying he wished to carry away the memory of having pressed Coleridge's hand. Alexander, who was said to know the whole "Iliad" by heart, declared it to be his chief desire that Homer were alive. Thoreau once walked to Boston, a distance of eighteen miles, to hear Emerson lecture, and then walked back to Concord the same night. Thucydides, when a boy, was so impressed by Herodotus as he recited his history at the Olympic games, that he was moved to tears. It was said to be fatal to leave a volume of Milton lying about where John Bright was, as the mere sight of it would draw him away from any serious political subject in hand. Gautier declared, that if ever he found a single line of Victor Hugo's to fall short in any way, he would not confess it to himself alone, in a cellar, on a dark night. Archdeacon Paley thought it the *summum bonum* of human existence to sit still and read "Tristram Shandy." Browning had his little son touch Béranger. After the battle of Marengo, Napoleon respected Arezzo out of regard for the memory of Petrarch. In a like spirit Alexander, when he was destroying Thebes, spared the house of Pindar. Goethe called Shakspeare the

“Will of Wills.” Beethoven praised Handel as a musical composer, and said he would uncover his head and kneel on his grave. Ole Bull sold his last shirt to get money to hear Paganini. Lowell was sure Shakspeare was glad to see Hawthorne on the other side. Remarks Haydon, “I would not barter that sequestered tomb at Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis, or the field of Marathon.” A rough Yankee in Winchester cathedral, amazed by the artistic surroundings, rushed up to a stranger and exclaimed, “It’s too beautiful! I must shake hands with somebody.” Richter said if Herder were not a poet he was something more — he was a poem. Dryden, where he confesses to having copied Shakspeare, affirms that in imitating such great authors he always surpasses himself. Demosthenes transcribed Thucydides six times. It pleased the great Grecian orator to hear a basket woman say, “This is that Demosthenes.” Victor Hugo felt highly complimented when some one showed him a pulpit on which an admirer had placed a copy of his “*Les Misérables*” beside the Bible. Ruskin, confessedly one of the most elegant writers of prose, declared no description of his to be worth four lines of Tennyson.

In contemplating the great, our admiration sometimes amounts to awe. Scott confessed that he never felt awed in the presence of anyone except the Duke of Wellington. Alcibiades said Socrates was the only person who ever made him feel ashamed of himself. Sidney Smith had a great feeling of reverence for bishops — so great that, owing to nervousness, he would roll a crumb of bread in his hand when he sat next one at a dinner-table, and if next an archbishop would roll crumbs in both hands. We are informed by Carlyle, that Dr. Johnson only bowed to every clergyman or man with a “shovel hat.” Fisher Ames, if he had been absent during a

debate in the Continental Congress, but came in before the vote was taken, always voted as Roger Sherman did, as he thought Sherman always voted right. Heine prepared fine speeches to make to Goethe when they should meet, but in the event they all failed him, and he only told Goethe that the plums of Saxony were delicious. It was next to impossible for George William Curtis to deliver an address in which he did not make some allusion to Sir Philip Sidney, the scholar, author, courtier, and perfect gentleman. Poe's tribute to a beautiful woman was, "I saw no heaven — but in her eyes." It is recorded that the executioner who was to behead Charles I, before performing the duties of his office, knelt before the king and begged his royal forgiveness. Bolingbroke remarked of Marlborough, "He is so great a man that I have forgotten his faults." St. Simon found Fénelon's personal attractiveness so great, that it required an effort to cease looking at him. Thackeray gives an example of extreme unreasoning admiration in an allusion to what sometimes happens in the connubial state, where he says, "'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet call him an angel." The diamond necklace of Anne of Austria gave rise to the aphorism, that the bracelets would have been of priceless value if they had not been unfortunate enough to be placed in contact with arms so beautiful as the queen's. The old lady said of her minister, whose sermons she did not understand, "He has a heavenly tone." Cumberland said of Pitt, "I don't know him, but from what you tell me, Pitt is what is scarce — he is a man." Addison thought Aristotle the greatest philosopher, Polybius the most impartial historian, and Cicero the most consummate statesman of all antiquity. Charles Lamb calls Kent, in *Lear*, the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived.

Admiration for the beauty of natural scenery is, essentially, a modern development. The ancient classics are almost entirely wanting in allusion to it. Whatever references to mountain, vale, landscape, or sea are found in them, are little more than expressions of wonder or fear. It is even said of Rousseau, the reputed discoverer of beauty in nature, that although he spent eighteen months in Venice, he never once alludes to the natural attractions of the place. Goethe's preference for art as being above nature is shown where he declares himself so taken with Michelangelo, that after him he has no taste for nature. In a similar vein some one speaks of a "Raphael sky."

The principle embodied in *nil admirari*, the opposite of admiration, is indicated by Dowden in what follows, — "The wife of an exalted scholar cannot always maintain the adoring attitude assumed by her husband's passing admirers." It is the opinion of Balzac, that a writer's own family and friends are incapable of judging him.

The lapsing from a first enthusiasm over an author applies also, but in a slightly different way, to personal attachments and to social and business connections. There is, speaking in general, danger of going too far in commending persons with whom we may have become intimately associated, lest a subsequent rupture make the situation awkward and even calamitous. A suggestive example of this danger is Pope Leo's too ready and complete endorsement of Henry VIII. What shattering of bosom friendships is sometimes made by political and business complications, is only too well known. Yet, it may be urged, life would be dreary enough if excessive caution in forming confidences were to become the rule; "if," as Longfellow has expressed it, "the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm."

ADVERSITY

THE thought of trying to make the best of a bad bargain is anything but comforting; yet misfortune inevitably comes to all at some stage in the journey of life, and teaches the good of ill, reminding us that there is no great loss without some small gain. That adversity may prove a blessing in disguise, is of not infrequent observation. As a confirmation of this, it will be recalled, that when, in the year 1666, the entire business portion of London was destroyed by fire, what seemed to be an irreparable loss was more than made good by the purification of the recently plague-stricken quarter, and the beautifying of the burned district under the direction of Christopher Wren. The exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden, who

“Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,”

in a delightful résumé chants, — “Sweet are the uses of adversity.” William James assures us, that in supreme sorrow lesser vexations may become a consolation; and likewise, that two afflictions, well put together, shall be a solace. Goethe affirmed, that it had been his lot to bear a succession of joys and sorrows, either of which, without the other, would have put an end to his life. Thackeray would like to know who is more worthy of respect than a brave man in misfortune. In the same line of thought is the remark of Eugene Sue, that nothing is more touching than suffering goodness. Henry James thinks joy brings people less together than sorrow. It is an observation of Lowell, that joy and sorrow are sisters surely, and very like each other too, or else both would not bring tears as they do equally. Cleon, the tanner of Athens, asserts

that ordinary good fortune is safer than extraordinary; and that mankind find it easier to drive away adversity than to retain prosperity. It is a remark of Keats, that only those who have tasted an exquisite joy can feel the power of sadness.

Excessive grief, as a result of adversity, sometimes manifests itself strangely. Goethe, who was known to be cold, when informed of his son's death, appeared calm, but it was afterwards ascertained that he had broken a blood-vessel from suppressed emotion. One of Balzac's characters is represented, on the death of his wife, as taking out his watch, breaking the mainspring, and hanging it up beside the hearth. Ole Bull once tried to commit suicide by jumping into the Seine, because his beloved violin had been stolen. According to Shakspeare, great griefs medicine the less. Vâtel, a famous cook, committed suicide because the fish had not arrived in time for Louis XIV's dinner. Of adversity as the producer of despair, examples are not wanting. After the overwhelming defeat of Varus by the German Arminius, Augustus was known to beat his head against a wall and to exclaim, "Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions." In his drama, "Antony and Octavius," Landor represents Cleopatra, after the battle of Actium, as trying to assure Antony of happier days to come, when Antony replies, —

"Never, when those so high once fall, their weight
Keeps them forever down."

Charles Lamb, in his old age, mournfully complained, "There is no one to call me Charley now." Of the short-lived but poignant grief of childhood, Charles Reade observes, "At her age a little cloud seems to darken the whole sky." Cicero's assertion that nothing dries so soon as a tear, in a peculiar manner applies to the young.

Dean Swift was wont to deplore the day of his birth, and to celebrate each anniversary of it by reading the book of Job. Charles Lamb mentions a lugubrious friend who would cast a damper on a funeral. Dumas asserts, that great griefs contain within themselves the germs of their consolation. Horace Walpole says griefs are fond and griefs are generous.

Adversity has its hopeful side. Macaulay has observed, that nothing is so credulous as misery. In the same vein Pope says, — "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is the common infirmity of mankind, Machiavelli asserts, in a calm to make no reckoning of a tempest. Victor Hugo reminds us, that destiny never opens one door without shutting another at the same time. Burke thinks wisdom consists in no small degree in knowing what amount of evil is to be tolerated. Shakspeare says grief makes one hour ten, and thus gives a hint that it is a part of personal discipline to regret as little as possible. The following is from Shakspeare, —

"What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief."

It is remarked by Mrs. Craigie, that people who have the misfortune to be born above the common anxieties of breadwinning make more importance of the few things they are able to grieve over. It is the advice of some one, that we should not meet trouble half way. Richardson would have nothing said that begins with "O." Ulysses wept for his dog, but not for his wife. Who never wet his bread with tears, declares Goethe, knows ye not, ye heavenly powers.

AGE

IT is interesting to note the different stages of life that are variously marked as the beginning of old age. The Earl of Rosebery declares, that Pitt was never young, and that Fox certainly could never have been old. Bulwer remarks of some one, that he never had any youth, being one of those men who come into the world with the pulse of a centenarian. Montaigne called himself old at forty-seven. Whoever loves, affirms Dr. Holmes, is in no condition old. Goethe was in his prime at seventy. Socrates wrote well at seventy. De Foe wrote Robinson Crusoe at the age of sixty. Cervantes was fifty-eight when he published the first part of Don Quixote; the second part was issued ten years later. Some one has observed, that a choleric man ought never to grow old. There are few, observes Steele, who can grow old with a good grace. Thackeray thinks we grow simpler as we grow older. Old men, says Aristophanes, are boys twice over. Victor Hugo calls an old man a thinking ruin. In contrast to this we have *senesco non segnesco*. Goethe warns us to beware taking the faults of our youth into old age, for old age brings with it its own defects. The same reminds us, that being waited on continually we become preternaturally old and decrepit. It has been affirmed by some one, that all who have lived to be a century and a half old were beggars. Extreme old age has been characterized as having one foot already in Charon's boat. The average length of life of civilized man has been estimated to be thirty-three years, a figure that must be increased, if more recent statisticians are correct in asserting that the average length of life, owing to improved hygienic conditions and scientific discoveries, has in modern times been perceptibly increased. Dis-

raeli states, that thirty-three is the age at which the world's saviors have died. He gives a list of twenty persons to prove his statement, our Saviour, of course, standing first. Alexander the Great, by no means to be significantly called a savior, is in the list; so is Shelley, who died at thirty. Emerson asserts, that the youth of great men is seldom marked by any peculiarities that arrest attention. As exceptions to this, we have such prodigies as Goethe and John Stuart Mill, who were called learned at the age of three. It is surprising in how short a time a few illustrious men have done their work and then passed away. Keats died at twenty-five; Shelley at thirty; Byron at thirty-six; Lucan at twenty-six. There are but few instances of premature deaths among famous women. We have to be old, remarks De Coulevain, to realize what youth is.

AMBITION

THERE are few breasts, Le Sage declares, capacious enough to afford house-room for two such opposite inmates as political ambition and gratitude. Plutarch observes, that those who aspire to great things must always have something to suffer. Joubert calls ambition pitiless. Benson does not class ambition among Christian motives; according to Milton, it is the last infirmity of noble minds. Some one calls it the highest of wishes to surpass the felicity of Augustus and the virtue of Trajan. It is a laudable ambition for a man to wish to coin a word that shall live forever in a language. C. C. Everett thinks the impression one gets from Browning's writings is, that the true life consists rather in aspiration than attainment. In 1827, Goethe predicted the Suez canal, the Panama canal, and the joining of the sources of the Rhine and the Danube; and wished he might live

to see the consummation of all three. It was Thoreau's notion, that in the long run men hit only what they aim at. Hamerton asserts, that it is the dreams of youth that become the realities of manhood. Stevenson observes, that people are generally cast for the leading parts in their own imaginations. Julius Caesar preferred being first in a little town to being second at Rome. Richelieu liked to be in a place where he was the strongest. From Browning we have this, —

“Nothing has been which shall not bettered be
Hereafter.”

It is Goethe's observation, that man loves to conquer, likes not to feel secure.

Of the unreasonableness of ambition Shakspeare writes, — “Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.” It is a Scotch saying, that “ower mickle water drowns the miller.” Balzac reminds the over-ambitious, that larks don't fall down roasted. Napoleon confessed that it was making war on Russia that ruined him. The African king wished to be painted white. The following is from Victor Hugo, —

“When souls are thirsty they must drink,
Though it be poison.”

The Greek proverb tells of a foolishly ambitious man who trained himself to be a potter by beginning on an amphora. As indicating that even great ambition may not always be unreasonable, Victor Hugo asks, “Because the goal is distant, is that any reason why we should not march towards it?” What matters it, remarks Seneca, how far Alexander extended his conquests, if he was not satisfied with what he had. In the opinion of Macaulay, the government which attempts more than it ought will

accomplish less. Following is one of Browning's exquisite verses, — "Had I God's leave, how I would alter things." Fielding declares the truest mark of greatness to be insatiability. Walt Whitman humbly confesses, that he does not want the constellations any nearer. Some one has observed, that a man grasping for power finds the most needy the most serviceable. Impose limits, says Balzac, and who does not wish to go beyond them? Great sails, Landor thinks, are ill adapted to small vessels. Horace represents the Titans trying to place Pelion on top of shadowy Olympus. Scott, using an "old saw," gives warning, that covetousness bursts the bag and spills the grain. Cervantes advises against trying to make a new world.

AMUSEMENTS

ACCORDING to Richter, play is the first poetry of the human being. Chess is said to have been invented by the general of an army during a famine, to keep the soldiers from mutiny. The historian Hume was fond of the game of whist. Though Dr. Johnson never played cards, he approved of them, as being very useful in life as the generator of kindness. Joy is the accompaniment of amusement. In Heine's view, life is at bottom so awfully serious that none of us could endure it without the blending of pathos and comedy.

Great eccentricity is sometimes shown in the different ways men take their amusements. Donatus was busy catching flies. A bus-driver in London, it is said, when he has a holiday, sometimes rides with the man who takes his place. While the Dutch fleet was sailing up the Thames, Charles II was amusing himself with hunting a moth about the supper-room. At the play, people are said to confirm their judgment by clapping of hands.

ANCESTRY

A GERMAN writer advises people to be careful in choosing their ancestors. John Bright made an epigram on families that came over with the Conqueror and never did anything else. Lowell has observed, that the agreeable aristocrats are those who are born to the aristocratic state and are therefore unconscious. Dr. Johnson, who confessed that he could hardly tell who his grandfather was, apologizes for primogeniture, in that it makes but one fool in a family. Carlyle alludes to Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset, as one in whom the pride of birth amounted almost to a disease. Virgil speaks of one as *avis atavisque potens*. Sir William Herschel's father was a Hanoverian bandsman; his mother was a coarse, ignorant woman. The German peasantry had coats of arms. In Dante's time anyone was considered noble who counted a knight among his ancestors. Cicero thought every man began his own ancestry.

ANECDOTES

TOM HYDE, the tailor, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," he said, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before taking the first stitch." When Prince Napoleon was received publicly at Cork, the mayor, with confident pride, addressed him in very poor French. The Prince, who replied in choice English, said he regretted, as he never had any opportunity to study the noble Irish language, he was unable to follow the words of the worthy chief magistrate. The witty Rowland Hill, one day when his chapel, with a thinner attendance than usual, suddenly filled during a shower of rain, said he had often

heard of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella. When Washington asked Mad Anthony Wayne if he would storm Stony Point, Wayne replied, "I will storm hell if you will plan it." At Copenhagen, when a subordinate officer told Nelson that the admiral was signaling to withdraw from the fight, Nelson placed the glass to his blind eye, and, saying he was unable to see any such signal, ordered his own fighting signal to be kept up, and continued the engagement until the enemy struck. Charlotte Cushman tells of a noisy fellow in the gallery, that when the audience cried, "Throw him over," a woman with a thin voice interjected, "Don't; kill him where he is." When the Methodists objected to Father Taylor's being on intimate terms with Emerson, believing that as a Unitarian Emerson must go to hell, Taylor met their protest with, "If Emerson goes to hell he will change the climate there, and emigration will set that way." Mr. Henry T. Finck, in his life of Grieg, relates this amusing incident about the great musical composer. When out fishing with his friend Franz Beyer, a musical theme came into Grieg's head, which he instantly jotted down on a piece of paper and laid the paper on the bench beside him. Beyer picked the paper up unobserved, and whistled the theme. Grieg turned to him in surprise and asked, "What is that?" Beyer replied, "Only an idea I just got." "The devil you say," said Grieg, "I just got that same idea myself." Balzac thinks the best tales are told at special hours; that no one ever told a story well standing or fasting. A French lady, having married an Englishman who spoke little, excused his reticence on the ground that he was always thinking of Locke and Newton. When the last sheet of Johnson's dictionary was received by the publisher, the latter exclaimed, "Thank God, I have done with him." When

Johnson was told of this, he said, "I am glad he thanks God for anything." Mr. Bentham, in Guy Mannering, when Dominie Sampson was reading to him his commission as justice of the peace, listened as far as, "The King has been pleased" — "Pleased," exclaimed Bentham, "honest gentlemen, I am sure he cannot be better pleased than I am."

ANGER

ALLEN CUNNINGHAM remarks, that there is nothing so blind as anger. Carlyle affirms, that violence does even justice unjustly. In a similar vein Balzac says passion never reflects. This from Shakspeare, —

"Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That you do singe yourself."

Lord Palmerston always lost his good manners when he lost his temper. Our own anger, says Lubbock, does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry. It has been remarked by some one, that he only employs his passion who can make no use of his reason. *Ira furor brevis est*, is from Horace. From Shakspeare this, — "I'd set my ten commandments in your face." Landor has this, — "Heat an Arab and he keeps hot for life." In any controversy, it has been stated, the instant we feel angry we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves. Most of our regrettable actions are impulsive. Balzac's woman made it a point always to get into a rage before her husband did. The noble Kent thinks "anger has a privilege." Rousseau thinks women have the art of concealing their anger, especially when it is great. It is well known, that an angry man can be easily appeased if we can succeed in

making him smile. Racine believes all anger to be an excess of love. Balzac calls an angry look a silent epigram; he also tells of one who slammed the door with the violence of a disinherited heir. Fielding has observed, that anger, when removed, often gives new life to affection. Landor says it is the nature of the impudent never to be angry. Beaconsfield calls the Jesuits wise men, since they never lose their temper. Luther declared that he never worked better than when inspired by anger; that when angry he could write, pray, and preach well. It was Mahomet's advice, that when one got angry he must sit down, and if his anger still endured, he should lie down. It is proverbial that heavy showers do not last long. Socrates was silent when angry. William James psychologizes to the effect, that the memory of an insult may make us angrier than the insult did when we received it. The same writer reminds us, that Christ was fierce upon occasion. Once when Laura Keane was getting into a rage, Sothorn called out, "Wait a bit"; and after crossing the room and turning off the gas he said, "Now go ahead; I do so hate to see such a pretty face in a rage."

APPEARANCES

CARLYLE who had met Daniel Webster, wondered whether any man could possibly be as great as he looks. Münsterberg informs us, that a little strip of gray paper appears white on a black ground, and black on a white one. It is not always safe, as some one asserts, to judge a gentleman by his finger-nails. Dumas says you can always guess the message by the messenger's face. It is a statement of Hare, that few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are. Many times what is sugar to the taste, observes Carlyle,

is sugar-of-lead when it is swallowed. Thackeray bids us have a care of appearances, which are as ruinous as guilt. According to Landor, serenity is no sign of security. Marguerite of Valois, sister of Charles IX of France, married Henry of Navarre much against her will. When asked at the altar if she consented to the marriage, she made no response, and was still silent when the question was repeated; her brother Charles made her bow assent by striking the back of her neck and thus forcing her head forward.

ART

IT is observed by Leigh Hunt, that Coleridge, when the crew in the "Ancient Mariner" are dead, does not set men, ghosts, or hobgoblins to man the ships again, but re-animates, for a while, the crew themselves. Symonds advises artists who aspire to immortality to shun the precious metals. In art, says Sainte-Beuve, nothing counts but the excellent, and the excellent in art may always be an exception, an accident of nature, a caprice of heaven, a gift of God. Coleridge thought Chantry's admirable bust of Wordsworth was more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself was. The Greek sculptors and painters knew hardly anything, scientifically, of anatomy. Lavater held it to be quite impossible for any man of originality to be painted. It is a happy remark of Arlo Bates, that science may show a man how to live, but that art makes life worth living. Lowell thinks it was the great merit of the old painters, that they did not try to be original. The mission of art, observes Balzac, is not to copy nature, but to reproduce it. It was the belief of Reynolds, that it is impossible for two painters, in the same line of art, to live in friendship. Turner was

a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Thackeray says George II did not love the fine arts, but he did not pretend to love them. Haydon asserts, that no nation has ever been refined intellectually without art, nor ever can be. When Charles II complained to Waller that he had written a better panegyric on Cromwell than on himself, Waller gave as an excuse, that poets succeed better in fiction than in truth. This is Landor's estimate of the comparative merits of the three sister arts, — "If there are paces between sculpture and painting, there are parasangs between painting and poetry; sculpture and painting are moments of life, poetry is life itself." It is difficult to induce young artists to study the principles of anatomy, when they are told that the greatest artists the world ever saw did not know them. Ellen Terry thinks a great actor can do nothing badly. Hawthorne observes, that a genuine love of painting and sculpture, and perhaps music, seems often to have distinguished men capable of every social crime. The same eminent authority assures us, that he does not remember to have recognized a man by having previously seen his portrait. Praxiteles replaced a charioteer of Calamis by one of his own, that the horses, in the depiction of which Calamis was famous, might not surpass their driver. Heine thinks the sublime and terrible far easier to represent in art than the petty and paltry. Hawthorne regards suggestiveness to be the highest merit of poetry, pictures, and statuary. The best artists, both in poetry and painting, Southey asserts, have produced the most. It is a thought of Lewes, that while art enshrines the great sadness of the world, it is itself not sad. The human form, in the opinion of Flaxman, is the most perfect of all forms and contains in it the principles of all inferior forms. Story thinks it doubtful if Phidias made any statues of marble, his art being

chiefly in toreutic work, in gold and ivory or bronze. In a novel, remarks Goethe, it is chiefly sentiment and events that are exhibited; in the drama it is character and deeds. Painting in oil was discovered about the middle of the fifteenth century. You may paint with a big brush, it has been said, and yet not be a great painter. Victor Hugo, with his customary discernment, reminds us, that science dies, art alone is immortal; that Aristotle is outstripped, Homer is not. The rough designer, Michelangelo, thought painting in oil only fit for women and idlers. We are told by St. Augustine, that in his day no portrait of the Virgin Mary existed. Phidias portrayed both himself and Pericles on the shield of Athena. Story says it was not in harmony with the practice of the Greeks to inscribe on the pedestal of their statues the names of the artists. Phidias was a slow, pains-taking worker. Michelangelo worked with great rapidity. Lafcadio Hearn thinks the Greeks never made white statues, but always painted them. The marvelous works of art in ancient Greece were all in some way connected with the worship of the gods. According to Dr. Harris, Christianity has not been able to express its distinctive ideas in sculpture; it finds painting a far more adequate means. In the fine arts, says Scott, there is scarce any alternative between distinguished success and downright failure. Lessing says with much grace, — "We see the force of the tempest in the wrecks and corpses with which the beach is strewn." Aristotle seems to have been the first to discover that a statue lies hid in every block of marble. The last touches, Balzac states, make the picture. The weaving of tapestry, oil painting, the art of painting on glass, even pocket-watches, and sun-dials are said to have been originally invented in the Netherlands. Hamerton would rank a painter, not by his merit,

but by his fame. All art, Schiller affirms, is dedicated to pleasure, and, he declares, there can be no higher or worthier end than to make man happy. It was Duval's theory, that all painters without exception have a second love for music. Lowell finds all great artistic minds essentially conservative. Blake believed his method of coloring had been revealed to him in a vision. To preserve a faithful picture of the burning of the fleet in the harbor of Techesme, a ship of war was actually blown up on the roads of Livorne, before the studio of an artist. John Adams was indifferent to the fine arts, and once avowed that he would not give sixpence for a picture of Raphael or a statue of Phidias. When Mummius was preparing to send from Corinth to Rome some of the famous works of the Greek sculptors, he told the men in charge of the packing that if they broke or lost any of the limbs of Venus or Apollo, he should require that they replace them with new ones. Says Joubert, — "If a work shows marks of the file, it has not been polished enough." Goethe compares true art to good company. Dinocrates proposed forming Mt. Athos into a statue of Alexander the Great. In Turner's house there was little to show that he cared for any other art than his own. Both Scott and Byron were devoid of feeling for the fine arts. Painters maintain, that the same motions and screwings of the face that serve for weeping serve for laughter too. Hazlitt quotes this, — "If thou'st not seen the Louvre thou art damned." When Fielding wished to compliment a painter, he would not say the work breathes, but it thinks. This is from Shakspeare, — "To think an English courtier may be wise and never see the Louvre." Dante Gabriel Rossetti was both poet and painter. Art literature, like Lessing's *Laocoön*, may, as it did in the case of Gladstone, awaken in a man a love

of art. Balzac asserts, that artists command the ages. It is an observation of some one, that Rembrandt painted what he saw; the Greeks painted what they felt. According to William Winter, the actor is born, but artists must be made. The best artist, R. L. Stevenson thinks, is not the man who fixes his eye on posterity, but the one who loves his art. Horace tells of a Greek artist who could paint nothing well but a cypress tree; when asked to paint a shipwreck, he inquired if they wouldn't like something in the cypress line introduced into it. Queen Elizabeth disregarded art and artists. It is the idea of Allen Cunningham, that true art is nature exalted and refined. Reynolds admired one style and painted another. Paint the soul, enjoins Browning, never mind the arms and legs. It has been observed, that the best artists are not necessarily the best teachers. In the last part of the fifteenth century painting rendered Italy the most renowned nation of the earth. Goethe declared that he could pardon all faults of the man in the player; but that no fault of the player could he pardon in the man. The American sculptor Powers knew nothing, scientifically, of the human frame. Symonds asserts, that the Greeks and the Hindoos are the only two races who have produced the drama as a fine art originally and independently of foreign influences. The English artist Hudson, instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, could paint a head successfully, but needed help to put it on the shoulders. In no country, observes Allen Cunningham, has painting risen suddenly into eminence; while poetry takes wings at once. Michelangelo did not work from clay models, and did his own chipping. It is a statement of Balzac, that literature revolves around seven situations; that music expresses everything with seven notes; and that painting employs seven colors. The same author tells us, that art consists

not so much in the knowledge of principles as in the manner of applying them. It has been estimated, that the best painted and the best preserved pictures will last only about 800 years. Grecian literary art, the most perfect the world has ever seen, may be neglected at intervals, yet will in due time unfailingly re-assert its supremacy. Heine thinks it surprising, that a book which is so rich as "Don Quixote" in picturesque matter has as yet found no painter who has taken from it subjects for a series of independent art works. Alexander allowed no one but Apelles to paint him. Seneca has the following, — "A man is never the less an artist for not having his tools about him, or a musician, because he wants his fiddle; nor is he less brave because his hands are bound; or the worse pilot for being on dry ground." Chesterton asserts, that there are some things which a fifth-rate painter knows which a first-rate art critic does not know; and that there are some things which a sixth-rate organist knows which a first-rate judge of music does not know. It was a notion of Bacon, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Chesterton thinks there are many styles of art which perfectly competent critics cannot endure. It was a maxim of Zeuxis, that he took time to paint, and that he painted for eternity. According to Flaxman, Plato studied painting, and Socrates was a sculptor by profession. Flaxman tells us, that the statues of Jupiter and Neptune were at first beardless; but later, in harmony with Homer's verses, they were bearded. Phidias had a knowledge of painting as well as of sculpture. Flaxman affirms, that Michelangelo is without an equal in the three sister arts. To make the port against both wind and tide is said to be the seaman's art. Flaxman is authority for the statement, that no sepulchral statue is known in England before

the time of William the Conqueror. We are told, that a great artist is a king, that he rules over the world of imagination. Balzac describes a certain good artist as one who does not spoil canvas. The statue of Jupiter at Elis, by Phidias, was esteemed one of the wonders of the world. John Van Eyck, of Bruges, was the inventor of oil painting; the ancient painters used wax. Raphael's Sistine Madonna is said to have been painted for a banner to be carried in a procession. From Milton we have, —

“The work some praise,
And some the architect.”

The Sultan Hassan Mosque at Cairo was so artistic a structure that, according to report, its designer was either put to death or had his hands cut off, to prevent a repetition of such a triumph of workmanship. Following are lines from Emerson, —

“He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.”

It is not the privilege of the artist, observes Beethoven, to be Jupiter's guest on Olympus all the time. It has been noted, that the loveliest Grecian statues were mostly expressive of repose; the Laocoön and the Niobe are among the few exceptions. We are told, that art precedes philosophy and even science. Until very recent times, it is said, no landscape painter began or finished an oil painting out of doors and from nature. Hamerton says noble pictures are never accurate; he thinks all attempts to paint skies from nature are futile, and that the painting of clouds from nature is an impossibility. How serious every trifle becomes, remarks Goethe, the moment it is treated according to the principles of art. It is asserted by Walt Whitman, that all architecture is what you do to

it when you look upon it. It is claimed that the coloring of Rubens makes some defects in his figures pass unregarded. Shelley thinks the most memorable epoch in the history of the world is the time from the birth of Pericles to the death of Aristotle; that the painting and the music of that period, essentially lost to us, were, as claimed by contemporary writers, of the highest merit. Other pictures, Lamb affirms, we look at; Hogarth's prints we read. The art of taking casts of the faces of the dead seems to have come into practice about the middle of the fourteenth century. A restoration, Victor Hugo compares to an oil painting blackened by time and revarnished.

AVARICE

ACCORDING to Bancroft, avarice is the vice of declining years. Those desiring many things want many things, Horace says. Balzac observes, that charity lays up a treasure in heaven which avarice lays up on earth. In plain truth, says Montaigne, it is not want, but rather abundance, that creates avarice. Misers are said to have no belief in a future life. The artist Turner had a passion for accumulating money; avarice, however, is the passion for keeping money. Scott mentions a miller who grudged every drop of water that went past his mill. Avarice is thought by some to be the most degrading of human passions. Where poverty ceases, it is said, avarice begins. It has been affirmed, that there is no fortress against an ass laden with gold. It is proverbial that a merchant never has enough till he has a little more. Junius declares, that of all the vices avarice is most apt to taint and corrupt man.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY is its own excuse for being, says Emerson. The same author says beauty may be felt; it may be produced; it cannot be defined. Grecian athletes were forbidden to look at beauties. The following is from Tasso, —

“The throne of beauty hath an easy stair,
His bark is fit to sail with every wind,
The breach he makes no wisdom can repair.”

If you wish to make your life complete, cultivate the ésthetic. Balzac describes some one as being as ugly as the capital sins. The same speaks of a woman fair enough to dispense with ornaments altogether, and as knowing how to reduce her toilet to the condition of a merely secondary charm. Shakspeare declares, that where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow. George Sand thinks it not desirable that a young girl should grow good looking too early. George Eliot speaks of certain women who are never handsome until they grow old. According to Pascal, the shape of Cleopatra's nose had much to do with the history of the world. It is the dictum of Hazlitt, that refinement creates beauty everywhere. She is not a beauty, Henry James says with discrimination, but she is beautiful, two very different things; a beauty has no faults in her face; the face of a beautiful woman may have faults that only deepen its charm. The three most beautiful things in nature, declares Balzac, are a frigate under sail, a horse at full speed, and a woman dancing. You can't eat a lily nor own stock in a sunset. This from Browning, —

“Pansies, eyes that laugh, bear beauty's prize
From violets, eyes that dream.”

The same has again,

“That budding face imbued with dewy sleep.”

Cowley compares a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends an arrow from every part. As beautiful as Antinous, the page of Hadrian. Even pearls are dark before the whiteness of his teeth, comes from the Persian. If you wish to preserve your heart shut your eyes, is from the Persian also. Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store, is from Spenser. Beauty is nature's coin, says Milton. Perhaps there is a limit to men's physical beauty, observes Balzac, while the beauty of the soul is infinite. The same calls beauty a veil which often serves to hide many imperfections. The same again asserts, that nothing is beautiful but what we feel to be useless; and that women who are still handsome when past fifty are too fat. Goldsmith speaks of a faded woman carrying the remains of beauty. Who has ever thought of a deformed angel? asks Balzac. Michelangelo's father said the boy was about as homely as he could be without making faces. Her eyes are sapphires set in snow, is the happy expression of Thomas Lodge. You mend the jewel by wearing it, is the diction and thought of the incomparable Shakspeare. This also is from Shakspeare, —

“A withered Hermit, five score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty looking in her eye.”

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, is from Keats. The light that never was on sea or land, is Wordsworth's. From Waller this, —

“Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.”

This from Wordsworth, —

“Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.”

Henry James thinks beauty has at the best been allotted to a small minority. The following lines are from Shakspeare, —

“And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.”

Perfect beauty, Balzac thinks, is generally allied with coldness and silliness. She carries all her beauty in her face, is Bulwer's. Fine shapes will ever be the fashion where she is, is Richardson's. Brunettes last, says George Meredith, which suggests Virgil's line, — “The white privets fall, the dark hyacinths are plucked.” Anything is most beautiful without ornament, says the rugged Walt Whitman. Fashion makes beauty for a time, according to Leigh Hunt. Grace, I know, cannot be taught and is never learned, says Sainte-Beuve; in fact, it would be knowing it to attempt to copy it. The oak has a beauty of its own, says Hare, a beauty which would not be improved by being spangled over with blossoms. The same declares the beauty of a pale face to be no beauty to the vulgar eye. He was familiar with her repertoire of glances, is Blanche Howard's. One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pairs of oxen, declares James Howell. Hers was a beauty destined to last, wrote Rousseau, because it was more in the expression than in the features. Words, he thought, spoiled the beauty of the thing he saw, is from Tolstoy. This artless creature, writes Mme. D'Arblay, with too much beauty to escape notice, has too much sensibility to be indifferent to it. According to Balzac's notion, the beauty of a woman's shoulders is the last to leave her. Lamb and Keats agreed that Newton had destroyed all the beauty

of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colors. The following selection is from Lowell's *Dandelion*, —

“Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.”

Handsome is who handsome does, seems to be relegated to anonymity. You cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty, is from *The Spectator*. Little men are pretty, but not handsome, declares Aristotle. He knows not love who has not seen her eyes, is Petrarch's. This is Pope's line, — “And beauty draws us with a single hair.” Her loveliness, writes Trollope, was like that of many landscapes, which require to be often seen to be fully enjoyed. Two-thirds of human beauty, George Moore thinks, is the illumination of matter by intelligence, and but one-third proportion and delicacy of line. Nothing is beautiful but what is natural, says Boileau. Bulwer pronounces pity in a woman to be a great beautifier. According to the proverb, the crows think their own young ones fair.

BELIEF

NOTHING is so firmly believed, observes Montaigne, as what we least know. According to an old Eastern proverb, the human mind is like a leech; it never lets go with its tail till it has taken hold somewhere else with its head. It is a statement of William James, that the most interesting and valuable things about a man are his ideals and over-beliefs. It is for us to believe in the rule, not in the exception, remarks Emerson. Lamb characterized a certain man as one who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle. Balzac is authority for the statement, that conviction is human will come to its full strength. Dr. Johnson for a

long time refused to believe that the Lisbon earthquake had really taken place.

BENEFITS

THERE is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers, says Seneca. Again the same, — “It comes too late that comes for the asking”; “New appetites deface old kindnesses”; and “The greatest benefits of all have no witnesses, but lie concealed in the conscience.” God alone, declares Balzac, has the right to know our good deeds.

BIOGRAPHY

IT is not known just when or where Columbus was born; he died in the belief that he had reached India. Edward II, like Charles I and George III, had no marked vices. John Bunyan was imprisoned, after a fashion, for twelve years. Homer, as Symonds asserts, remains forever lost, like Shakspeare, in the creations of his own imagination; instead of the man Homer, we have the Achilles and the Odysseus, whom he made immortal. The first house Franklin slept in after reaching Philadelphia, was a Quaker meeting-house; he had entered it almost involuntarily with the people who were thronging to it, and, feeling drowsy, fell asleep there. Franklin was once entertained by David Hume in Edinburgh. Picardy was the birthplace of both Robespierre and Calvin. Chaucer, Burns, Lamb, and Hawthorne were all custom-house officers. The Greek philosopher Hippias made his own clothes. Marsyas, for dreaming that he had killed Dionysius, was ordered by the latter to be killed. It was the learned Roman Varro who made the

the d——d tea." Queen Anne was the last English monarch to attend the debates in the House of Lords, or to preside at a meeting of ministers. Washington and Lincoln were both land surveyors. The robber Procrustes had a bed on which he requested his victims to lie, in pretended hospitality; those too short he pulled out; those too long he chopped off. Alaric was buried under the stream Busentinus. Knightly, one of the would-be assassins of William III, tried to escape in the attire of a woman. Scott was disappointed at finding the Cliff of Dover so low, but found the Tarpeian Rock of less height. Of the distinguished group of Concord literary men, Thoreau was the only native of the place. Burke was reputed to be as unable to cast up a tailor's bill as Sheridan was to pay it. Some suspected Burke of being the author of the "Letters of Junius." Burke and Goldsmith were contemporaries at Dublin University. Henry VII called Saturday his lucky day. Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1603, at the age of seventy, had reigned forty-four years. Bayard Taylor, like Cooper, had trouble with his neighbors who wished to open a street through his fine grounds. In order to be allowed passage with Commodore Perry on his expedition to Japan, Bayard Taylor was enlisted as a master's mate. Swift did not think Alexander the Great was poisoned. Neither Gibbon nor Grote was a university-bred man. Bacon left Cambridge without a degree. Flaxman is of the opinion that Achilles was the handsomest man that went to Troy. Sir Thomas Browne points out the fact, that twenty-four names make up the first story before the flood. Henry van Dyke thinks autobiography is usually a man's view of what his biography ought to be. Victor Hugo remarked upon the fact, that the year 1847 began and ended on Friday. Victor Hugo and Dumas were pall-bearers at the funeral of

Balzac. Of the thirty-three years of our Saviour's life, only nine are known. It was Marcus Curtius who leaped into the chasm in the Roman forum. George Sand was the grand-daughter of Maréchal Saxe. Shakspeare and Cervantes both died on April 23, 1616. Chaucer, who died in 1400, was acquainted with Petrarch. Lessing was, for a time, secretary to Frederick the Great. Empress Eugénie was De Lesseps's cousin. There have been many Diogeneses and many Timons, declares Sir Thomas Browne, though but few of that name. When Elizabeth visited Oxford, to a Greek oration made to her she responded in the Greek language. Once, at the Enfield chase, Elizabeth had the honor of cutting the buck's throat. When imprisoned in the Tower and expecting to be beheaded, Elizabeth requested that the instrument to be used in her execution might be a sword, after the French manner, and not an axe, after the English method. Cicero never speaks of his mother in any of his writings.

BLUNDERS

THE Cologne *Gazette*, contained an advertisement of a German who prided himself on his correct English, soliciting English boarders; the closing sentence read, "The diet is notorious and unlimited." It was an erratum in an English paper, which announced that a certain man had abjured the errors of the Romish Church and embraced those of Protestantism. A single sentence may undo a man. Brignoli once caused merriment in a Western theater by announcing, by way of an apology for her absence, "Madam Nilsson is a leetle horse." In the stage directions it read, "Enter a king and two fiddlers solus." Mrs. Browning speaks jocosely of her mistake in confounding Constantine with Constantius. An Irish-

man thought the moon of more value than the sun, because the moon shines by night when we need it, while the sun shines by day when we don't need it. It was Monsieur Jourdain who was surprised to find he had talked prose all his life without knowing it. The judge of a French court said to the accused in giving sentence, "Your head will be cut off; let this be a lesson to you." The Duke of Wellington, being told that he should not say "Jácobus," but "Jacóbus," blundered again by saying "Carólus" instead of "Cárolus." When Queen Victoria was at Balmoral, an old Scotch preacher of the place prayed for her in the following manner, "O Lord, as she grows to be an old woman make her a new man." The lawyer of over-cautious statement, upon seeing the Siamese Twins, remarked, "Brothers, I suppose." Professor Felton, having occasion to reprimand his brother, a student, for swearing, was told by the young man that he was not addicted to profanity; whereupon the professor exclaimed in a tone of severe reproof, "Damnation, John, how often have I told you the word is 'profaneness,' and not 'profanity.'" A certain good parson, in his desire to be moderate in expression, prayed that the Lord might lead his people in the safe middle path between right and wrong. Macaulay refers to Thomas Nugent, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, as a man who never distinguished himself except by his brogue and his blunders. I hardly remember, says Justin McCarthy, in my practical observation of politics, a great public question of which Charles Kingsley did not take the wrong side. Thales fell into a well as he was looking up to the stars. I think the devil was in it the other day, remarked Swift, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. Only those who do nothing at all never make any mis-

take, remarks Balzac. A member of the House of Commons, in a famous speech, delivered himself in this manner, "I am always hearing about Posterity; I should very much like to know what Posterity has ever done for the country." Speaking of a certain woman, Balzac said she afforded an example of the mischief that may be done by the purest goodness for lack of intelligence. An Irish bishop thought "Gulliver's Travels" contained improbabilities. Napoleon, while claiming never to have committed crimes, said he had done worse, he had committed blunders. Jefferson observes, that Washington erred as other men do, but erred with integrity. President Taylor's inaugural contained this remarkable sentence, — "We are at peace with all the nations of the world and the rest of mankind." A famous *lapsus lingue* was that committed by President Van Buren. Once when receiving the Diplomatic Corps he addressed them as the "Democratic" Corps. It was a criticism of the Jansenist translation of the Bible, that the scandal of the text was preserved in all its purity. Addison quotes the following from somewhere, — "We are always doing something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us." The darkey prayed that "we might grow up befo' de Lord, and be made *meat* for de kingdom o' heaven."

BOOKS

PORSON boasted, that he possessed more bad copies of good books than any private gentleman in England. Scott was proud of possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read. Stick to the great books, says Blackie. The three books that were sure to be found on the table of an early settler of Australia were

the Bible, Shakspeare, and Macaulay's Essays. The true university of these days, says Carlyle, is a collection of books. It is sometimes to the disadvantage of a book to be praised too much. The younger Pliny affirmed, that he never read a book so bad but he drew some profit from it. Only those books come down, Emerson declares, which deserve to last. Rousseau was an insatiable reader, says Landor. Seneca would suppress Homer, and cast Virgil and Livy out of all libraries. Wordsworth, who disparaged Goethe, cared little for books. There are books we never think it worth while to read until we find some favorite author praising them. The first book Hawthorne bought with his own money was Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Both Emerson and George Eliot thought Rousseau's "Confessions" the most entertaining book they had ever read. The first circulating library in America was the outgrowth of a club called The Junto, established by Franklin in Philadelphia. This is a line from Milton,— "Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself." This from Shakspeare, —

"— Volumes that
I prize above my dukedom."

Montaigne's library contained only 1,000 volumes. John Bright read but few books, chief among them being the Bible; but he was master of those he read; he thought either the Bible or Shakspeare enough for a statesman. If one book tires me, remarks Montaigne, I take another, and yield myself to it only in those hours when the tedium of doing nothing descends upon me.

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BORES

SOCIAL success, in the opinion of Frances Little, is the infinite capacity of being bored. There's no bore like a secret, says George Meredith. Sidney Smith and Walter Scott were known to acknowledge that they never met a bore. A bore that is periodical gets a friendly face at last and we miss it on the whole, Lowell thought. Sophocles declares, what is obvious enough, that the man who takes delight in always talking is irksome to his friends and does not know it. I should have been immensely bored, some one has observed, if I had not been there myself.

BULLS

THE following notice was attached to one of the showcases in an exhibition in India,—“All goods in this case are for sale, but they cannot be removed until after the day of judgment.” An Irish legislator wished to say “a few words before I begin.” The Englishman discovered in Paris, that although the French had no bread, they had a substitute called *pain* which answered the same purpose. Who was it that said, “To have no children is great misfortune, but it is hereditary in some families”? The Frenchman was “much displeased” at the news of his father's death. It was a Kircaldy elector who said, — “We will have a religious man to represent us, if we have to go to hell to find him.” A Spanish judge, avers John Hay, announces to a murderer his sentence of death with the sacramental wish of length of days.

CANDOR

JOHN KEMBLE, the English actor, would correct errors of speech in anyone. Once George III remarked, that it would "obleege" him if Kemble would take snuff from his royal snuff-box; upon which Kemble said, "It would become your royal mouth better to say 'oblige.'" Jenny Lind once sat next to Thackeray at dinner, and in conversation with him confessed that she had not read a line of his writings. Dr. Arnold was always ready to confess his ignorance. It was said of Arnold, that he woke every morning with the impression that everything was an open question. Bacon believes that all persons speak more virtuously than they either think or act.

CARE

NEW times demand new cares, Racine believes. It is impossible, observes Fielding, to be particular without being tedious. Suspense in news is torture, remarks Milton. He who owns soil has war and toil, says Balzac. It is the observation of some one, that certain people might be better for a little neglect.

CHANCE

IT is a saying of George Eliot, that nobody's luck is pulled by one string. From Spenser we have this, —

"For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray."

It is a saying of Thackeray, that the blows which wound most are those which never are aimed. It is one attraction of American life, T. W. Higginson observes, that it

affords an endless lottery, and we never can tell what lies at the other end of any person's career. This line is from Sophocles, — "Know, then, thou walk'st on fortune's razor edge." May Sinclair says, "For pure, delightful unexpectedness, give me a parquet floor."

CHARACTER

I AM a human being, said Terence, and nothing human is alien to me. According to Weir Mitchell, nothing but high character, implicitly believed in by the people, ever pulled Washington through the gigantic difficulties of our glorious Revolution. There is no wise or good man, thinks Jeremy Taylor, that would change persons or conditions entirely with any man in the world. Men have a singular desire to be good, says Thoreau, without being good for anything. It is a saying of Marcus Aurelius, that such as are our habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of our minds, for the mind is dyed by the thoughts. Browning speaks of a snow white soul that angels fear to take untenderly. There is a weak spot in every man, and if you look long enough for it you will find it. Much that is choicest and most delightful in literature has been written by authors who were anything but agreeable to their contemporaries. An enclosed two-cent stamp gives a man a character. Be sure of this at least, observes Lowell, that you are dreadfully like other people. Some one has remarked, that Emerson loved good and Carlyle hated evil. When a man commences by acting a character, says Scott, he frequently ends by adopting it in good earnest. Thomas à Becket proved to be altogether different from what Henry II thought him to be. There are moments of delirium, says Rousseau, when men ought not to be judged by their actions. If a

man is not great enough to be painted as he is, observes Channing, he had better not be painted at all. It is an old proverb, that the man who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies. Linen detects its own dirtiness, observes Dr. Johnson. Perhaps if we knew the occasional thoughts of our best friends, we should despise them. Addison promised never to draw a faulty character which would not fit at least a thousand people. These lines are from Goethe, —

“Talents are nurtured best in solitude,
A character on life's tempestuous sea.”

The same author declares, that the history of every man paints his own character. Le Sage tells of those whose characters stand higher than their principles. Chaucer, who tells of the unreasonableness of expecting clean sheep when they have a foul shepherd, asks, “If gold rust, what should iron do?” Joubert thought Voltaire had a moral sense in ruins. It is the view of Horace, that by crossing the sea men have a change of sky, but not of character. In general, observes Thucydides, the dishonest more easily gain merit for cleverness than the simple for goodness, since men take pride in the one, but are ashamed of the other. A physiognomist found in Socrates's face and the general formation of his head indications of bad passions and depraved character. The great philosopher and moralist confessed the correctness of the judgment, but claimed that by self-discipline he had thwarted the tendencies of his depraved nature. The Roman character was greatly due to well regulated family life. Gladstone confessed that he was a boy with a great absence of goodness. A character, says Novalis, is a completely fashioned will. Tasso's suggestive line is, — “Yet still

my hell within myself I bear." Milton seems to have paraphrased this in, "myself am hell." Chesterfield advises, that we observe carefully what pleases or displeases us in others, since the same thing will please or displease others in us. Balzac observes, that most men have inequalities of character which produce discord; one man is honorable and diligent; another kindly but obstinate; this one loves his wife, yet his will is arbitrary and uncertain; that other, preoccupied by ambition, pays off his affections as he would a debt, bestows the luxuries of wealth, but deprives the daily life of happiness, — in short, the average man of social life is essentially incomplete, without being signally to blame. Scott asserts, that an efficient bore must have something respectable about him, otherwise no one would permit him to exercise his occupation. A disregard of custom and decency, says Gibbon, always shows a weak and ill-regulated mind. Richardson asserts, that every fortified town has its strong and its weak place. Poe pronounces Tennyson the noblest poet that ever lived, so little of the earth earthy. Persons living side by side may practically belong to different ages, says C. C. Everett. As observed by Balzac, there are men who can never be replaced. La Fontaine is declared by Macaulay to have been a mere simpleton in society. There are depths in man that go to lowest hell; as there are heights that reach highest heaven, according to Carlyle. That the bread should be good, says Amiel, it must have leaven; but the leaven is not the bread. Some one has thought it better to leave the first two syllables out of the word gentleman than the last. The purer the golden vessel, says Richter, the more easily is it bent. Goldsmith says Johnson had nothing of the bear about him but the skin. John Morley sees in a habitually irresolute man one capable of clinging to a policy or conviction

to which he has once been driven by dire stress of circumstances. Chesterton thinks Browning had one great requirement of a poet — that of not being difficult to please. It has been stated, that Browning did not dislike spiritualism but spiritualists. Philip of Macedon, having been asked to banish a man for speaking ill of him, said it was better he should speak where they were both known than where they were both unknown. Character is capital, says May Sinclair. It was Dr. Johnson's belief, that a man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive. As expressed by George Meredith, a good character goes on compound-interesting. Bulwer asserts, that the iron out of which true manhood is forged is the power to resist. From Dryden is the following, —

“Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.”

It has been observed, that we shall never pour anything from that which is empty. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has this, —

“They never crowned him, never knew his worth,
But let him go unlabeled to his grave.”

According to Wieland's judgment, Klopstock is the most poetical, Herder the most scholarly, Lavater the most Christian, and Goethe the most human of men. Edwin Booth said there was no door in his theater through which God could not see. Jeremy Taylor was wont to say, on seeing some bad men pass by, — “There goes my wicked self.” Some one has remarked, that those who are worst to set wrong are also worst to set right. It is Lavater's observation, that you do not know a man until you have divided an estate with him. It is the belief of Bacon, that a little folly in a very wise man, a small slip in a very good man, and a little indecency in a polite

and elegant man, greatly diminish their characters and reputations. A cipher, observes Balzac, though it be never so large, traced in gold or written in chalk, will never be anything but a cipher. Kate Douglas Wiggin makes one of her characters say of a certain clergyman, — “He was so busy bein’ a minister, he never got round to bein’ a human creeter.” There is no damning a devil, says Balzac. It is a providential arrangement that, after fifty, one hates improvements, thinks Lowell. It is noted by Bacon, that a man’s temper is never well known until he is crossed. The man who is ready to pay you anything you ask, says Balzac, will pay you nothing. One must be something, observes Goethe, in order to do something. Henry James, in criticising George Eliot, thinks Adam Bede lacks that supreme quality without which a man can never be interesting,—the capacity to be tempted. Cato the elder was called “the biter”; Persephone was afraid even to admit him into Hades after death. One of Scott’s lawyers thought it the pest of his profession, that lawyers seldom see the best side of human nature. In girls we love what they are, says Goethe, but in young men what they promise to be. One of Thackeray’s characters complains, that his poor mother was so perfect that she never could forgive him for being otherwise. Evil tongues never want a whet, says Le Sage. Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow, is a line from Pope. If the balance exist, declares William James, no one faculty can possibly be too strong—we only get the stronger all-round character. One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the midst of poverty, says Isaac Iselin, but not a whole nation. It has been remarked, that every man has his Achilles’ heel. Some one has observed, that it is a painful thing to admit that so many good people are uninteresting and so many interesting

people are not good. Bulwer's Richelieu enjoins us to leave patience to the saints, for he is human. The same reminds us, that we are not holier than humanity. King John of England, one of the meanest sovereigns in all history, had a decided literary taste, and read ravenously books of a high order. One of the most despicable things he did was, in traversing England from the Isle of Wight, every morning to set fire to the house that had sheltered him the previous night. A contemporary historian said, after John's death, that hell felt itself disgraced by his presence. No man, affirms Price Collier, could hold a position of supreme public trust in America whose private life has been of the character of the male sovereigns of England, for a hundred years. We are assured, that strong men can remake their lives. Benson thinks resolutions do little but reveal one's weakness more patently. A good face has been called a letter of recommendation. Addison thinks nothing so modish as an agreeable negligence. The same says mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty is insolent. Men with red hair are said to be very good or very bad. Pascal thinks it delightful, when one expects to see an author to find a man.

CHARITY

WHO gives quickly, gives twice, says the proverb; this is, however, susceptible of a double interpretation. The day before marriage, observes Beaconsfield, and the hour before death, is when a man thinks least of his purse and most of his neighbor. When thou eatest, remarks Zoroaster, give something to the dogs, even though they should bite you. His dewes fall everywhere, is a sentiment from Shakspeare. Of Judge Samuel Hoar, Emerson wrote, —

"July was in his sunny heart,
October in his liberal hands."

In poor families, Balzac remarks, a gift always takes the form of something useful. In the time of the famine, America took the guns from her battleships to load them fuller with grain for the starving Irish peasants. It was said of St. Francis, that he remembered those whom God had forgotten. One does not always lose what one gives away, Goethe observes.

CHEERFULNESS

IT is Cowper who speaks of
"— the cups
That cheer but not inebriate."

So Shakspeare, —

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

It is asserted by William James, that the history of our own race is one long commentary on the cheerfulness that comes with fighting ills.

CHILDHOOD

FROM Wordsworth we have both "The child is father to the man," and "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." George Eliot observes, that childhood has no forebodings. This from Milton, —

"The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day."

Beaconsfield speaks of one who involuntarily reminds you of youth as an empty orchestra does of music. In Ger-

many, in early times, Santa Claus was accompanied by a sinister form called Klaubauf; Santa Claus came with a great collection of gifts for good children, but Klaubauf with a basket to carry off the children who had been naughty. Victor Hugo describes Paradise as a place where the parents are always young and the children always little. Some one states, that a hundred years ago a son addressed his father as "Sir"; to-day he calls him "Dad." August of Poland, known as "August the Physically Strong," was the father of three hundred and fifty-four children. Where children are, says Novalis, there is the golden age. Thackeray says of his childhood days, "As I recall them, the roses bloom again and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer." Sarah Orne Jewett says we never get over being a child so long as we have a mother to go to.

CIVILIZATION

THE accidental finding of Justinian's Pandects, about 1130, in the town of Amalfi, Italy, tended greatly to the improvement of that dark age. Wild men are said to paint and carve images of animals long before they have learned to fry an omelet. It has been observed with much truth, that the savage who adopts something of civilization too often loses his ruder virtues without gaining an equivalent. Amiel asserts, that we must have millions of men in order to produce a few elect spirits; a thousand was enough in Greece. It was the belief of William H. Seward, that all nations must renovate their virtues or perish. Civilization bows to decency, says Browning. Hume assigns the age of William the Conqueror as the period when the people of Christendom were the lowest sunk in ignorance. The best and bravest,

remarks Longfellow, are in advance not only of their own age but of every age. Hawthorne thinks the world owes all its onward impulses to men ill at ease. There will be vices as long as there are men, is a Latin sentiment. The population of ancient Rome has been estimated as high as two million. The Greeks and Romans, like the Chinese, did not fight duels. The lost causes, declares Dowden, have not always been the worst. Henry IV expressed a wish and indulged a hope to see the day when every householder in France should have a pullet for dinner once a week. It is a maxim by Lyman Abbott, that barbarians have rights which civilization is bound to respect; but that barbarism has no rights which civilization is bound to respect. In Tennyson's estimation, — "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Civilization tends to render all men alike, thinks Madame de Staël. Minos was the first, Thucydides declares, to whom tradition ascribes the possession of a navy. We are assured by the same authority, that the Athenians were the first who laid aside arms and adopted an easier and more luxurious way of life. He likewise observes, that the Lacedaemonians were the first who in their athletic exercises stripped naked and rubbed themselves with oil. To speak paradoxically, observes George Eliot, the existence of insignificant people has very important consequences in the world. Thucydides mentions an eclipse of the sun in the summer of 437 B.C., as occurring at the beginning of the lunar month, apparently the only time when such an event is possible. States can bear the misfortunes of individuals, but individuals cannot bear the misfortunes of the state, Pericles has observed. Plato advised Dionysius to read the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, if he wished to understand the state of society in Athens. In every great discovery, Balzac thinks,

there is an element of chance. According to Emerson, Europe has always owed to Oriental genius its divine impulses. It has been wisely observed, that you ought not to do everything you can for people at once. Goethe is convinced, that a great revolution is never a fault of the people but of the government. Gibbon, after describing the costliness and splendor of the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Constantinople, makes this significant remark, — "Yet how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labor, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the surface of the temple." Progress, it is said, brings conflict. Petrarch, in the fourteenth century, asserted that, except his friend Rienzi and one other, a stranger of the Rhone was more conversant with the antiquities of Rome than the natives of the metropolis. Emerson observes, that an institution is the lengthened shadow of one man. It is an observation of Bancroft, that the inference that there is progress in human affairs is warranted; that the trust of our race has ever been in the coming of better times. A nation is in a bad way when none of the people seek to get above the station to which they were born. Seneca tells of noble women who reckoned their years, not by the number of the consuls, but by that of their husbands. In early times cannibalism was practised in Scotland, a country which in later times produced a Hume, a Burns, a Scott, and a Carlyle. Gibbon pronounces the ruin of paganism in the age of Theodosius I to be perhaps the only example of the total extirpation of an ancient and popular superstition. Gladiatorial combats were witnessed for the last time at Rome in the games of Honorius, 404 A.D. At the siege of Rome by the Goths in 408 A.D., mothers are said to have eaten their slaughtered children. A like occurrence is reported in connection with the siege of

Jerusalem. In the reign of Theodoric, in Italy, it was safe to leave a purse of gold in the fields, so secure did the inhabitants feel concerning their property. Gibbon declares Boethius to have been the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for his countryman. Until the time of Justinian the silkworm which feeds on the mulberry tree was confined to China. Caligula spent nearly ten thousand pounds sterling on a single supper. The extravagance of one day, observes Edward Everett Hale, becomes the commonplace of another. Every age has its characteristic virtues, no age having a monopoly of them; today there is more philanthropy than formerly, but less hospitality. In what civilization of the past would one choose to live? The Mexicans and Peruvians acquired a respectable degree of civilization without either money or iron. Gibbon thinks the proudest and most perfect separation which can be found, in any age or country, between the nobles and the people, is perhaps that of the Patricians and the Plebeians, as it was established in the first age of the Roman republic. Justin McCarthy is of the opinion, that we seldom have any political reform without a previous explosion. In revolutionary times it is quite as dangerous to employ honest men as scoundrels, Balzac thinks. Revolution, observes McCarthy, is like an epidemic; it finds out the weak places in a system. The fourteenth and the fifteenth centuries constitute the period of European history known as the Renaissance. The ancient Peruvians used gold, silver, lead, and copper, but not iron. They had fine buildings, fine roads, arms, agricultural implements, and vases, but had no system of writing. Doubts keep pace with discoveries, Landor observes. No man is a pirate, thinks Coleridge, unless his contemporaries agree to call him so. Savages have

been found among the South Sea islanders so uncivilized that they did not know enough to tell a lie. The native Australians cut off the right thumb of a slain enemy, that his ghost might not be able to draw the bow. The Athenians, when fortifying Pylos, having no hods, used their hands held behind them to prevent the mortar from falling off. Every man begins in the world afresh, says Amiel, and not one fault of the first man has been avoided by his remotest descendant. The Greeks, as well as the Apostles, practised the drawing of lots. The long pointed shoes of the time of William Rufus, though severely denounced by the ecclesiastics, were in vogue for a long time; the very opposition to them seemed to continue them in use. A belief in the world's improvability is a mistake, Hawthorne affirms, into which men seldom fall twice. The kings of Dahomey often killed victims to carry messages to the other world, as well as to supply deceased kings with servants. We are told that at the beginning of the fight under Dundee, Lochiel took off what was probably the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot. Aristophanes applaudingly refers to "the good old times," when an Athenian sailor knew just enough to call for his barley cake and cry "yo ho." Pontiff Sixtus V poisoned out a band of robbers among the Apennines, by sending a train of poisoned food to be captured by the unsuspecting bandits. Rumbold, who was executed in the reign of James II, said, just before his death, that he never would believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden. Macaulay observes, that in revolutions men live fast; the experience of years is crowded into hours; old habits of thought and action are violently broken; and novelties which at first inspire dread and disgust become in a

few days familiar, endurable, attractive. We have among us forms of wrong and bondage, unseen by us and tolerated by religion, which will be clear to the more enlightened conscience of the future, just as we look upon intemperance and slavery not as they were regarded centuries ago. Torturing of prisoners to make them confess crime was common in the time of James I of England. Communism, declares Lyman Abbott, in all its forms, assumes in man a virtue he does not possess. A Spartan man was not allowed to marry until he was thirty. Jefferson was the first to introduce the threshing machine which may be operated by horse-power. Carlyle declares the genuine use of gun-powder to be, that it makes all men alike tall. We are so slow to accept what is new, that it seems necessary for reformers to exaggerate the exclusive excellence of their discoveries. Want is the necessary stimulus of civilization. The Chaonians were acorn-fed. According to Diodorus Siculus, ale is an older beverage than wine. In fruitful Hindostan they have yearly three harvests and a famine. At one time eight hundred men were employed in lighting St. Peter's. In African audiences hisses mean what applause means with us. The Dutch used to cut down most of the precious trees in the Spice Islands, in order to raise the price of what remained. Black-balling at Sparta was indicated by putting in a flat dough-ball. The law of Japan compels a man, when he fells a tree, to plant another. The emperor Carinus in a few months married and divorced nine wives. The barbaric invasions of Europe saved it from the doom of a stationary civilization of a low order, such as has held China down. When the Royal Society of London, in 1752, introduced the Gregorian calendar, some of its members were pursued by a mob, who believed they had been robbed of eleven days of their lives. It is the belief

of Balzac, that the advancement in society must be wrought out in the advancement of the individual. The Vandalic leaders were wont to debate everything twice — once when drunk and again when sober; when drunk, that they might debate with vigor, when sober, that they might debate with discretion. Father Newman thought the world simply tossing, not progressing. Some one has made French civilization consist of a café and a theater. Voltaire says Peter the Great civilized his subjects, and yet himself remained a barbarian. No sun ever rises without a preliminary twilight, says Hare. Hare regards the Elizabethan age, continuing to the end of the reign of James I, as the most brilliant age in the history of the human mind. Lamb calls the Jews a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. It was Swift who lauded the benefactions of the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Turgenieff describes a certain man as one who does not possess those faults which are necessary to make him a great writer. It would be absurd, thinks William James, to affirm that one's own age of the world can be beyond correction by the next age. At the beginning of the sixteenth century spice was a prime necessity of life; there were then, in general, no green vegetables. It is Victor Hugo's belief, that the French Revolution is the greatest step taken by the human race since Christ. Napoleon, when he took refuge with the English, saw for the first time a steamboat in motion. Von Humboldt observes, that savages look far more like one another than civilized men do. No merely agricultural people has ever produced a literature, T. N. Page affirms. According to Herodotus, the Lydians were the first to coin money of gold and silver. Edward Everett Hale's father, in 1804, was twelve days going from New York to Troy in a pas-

senger sloop; it is a tradition in the Hale family, that while on the passage he read through Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Victor Hugo calls the solitary man a modified savage, accepted by civilization. Every town, like every man, has its own countenance, Hans Christian Andersen thinks. It is Hume's observation, that one generation does not go off the stage at once, and another succeed; that in this everlasting continuity lies the guarantee of the existence of civilization.

CLASSICS

ACCORDING to Justin McCarthy's idea, to be a classic means only to be independent of actual date, and to find new readers in every generation. Sainte-Beuve thinks a classic, as generally understood, is an ancient author, already consecrated by admiration, and an authority in its own class. The Dictionary of the French Academy of 1835 defines classic authors as those who have become models in any language. Under the name of classics Sainte-Beuve would put for France, in the first instance, Corneille, then Molière, "the most complete, the fullest poetical genius we have had in France." Arlo Bates says there are certain writings which, amid all the changes of custom, belief, and taste, have continually pleased and moved mankind, — and to these we give the name classics.

CLEANLINESS

WE cannot all be clever, but we can all be clean, is the belief of G. W. E. Russell. Give me health and a day, writes Emerson, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. A Frenchman may be clean, again Emerson says, an Englishman is conscientiously clean.

Balzac speaks of a man whose hands are of the kind that look dirty after washing.

COMPOSITION

GOETHE declares, that to write prose one must have something to say. Balzac wrote and published forty volumes before he could write one to which he was willing to put his name; this book was "Les Chouans," and it proved to be the turning point in Balzac's literary career. The great secret of how to write well, according to Pope, is to know thoroughly what one writes about, and not to be affected. Hawthorne never used italics in his writings. *Scribebat carmina maiore cura quam ingenio*, is from the younger Pliny. Thackeray regretted, that he had not enjoyed five years of reading before commencing his work as an author. Racine spent two whole years in polishing "Phèdre." There have been statesmen, like Cromwell, who could not frame an intelligible sentence, Rosebery declares. Montaigne's best thoughts came to him, Dowden remarks, when he seemed to seek them least. Pascal said of his eighteenth letter, — "I would have made it shorter if I could have kept it longer." Goethe at first prepared to write a "William Tell," but turned the subject over to Schiller, just as Hawthorne gave "Evangeline" to Longfellow. Concerning the adage, second thoughts are best, Shenstone declares, that the third thought generally resolves itself into the first. La Bruyère thinks that for every thought there is only one right expression, and it must be found. Henry James says, "We've been awfully decent." Milton's blindness doubtless helped his invention. Ten years of Balzac's life were sacrificed to experiments. Scott first tried a foreign field in "Quentin Durward." In 1827 Scott first publicly

acknowledged before three hundred gentlemen that he was the total and undivided author of the *Waverley Novels*. Scott found that a sleepless night sometimes furnished him with good ideas. Scott wrote "*Ivanhoe*" when he had a severe cramp in the stomach; he wrote his verse twice, sometimes three times over; his day's work was thirty printed pages; "*Woodstock*," which he wrote in three months, sold for forty thousand dollars. In Shakspeare's latest plays there is little or no rhyme. Everyone who affects authorship, it has been said, must overcome a natural distaste for the plodding labor of writing. Ennius never wrote poetry except when confined to the house with gout. It is a mistake, says Hawthorne, to try to put our best thoughts into human language. It is stated, that Virgil first arranged and wrote out the *Æneid* in prose. Lowell declares, that the only art of expression is to have something to express. The good writers cannot always write their best, observes Macaulay. Scott revised his manuscripts but little. How little the average reader sees of the art, often laboriously expended, which makes a poem enjoyable. Some of the beautiful things in literature are products of persons not professionally literary, and who perhaps rely for fame upon a single composition. With whatever talent a man may be born, says Rousseau, the art of writing is not easily learned. Landor thinks composition may be too adorned even for beauty. Corinna advised Pindar to sow with the hand, and not with the full sack. Blessed is the man, writes George Eliot, who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact. It has been remarked, that Jefferson wrote as many proverbs as Solomon, and was quite as careless in observing them. Hawthorne preferred writing in a small room. While at Oxford, Locke formed the habit of writing out, for his own eye only, his thoughts

on subjects which particularly interested him. It was a characteristic of Scott, that as he neared the end of one novel his brain caught an inspiration for the next. There were found in the author's hand-writing thirteen versions of the opening sentence of Plato's "Republic." It was Horace's advice not to begin with Leda's eggs in treating of the Trojan War. It is thought to be injurious to a writer to know too much of what other writers have said. Goethe thinks the best is not to be explained by words. Sophocles wrote well at ninety. Brevity, it is claimed, should always be subordinate to perspicuity. According to Professor Peck, Prescott found it an effort to write, and used to penalize himself for laziness. Socrates, like Jesus, left nothing in a literary way; Plato and Xenophon were his biographers. Bacon was sixty years old when he published his *Novum Organum*. This had been rewritten twelve times over. Before his first visit to Germany, Bayard Taylor made an arrangement for sending letters to the *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley told him, if his letters were good he should receive pay for them, but not to write until he knew something. Swift said he believed if he wrote an essay on a straw, some fool would answer it. Addison, in a description of Italy, first used the expression "classic ground." Addison was so fastidious in regard to his writings that he sometimes would stop the press to alter a preposition or a conjunction. Montaigne's essays are remarkable for the large number of quotations they contain. Browning wrote with unimpaired power after he was seventy. Bacon was much given to repeating his thoughts, sayings, and characters. It is said that Balzac once spent a whole night toiling over a single sentence. The adjective has been called the great enemy of the substantive. Sterne's sermon on Conscience found no readers until it was inserted in "Tristram Shandy." It

has been observed by some one, that as soon as a grammar is printed in any language, that language begins to go; that the Greeks had no grammar when their best works were written. Our clever writers, observes Lessing, are seldom scholars, and our scholars are seldom clever writers. It has been remarked, that De Foe's accuracy "lies like truth." It was with much difficulty that De Foe found anyone willing to publish "Robinson Crusoe." Alfieri said he went to the market to learn good Italian. Steele called a certain elegy "prose in rhyme." Ibsen thinks it a pity that our best thoughts occur to our biggest blackguards. It is Motley's notion, that style above all other qualities seems to embalm for posterity. John W. Chadwick speaks of "writings inspired because inspiring." Joubert says the writers who have influence are only men who express perfectly what others think. It is the opinion of some, that Trollope's autobiography, in which his mechanical way of writing is set forth, has caused his works to fall into neglect. Always keep pencil and paper, as birdlime, at the head of your bed, Lowell advises. Epicurus's books contain no quotations. Wordsworth is accredited with commingling the ridiculous and the sublime; in a note containing the grandest thought he would record how he rubbed the skin off his heel by wearing a tight shoe. Bagehot observes, that no man can think to much purpose when he is studying to write a style not his own. The writer of genius, according to some one, is only he whose words pass into proverbs among his people. Good writing, like good company, comes from keeping good company, says Dr. John Brown. Lounsbury is authority for the statement, that there is not a single instance of the employment of *its* in Bacon's works. Goethe called his writings fragments of a great confession. Professor Woodberry notes the fact that Virgil,

like all the masters of poetic speech, seldom carries his sentence beyond three lines. Plutarch kept his works constantly by him, and polished them to perfection. I have a fancy, remarks Lowell, that long brooding is the only thing that will assure us whether our eggs are chalk or have a winged life hidden in them. Another theory of Lowell's is, that invention is the faculty that ages first, and while the material to work in is scant; the skill to shape it grows. Lowell's recipe was, to carry a thing long in his mind. Goethe shrank from touching with words that which is unbearable to the feelings. Bielschowsky calls Goethe the mortal enemy of empty words. The Comtesse de La Fayette was accustomed to say, that a sentence cut out of a work was worth a gold louis, and a word left out, twenty sous. Bossuet, in giving directions for writing the life of De Rancé, advises that simplicity ought to be the sole ornament. Emerson speaks of the impracticability of using the pen in one hand and a crowbar in the other. It was the rather unique theory of Emerson, that if one were to elect writing for his task in life, he should renounce all pretension to reading. Of Irving's style it has been remarked, that it impresses one as a whole rather than in particulars—and that this is the higher art. Goethe sold "Wilhelm Meister" to a bookseller in its incomplete state, that he might be obliged to deliver the manuscript within a definite period. Richter boasted that he had made as many books as he had lived years. It is Balzac's assertion, that the rhyming fellows come to grief when they try their hands at prose; that in prose you can't use words that mean nothing; that you absolutely must say something. With Molière, with Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton, Sainte-Beuve insists, the style equals the invention, but never surpasses it. La Rochefoucauld rewrote some of his maxims thirty

times. Clearness has been called the varnish of masters. It was claimed that Boileau gave Racine the precept of writing the second line before the first. Pascal said of his critical method in writing prose, "If I write four words, I efface three." In the night, when an idea seized him, Richelieu rose and called his secretary, who wrote it down instantly. Bishop Percy informs us, that not a line of all his poems stands as he first wrote it. Herodotus, Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes were no quoters. Pythagoras wrote nothing. Balzac observes, that the word "disgusting" has no superlative. Matthew Arnold gives Swift the credit of being the first to use the expression "sweetness and light." What would the "Ancient Mariner" amount to, if it had been written in prose? Addison calls attention to the advantage a man has who writes a book of travels, in that he can show his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. An old tutor advised his pupils to read over their compositions, and whenever they met with a passage which they thought to be particularly fine, to strike it out. Dr. Johnson disapproved of a parenthesis. The art of writing, observes Lowell, consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand. Bliss Perry thinks the academic atmosphere unfavorable to creative vigor — that few vital books come out of the universities. It has been alleged that Prescott never wrote a sentence that can be remembered. Pope's servant was called from her bed four times in a single night to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought. According to Sterne, the ideas of an author are different after he has shaved from what they were before. George Eliot created one hundred and seven characters; Thackeray forty; and Dickens one hundred and two. Haydon calls attention to the fact, that Don Quixote makes a pasteboard visor, believing it strong enough for

the stroke of a giant; that he fetches a blow at it that smashes it to pieces; that, mortified, he fits it up again, consoling himself that it is strong enough now; but that Cervantes does not allow another blow to prove it. Haydon advises a writer not to rub out in the evening of the day he has worked hard, if his labor should appear a failure. Landor once averred, that anybody who could write a parody ought to be shot. Carlyle would advise all men who *can* speak their thoughts, not to sing them. It is T. W. Higginson's judgment, that Walt Whitman has phrase, but not form — and that without form there is no immortality. In no one of Shakspeare's plays is there an Irish character. It was Cardinal Wolsey who said, *Ego et Rex meus*. Coleridge, in translating Schiller's "Wallenstein," introduced a passage not in the original; it was so *à propos*, that Schiller retranslated it into German with his own. Shakspeare recklessly disregarded the unities. Goethe obtained his best thoughts and expressions while walking. He could do nothing seated. According to Macaulay, no historian with whom we are acquainted has shown so complete an indifference to truth as Livy. On the other hand, he acknowledges that we do not know, in the whole range of literature, an instance of a bad thing so well done. One characteristic of Jonathan Edwards as a student was, the habit of composition-writing as a means of mental culture. A close reasoner and a good writer, says Coleridge, in general may be known by his pertinent use of connectives; read any page of Johnson, he says, you cannot alter one connective without spoiling the sense. According to Lafcadio Hearn, some feelings are very difficult to develop; he will show a page that he worked at for months before the idea came clearly; when the best result comes, he says, it ought to surprise one, for our best work is out of the unconscious. Some one

has facetiously remarked, that a novelist is better equipped than the most of his trade, if he knows himself and one woman. Stanley Hall estimates, that Huxley used over twenty thousand words. The word "agnostic" was of Huxley's coining. To distinguish between the style of Addison and that of Steele, according to Barrett Wendell, all we need do is to apply a vocal test, as Addison wrote more for the ear, Steele for the eye. Victor Hugo declares, that for the sake of a few commas he made eleven revisions of "La Légende des Siècles." Tolstoy is almost wearisome by repetition in artistic detail; in depicting the human body he is thought to be without an equal. Leave out the adjectives and let the nouns do the fighting, is Emerson's advice. A certain ordinary writer remarked concerning "Les Misérables," "If you or I had told the same story, it would have fallen flat; Hugo's style makes it what it is." Prescott thinks the most celebrated novels have been the production of the later period of life. Voltaire advises a writer, though he may write with the rapidity of genius, to correct with scrupulous deliberation. There were men who thought they wrote like Cicero because they ended every sentence with *esse videtur*. Goethe, in discussing the "Iliad," expressed the belief, that Achilles was kept inactive for a time that other characters might develop themselves. There is no more painful action of the mind, Addison declares, than invention.

CONCEIT

IT is conceited not to wish to seem conceited, says Thackeray. Swift, when re-reading his early productions, would say, "What a genius I was when I wrote that." A Bostonian, after reading Shakspeare for the first time, remarked, "I call that a very clever book;

now I don't suppose there are twenty men in Boston to-day who could have written it." Dryden thinks every word a man says about himself is a word too much. Professor Woodberry pronounces Scott a master of behavior for both gentleman and peasant. According to Goethe's thinking, the constant balancing of our physical and moral conduct is always a burdensome matter. Who can say how anyone of us would act in new circumstances? asks Goethe. Benson tells us that Wordsworth's chief reading in his later days was his own poetry.

CONDUCT

THERE is safety in numbers, says Balzac. Kant asserts, that a man must do right simply because it is right. C. C. Everett asks, "Who can say why it is right to do right?" Kant insists that no answer is possible. "Oppressive civility" is one of Balzac's expressions. The Golden Rule is essentially in Confucius and also in the Talmud. The boldest of thinkers are often the most moral of men. From "Hudibras" we have, —

"And we are best of all led to
Men's principles by what they do."

The only remedy for a bad action, says H. W. Dresser, is a good one. Behavior is a mirror, observes Goethe, in which everyone displays his own image. According to Herbert Spencer, the perfect man's conduct will appear perfect — only when the environment is perfect. Trade, says Rosebery, has neither conscience nor bowels.

CONFIDENCE

LORD MELBOURNE wished he was as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything. It is a good maxim, Fielding thinks, to trust a man entirely, or not at all. *Nil actum credens dum quid superesset agendum*, was said by Lucan of Augustus Caesar. The whole lesson of history, says some one, is the lesson of the danger of affirmation. From him whom I trust, declares some writer, God defend me; for from him whom I trust not I will defend myself. Tolstoy is of the opinion, that everybody, in order to be able to act, must consider his occupation important and good.

CONQUEST

THIS from Shakspeare, —

“ — lest too light winning
Make the prize light.”

This also from the same, — “I’ll have our Michael Cassio on the hip.” From Balzac we have, “When devil meets devil, there is nothing to be gained on either side.”

CONSCIENCE

A CONSCIENCE, thought De Quincey, is a more expensive incumbrance than a wife or a carriage. It was a dictum of William Lloyd Garrison, that Senator Lodge differed from Senator Hoar in that Lodge had no conscience, while Hoar had a conscience but never obeyed it. The following aphorism is from “Gil Blas,” — “To do wrong without being found out is more advantageous than to act well when appearances are against you.”

The consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward, observes Seneca. Vedder allows Howells all the gifts of a great journalist except, perhaps, lack of conscientious scruples. With the great mass of mankind the test of integrity in a public man is allowed to be consistency. Joubert affirms, that those who never retract love themselves better than truth. Theramenes, because of his inconsistency, was called the buskin of Critias, the buskin fitting both legs but constant to neither. Hume declares that knowledge and good morals are inseparable in every age, though not in every individual. James II, being incensed against his nephew Grafton, asked him if he did not pretend to have a conscience; Grafton replied, "It is true, sire, that I have very little conscience, but I belong to a party which has a great deal." Common sense, Hazlitt observes, is tacit reason; and conscience is the same tacit sense of right and wrong. Robert Walpole did not say, "Every man has his price," but "All these men have their price." Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong, says Emerson. How many men are lost for want of being touched to the quick, Seneca remarks. Sir Charles Napier tells of a man so religious that he would not cough on Sunday. Some one describes a man whose conscience, instead of being his monitor, becomes his accomplice. According to Balzac, the sin is in proportion to the purity of the conscience, and an act which for some is scarcely a mistake, will weigh like a crime upon a few white souls.

CONSISTENCY

IF the devil makes a promise, remarks C. C. Everett, he always keeps it, even to his own hurt. A French judge, after the argument of the cause was over, put the

papers of the contending parties into opposite scales and decided according to the preponderance of weight. Consistency is an impossibility in a growing body, E. E. Sparks thinks. Adam Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," argued against usury, but later, after reading Bentham's defense of usury, changed his mind. If I were cautious I should not be William Tell, is a line from Schiller. So inconsistent is human nature, remarks Macaulay, that there are tender spots even in seared consciences. It has been remarked, that there is no surer evidence of moral greatness than the courage of inconsistency. Aristotle claims that we should not require demonstrations from orators, nor persuasion from mathematicians. It is an observation of Barrett Wendell, that when you take neither side in any passionate controversy, each side will generally hold that you are taking the other. It is hard to accept gifts and insults from the same person, says Blanche Howard. No man can be strictly consistent at all times.

CONSOLATION

SHAKSPEARE speaks of one who receives comfort like cold porridge. Pascal thinks a little matter consoles us because a little matter afflicts us. 'Tis sweet to hear of troubles past, Euripides remarks. From Milton this — "Without the meed of some melodious tear."

CONTEMPT

FREDERICK THE GREAT affected the French language, and to speak German like a coachman. Some one has observed, that contempt for Locke is the beginning of knowledge. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon, is Shakspeare's. The same again, —

"What our contempts do oft hurl from us,
We wish it ours again."

Addison writes, —

"Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer."

Ben Jonson, in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James I, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley; tell him his soul lives in an alley." An ancient dean of Christ Church gave as one of the reasons for the study of Greek, that it gives one a proper contempt for those who are ignorant of it. As the extreme expression of contempt, Balzac asks, "Where were you dug up?"

CONTENTMENT

SHAKESPEARE says, —

"Our content
Is our best having."

Pascal asserts, that we endeavor to sustain the present by the future; and that if we examine our thoughts we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. George Moore thinks there is no deep pleasure in contentment. Blessed are they, some one says, who expect nothing, for they will not be disappointed.

CONTRADICTION

THEOCRITUS would have the deer pursue the hounds, and the mountain owls outsing the nightingale. Balzac speaks of one doomed to lead the life of a devil in holy water. Another tells of skinning your lion and shooting him afterwards. "Busy idleness" is Brown-

ing's. George Herbert has, "Thou hast made the poor sand check the proud sea." Demophon, the steward of Alexander, was doomed to sweat in the shade and shiver in the sun. John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home," had no home. Of some one it was said, he achieved a marvelous mediocrity. *Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*, is a rule of Horace. Who was it that asked charity on horseback? The waterman looks one way and rows another. Achilles, though invulnerable, wore armor. Addison speaks of the satisfaction a physician feels at the death of a patient, because he was killed according to art. Molière's doctor thought it preferable to fail by rule than to succeed by innovation. The same cold bath which cured Augustus killed Marcellus. We have it on the authority of Dr. Holmes, that no lover of art will clash a Venetian goblet against a Roman amphora, to see which is the stronger; and that no lover of nature undervalues a violet because it is not a rose; comparisons used in the way of description, he observes, are not odious. William III said of a bitter Jacobite, "He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him." He that spits against the wind spits in his own face, observes Franklin. The same says, "God heals, and the doctor takes the fee." Can you blow a trumpet soberly? some one asks. Sewing lies with white thread, is in Balzac. We are told of a man so fond of contradiction, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour. Conan Doyle's hero announced, that he would slash to pieces any man who dared describe him as pugnacious. Pleasure delights in contrasts, declares Balzac.

CONVERSATION

HENRY JAMES mentions one who had but little of the small change of conversation. Sidney Smith's rule in conversation was — never to talk more than half a minute without pausing and giving others a chance to strike in. Hazlitt says Coleridge always talks to people about what they don't understand. The graces of speech and the graces of behavior, observes Chesterfield, are as much in your power as powdering your hair. Conversation is talk in evening dress, remarks Henry van Dyke. George Sand thinks it a difficult art to change the subject. According to Weir Mitchell, accuracy is very destructive to conversation. It is when you come close to a man in conversation, Dr. Johnson maintains, that you discover what his real abilities are. Justin McCarthy asserts, that Henry James never could be commonplace in any conversation. It has been observed, that one of Madame Recamier's arts and charms was to make the most of the person with whom she was talking. One of Charles Reade's characters talked "nineteen to the dozen." *À propos* of Macaulay's great conversational powers, it is related that he and his friend Charles Austin once got engaged in a discussion at breakfast, and were so interesting in their talk that the whole company in the house listened entranced till it was time to dress for dinner. When Burns came late to an inn, the servants would get out of bed to hear him talk. Who was the author of "the polysyllabic art of saying nothing"? And who of this, "There were so many subjects to be avoided, that conversation was difficult"? Short answers, says Socrates, are best for short memories. George Eliot thinks one can say everything best over a meal. This excerpt is from Balzac, "She had the cleverness to make me dance

with idiots who told me how hot the room was, as if I were frozen, and talked of the beauty of the hall, as if I were blind." Dr. Johnson could talk equally well on either side of a question. Silence itself is often a reply, says Balzac. It is a favorite fancy of mine, remarks Rogers in his "Table Talk," that perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with, that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication. We can cauterize a wound, observes Balzac, but we know no remedy for the hurt produced by a speech. His words flew like a gutter after a hailstorm, is Le Sage's description. Of some one it was said, all his words were not to be found in the dictionary. Sainte-Beuve thought it better to read one man than ten books. Conversation is impossible without generalities, Balzac thinks. To talk without effort, says Hare, is after all the great charm of talking. According to Landor, talkative men seldom read. A flow of words, says Balzac, is a sure sign of duplicity. Montaigne regards perfect agreement in conversation of all things the most tiresome. Sir Arthur Helps liked to listen rather than to talk, and used to say that when anything apposite did occur to him, it was generally the day after the conversation had taken place. One never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless he can talk them over on the spot, Heine observes. Dr. Johnson never thought he had hit hard, unless it rebounded. Matthew Arnold is of opinion, that a full mind must have talk or it will grow dyspeptic. It has been alleged, that Goldsmith never told a story but he spoiled it. I have something to tell you that can't be sweetened, is the way some one puts it. Crothers declares, that there is nothing so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. Haydon writes, that after an evening with Wordsworth, Keats, and Lamb, all their

fun could be said to have been within bounds; that not a word had passed that an apostle might not have listened to. Thackeray observes of one, that she had not said more than she meant, but more than she meant to say. William James regarded variety in unity to be the secret of all interesting talk and thought. When Coleridge was about to leave a certain hotel in London the landlord offered him free quarters if he would stay and talk, so entertaining and attractive was he. Hawthorne thinks it very wrong and ill-mannered in people to ask for an introduction unless they are prepared to make talk. Madame de Staël obtained her literary material almost exclusively from conversation. In the opinion of George Moore, a mere listener is a dead weight in conversation. It has been remarked by some one, that the great art of conversation is to ask people the right kind of questions. Turgenieff has observed, that a man always feels conscience-stricken somehow and uncomfortable, when he has been talking a great deal. E. J. Payne asserts, that the decline of the art of conversation has been accompanied by the decline of style. Addison thinks nothing so talkative as misfortune.

CONVICTIONS

SIXTIETH year, remarks Balzac, an age when men rarely renounce their convictions. Happy the man, says Lessing, who can live up to his convictions. Goethe thinks one cannot expect to convert enemies in the heat of the conflict and excitement. In the old days, some one records, I desired to convince; I am now only too thankful to be convinced of error and ignorance.

COURAGE

LANDOR tells us of virtuous maidens who breathed courage into the heart before it beat to love. It is said, that in deep water we must either swim or drown. Grasp the thistle strongly and it will sting you less, is Hawthorne's advice. According to Plutarch, the angry man is courageous. Bunyan's poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice. In splitting a gnarled log, it is advisable to strike at the knot. There is nothing, says Le Sage, like taking scandal by the beard, and testing the opinion of the world with heroic indifference. We are urged to put a good face on a losing game. Euripides asserts, that darkness turns runaways into heroes. Things out of hope are compassed oft by venturing, writes Shakspeare. Harold Frederic declares, that danger makes men brave; and that it likewise makes them selfish and jealous. Socrates thought courage a science. In his first battle, that of Mollwitz, Frederick the Great acted in a cowardly manner. A man must have courage to fear, is Montaigne's observation. Faragut said of a certain naval officer, "Every man has one chance; he has had his and lost it." Homer commends Æneas for his skill in running away. There is no creature more impudent than a coward, Addison observes. Aristotle thinks we become brave by performing brave actions. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi*, is Horace's famous line. So this is Virgil's, *Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem*. And this from Terence, *Fortes fortuna adjuvat*. Captain Morris, of the *Bristol*, in the attack upon Charleston in June, 1776, after remaining below long enough to have his shattered arm amputated, returned to the upper deck to take command again and was killed. Bancroft pronounces the taking of Stony Point

by "Mad Anthony Wayne," as brilliant an achievement as any in the Revolution. Lions make leopards tame, writes Shakspeare. This also from Shakspeare, —

"The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl."

One kind of courage, according to Aristotle, is that when a man seems to be brave, only because he does not see his danger. In a false quarrel, Shakspeare says, there is no true valor. It sometimes requires more courage to refuse a challenge than to accept one, thinks Eugene Sue. None but the brave deserves the fair, is Dryden's. Courage, so it be righteous, observes Beethoven, will gain all things. The curs bark loudest, says Balzac. Our first best lesson — to endure, is Schiller's line. Paul Jones, being asked if he had struck his colors, said quickly, "Struck? Not at all. I have only just begun my part of the fighting." King Alfred participated personally in fifty-six pitched battles. Of a recklessly daring man it was said, he did not know what the color of fear is. When Pompey was told by an oracle that in going to a certain place he would surely risk his life, he rejoined, "It is necessary to go, it is not necessary to live." It needs valor and integrity, John Morley affirms, to stand forth against a wrong to which our best friends are most ardently committed. Crothers advises, that as we have more than one kind of courage, it is well to be prepared for emergencies. According to Earl St. Vincent, the true test of a man's courage is his power to bear responsibility. Without courage, George Meredith remarks, conscience is a sorry guest. The same again observes, that courage wants training, as well as other fine capacities. Bravery is noble only when the object is noble, is the thought of

Lafcadio Hearn. If a great man struggling with misfortune is a noble object, says Cowper, a little man that despises it is no contemptible one. Dean Stanley thought being made a bishop destroyed a man's moral courage. Addison says courage is but ill shown before a lady. I have courage enough to walk through hell barefoot, is by Schiller.

COURTESY

IT is claimed by William Winter, that Shakspeare, the wisest of monitors, is never so eloquent as when he makes one of his people express praise of another. Courtesy and good humor, declares Dr. Johnson, are often found with little real worth. William III was bearish; when Princess Anne dined with him, at a time when green peas, the first of the year, were put upon the table, he devoured the whole dish without giving her any. Every civilization has its simple beginnings, when children are modest and polite. Thomas Fuller tells us that William, Earl of Nassau, won a subject from Spain every time he put off his hat. As polite as a gambler. Fielding speaks of that business which requires no apprenticeship, — that of being a gentleman. Some one claims, that an Italian would say "My dear" to a hangman. So it is likewise claimed, that to be always of the opinion of others is true politeness. There is said to have been an over-nice lord in Great Britain, who, when alone, would not cross his legs before the fire for fear of being improper. The courteous disposition of Marlborough was shown in his ordering his troops to protect the estates of Fénelon. It is a dictum of the younger Pliny, that if you lend a man your ears, all the grace of the act vanishes if you ask for his in return. Polyphemus granted Ulysses the courtesy of being devoured last. Charles Reade thinks men are not ruined

by civility. Emerson found Leigh Hunt and De Quincey the finest mannered literary men he met in England. The favors of a man like Richelieu are not easily refused, remarks Matthew Arnold. Some one reminds us, that it is not civil to contradict a man in his own house. When it was a matter of wonder how Keats, who was ignorant of Greek, could have written his "Hyperion," Shelley, whom envy never touched, gave as a reason, "Because he *was* a Greek." Jefferson thought politeness had been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out to live together in peace. Of the poets contemporary with Shakspeare he mentions only Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Horace gives it as a rule, that when three are walking abreast, the post of honor is in the middle. We soften devilish into diabolical. Bishop Middleton thinks virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners. Thackeray would request a visitor not to leave his card, as it had cost two cents and would answer for another call. All that she looks on is made pleasanter, is Dante's graceful compliment. As there was no room in the Royal Academy for a meritorious picture by Bird, an obscure painter, Turner, who was on the hanging committee, took down one of his own pictures and put Bird's in its place; Ruskin called this a story that ought to be told in heaven. The welcome of the host, says Scott, will always be the better part of the entertainment. *À propos* of the politeness of the French as compared with the Germans, Heine wrote, "If some one accidentally jostled me without immediately asking pardon, I could safely wager it was a fellow-countryman; and if a pretty woman looked a little sour, she had either eaten sauerkraut or could read Klopstock in the original." Franklin never contradicted people. There is no better test of a man's breeding than by putting a stranger into his pew. If you wish to appear

agreeable in society, observes Talleyrand, you must consent to be taught many things you already know. Victor Hugo would rather be hissed for a good verse than applauded for a bad one. Bulwer affirmed, that to dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment. Your excellency's happiness makes ours, is Victor Hugo's delicate way of putting it. According to Lessing, politeness is not a duty, while, on the other hand, for the good of the majority, candor is a duty. When minister at London, Van Buren made it his business to be cordial with prominent men on both sides. Montaigne had often seen men uncivil by over-civility, and troublesome in their courtesy. Politeness consists in forgetting yourself for others, is Balzac's definition. Emerson says a gentleman makes no noise. Charming courtesy between contemporary authors, though by no means common, has been of sufficient frequency to relieve them somewhat of the charge of extreme jealousy. Racine used to point out to his children a line of Corneille which he greatly admired. Thackeray was pleased to have his children love Dickens. The close friendship that existed between Virgil and Horace is well known. When Haydn saw the portrait of Mrs. Billington, the famous soprano, he said to Reynolds, "You have made a mistake; you have represented Mrs. Billington listening to the angels; you should have represented the angels listening to her." The generous conduct of Edward the "Black Prince" in acting as table-servant to the French king after the battle of Poitiers, had for an example the chivalrous compliments Saladin paid Richard Cœur de Lion. Ovid advises his lover, when he sits in the circus near his mistress, to wipe the dust off her neck even if there is none on it. One of Landor's characters is made to say, "There are even in Greece a few remaining still so barbarous, that I

have heard them whisper in the midst of the finest scenes of our greatest poets."

CRIME

EMERSON assures us, that we cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. Balzac calls crime a lack of reason. Some think it better to have one great vice than a spice of little ones. Colley Cibber's brother, a vile fellow, once told Dr. Sim Burton that he did not know any sin he had not been guilty of but one, which was avarice; and if the Doctor would give him a guinea, he would do his utmost to be guilty of that too. Æschylus's characters suffer for their sins. Every crime, says Hawthorne, destroys more Edens than our own. One leak will sink a ship, says Bunyan, and one sin will destroy a sinner. As an angel you are not amiss, observes Hawthorne; you need a sin to soften you. Shakspeare says some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall. Browning declares, that the proper process of unsinning sin is to begin well-doing somehow else. Shakspeare thinks there is some soul of goodness in things evil. It is a Welsh saying, that God himself cannot procure good for the wicked. Men abandoned to vice, Bacon thinks, do not corrupt the manners of others so much as those who are half wicked. Blackie claims, that the man who lives at random will be ruined without the help of any positive vice. So Pascal, — "Pride and idleness are the two sources of all vice." No vices are so incurable, Addison thinks, as those which men are apt to glory in. By the common consent of humanity, says an English writer, a fault is half excused when it is known to be general. Poe says men naturally grow bad by degrees. According to Balzac, a folly that doesn't succeed becomes a crime.

Tennyson thinks every man imputes himself. The same poet observes, that there is hardly any crime greater than for a man with genius to propagate vice by his written words. This from Racine, —

“All the first steps to crime some effort cost,
But easy those that follow.”

The effect of Schiller's “Robbers” upon German students was such as to cause some of them to become real banditti. Sisyphus has the credit of being the greatest knave of antiquity. I see no fault committed, confesses Goethe, that I have not committed myself.

CRITICISM

LOWELL maintains, that the best poetry has been the most savagely attacked. Talleyrand thought Napoleon, Fox, and Alexander Hamilton the three greatest men of their epoch. Plato was blamed for asking money, Aristotle for receiving it, Democritus for neglecting it, Epicurus for consuming it. In the judgment of Lounsbury, modern culture consists largely in the most refined method of finding fault. May Sinclair thinks lyric poets are cases of arrested development. Campbell claims, that the repetition of a word, when necessary, is not offensive. La Bruyère declares, that the surest test of a man's critical power is his judgment of contemporaries. This is Macaulay's confession: “I have not written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power; such books as Lessing's ‘Laocoön,’ such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in ‘Wilhelm Meister,’ fill me with wonder and despair.” All that is fine in Milton is beyond comparison, asserts Sainte-Beuve. It is Goldsmith's polite advice, that the critic should

always take care to say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. William Winter protests, with undisguised impatience, that it is not easy to believe that Shakspeare, after he had created Falstaff and thoroughly drawn him, was capable of lessening the character and making it almost despicable with paltriness — as certainly it becomes in "The Merry Wives." If you wish to have your works coldly reviewed, says the poet Rogers, have your intimate friend write an article on them. One runs no risk in trusting the literary taste of a man who loves Hawthorne. Criticism cannot hurt what is truly great, declares Andrew Lang. William Matthews is of opinion, that of all critics concerning poetry, the most fallible are poets. Lewes did not allow George Eliot to read the adverse criticisms on her writings. George Eliot often speaks of Dickens with great kindness, but seems nowhere to praise him as an author, as she does Thackeray. Scott found no pleasure in reading the "Divine Comedy"; so Emerson never succeeded in reading one of Hawthorne's stories; so Byron could not read the "Faerie Queene." According to Frederic Harrison, it is impossible to give any method to our reading till we get nerve enough to reject. Poe thought "Pilgrim's Progress" a ludicrously overestimated book. Ben Jonson used to say he would rather have been the author of the popular English ballad, "Chevy Chase," than of all his own works; Dr. Samuel Johnson, on the other hand, saw in the same ballad only lifeless imbecility. I doubt, declares Southey, whether any man ever criticized a good poem, who had not written a bad one himself. Goethe praised Scott. Victor Hugo insists that criticism cannot apply to genius. I have come to be suspicious of my judgment, when I find myself greatly taken with the first reading of a book; my great admiration is almost certain

to have a subsequent fall. George Eliot was partial to "Silas Marner." Plautus rebukes the hypercriticism of one who would try to find a knot in a reed. Emerson could not endure Shelley. Cultivated society, Lounsbury asserts, has always been afflicted with a class too superlatively intellectual to enjoy what everybody else likes. We are told of authors who write, and then publish, favorable criticisms of their own productions. No man was ever written down except by himself, affirms Richard Bentley. Boswell requested his friend, William J. Temple, to communicate to him all the good he heard about his writings, but to conceal from him all censure. Socrates had no appreciation of the beauties of Greek sculpture. Dr. Johnson says a man who is asked by an author what he thinks of his work, is put to the torture and is not obliged to speak the truth. It is a rule laid down by Joubert, that we should never show the reverse of a medal to those who have not seen its face; and that we should never speak of the faults of a good man to those who know neither his countenance nor his life nor his merits. Before Hood published his "Song of the Shirt," his wife told him it was the best thing he ever did. Landor tells us his prejudices in favor of ancient literature began to wear away upon reading "Paradise Lost." Landor pronounces the "*Æneid*" the most misshapen of epics—an epic of episodes; he calls Tasso's "*Jerusalem Delivered*" the most perfect in its plan. The same sees in the style of Hume something resembling a French translation of Machiavelli; he declares again that fine verses may be bad poetry. The following is a lengthy quotation from Landor: "Swift ridiculed the music of Handel and the generalship of Marlborough; Pope the perspicacity and scholarship of Bentley; Gray the abilities of Shaftesbury and the eloquence of Rousseau; Shakspeare hardly found those

who would collect his tragedies; the elephant is born to be consumed by ants in the midst of his unapproachable solitudes; Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffrey. Why repine? Let us recollect that God in the creation left his noblest creatures to the mercy of a serpent." It is hard indeed, says the same author, if they who are lame will not let you limp. Amiel asserts, that a chronicler may be able to correct Tacitus, but Tacitus survives all the chroniclers. George Eliot was particularly anxious to know what Thackeray thought of her first story. Balzac declared, that when he wanted the world to praise his novels he wrote a drama; and when he wanted his dramas praised he wrote a novel. Landor cared nothing for Spenser. A little boy said his sister's photograph looked natural all except the face. My later experience, said General Grant, has taught me two lessons: first, that things are seen plainer after the events have occurred; second, that the most confident critics are generally those who know the least about the matter criticised. With Macaulay, everything in the literary line is extremely good or extremely bad. Macaulay places Cicero at the head of minds of the second order. Scott says of Cooper's "Pilot," "The novel is a clever one, and the sea scenes and all characters in particular are well drawn." All who offer themselves to criticism are desirous of praise, Allen Cunningham thinks. To him whose survey is from a great elevation, all men below are of equal size, says Landor. It is the worst member of the family that settles what the world shall think of the others, observes James Lane Allen. Smollett speaks of damning to infamy a general for not performing impossibilities. By some good judges Sainte-Beuve is regarded as the greatest literary critic of all time; Matthew Arnold is, in this connection, to be mentioned at the same time with Sainte-Beuve.

Swift calls a true critic a discoverer and a collector of writer's faults; and thinks that in the perusal of a book he is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most when there are fewest bones. Lord Chesterfield slurs Dante; and Coleridge speaks disparagingly of Gibbon. Adam Smith committed each chapter of his "Wealth of Nations" to the criticism of Franklin before printing it. Balzac tells of a carping critic who blows his nose during a cavatina at the opera. Scott asks, "Who in the fiend's name would listen to the thrush when the nightingale is singing?" People praised "Eugénie Grandet" so much that its author began to feel a coldness toward it. Scott disliked Dante. Aristotle never seemed to appreciate his great contemporary, Demosthenes. Some one has said that the criticism of a foreigner is as near as we can get to the verdict of posterity. Strange to say, Poe rates "Paradise Regained" little, if at all, inferior to "Paradise Lost." Poe had no appreciation of Wordsworth. Tennyson, to the surprise of many good judges, did not think highly of George Eliot's "Romola." Napoleon ranked Desaix as his best general, Kléber next, and Lannes as the third; he thought Caesar a greater general than Alexander; and that Gustavus Adolphus had gained fame at a cheap rate, as he fought only three battles, and lost two of them; he pronounced Louis XIV the only king of France worthy of the name; and allowed Frederick the Great, Turenne, and Condé to stand in the first rank of generals. Voltaire called Shakspeare an inspired savage. Balzac considered Sterne the most original of English writers. Washington Allston, born at Charleston, S. C., in 1779, the greatest American painter of his time, also had high rank as a poet. Musical people, whom I have heard criticise other musical people, declares Crothers,

seem more offended when some one flats just a little than when he makes a big ear-splitting discord; and moralists are apt to have the same fastidiousness. McCarthy, rather unjustly it would seem, says Anthony Trollope, who has sometimes been called the apostle of the commonplace, is Thackeray produced into thinness. Calvin, in his "Commentaries on the New Testament," found it impossible to do anything with "Revelation." Coleridge treats Gibbon as a historian with savage disparagement. According to Coleridge, good prose is proper words in their proper places; good poetry is the most proper words in their proper places. The characters in the play which are wholly the creations of Shakspeare are always the best; Falstaff, Benedict, and Beatrice are a few of many instances to prove this. Newton, when asked his opinion of poetry, gave that of Barrow, that it is a kind of ingenious nonsense. Everything which is most admirable in poetry, Dr. Johnson thinks, is to be found in Homer. Symonds is of the opinion, that the world has suffered no greater literary loss than the loss of Sappho's poems. Johnson says Shakspeare never has six lines together without a fault. Emerson thinks Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality" is the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age. He also says Swift describes his fictitious persons as if for the police. Matthew Arnold calls Burke the greatest English prose writer; and Pascal, Bossuet, Fénelon, and Voltaire the greatest prose writers of France. He thinks the English poetry of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough; that this makes Byron so empty of matter, Shelley so incoherent, Wordsworth even, profound as he is, yet so wanting in completeness and variety. Matthew Arnold and Hartley Coleridge pronounced Bryant's "Waterfowl" to be the

best short poem in the language. Wordsworth cared little for books, and, strange to say, disparaged Goethe. L. H. Vincent declares Lowell to be the most complete illustration we have of the literary man. Henry James calls Hawthorne that best of Americans. Addison thought his poems superior to *The Spectator*. After Napoleon's fall, a certain Bourbon remarked to Madame de Staël, that Napoleon had neither talent nor courage. Her reply was, "It is degrading France and Europe too much, sir, to pretend that for fifteen years they have been subject to a simpleton and a poltroon." It is the opinion of Goethe, that when a man like Schlegel picks faults in so great an ancient as Euripides, he ought only to do it upon his knees. Sheridan, Byron, and George III all thought Shakspeare a much over-rated writer. It is William Black's idea, that we should find it harder to please ourselves than to please others. Following is some of Heine's suggestive criticism, "Nothing is more foolish than to depreciate Goethe in order to exalt Schiller; do such critics not know that those highly extolled, highly idealized figures, those pictures of virtue and morality which Schiller produced, were much easier to construct than those frail, worldly beings of whom Goethe gives us a glimpse in his works? Do they not know that mediocre painters generally select sacred subjects, which they daub in life-size on the canvas? but it requires a great master to paint with lifelike fidelity and technical perfection a Spanish beggar-boy scratching himself?" Burns remarked of some of his over-nice critics, that they reminded him of some spinsters in his country, who spin their thread so fine that it is neither fit for weft nor woof. Henry James calls Browning a poet without a lyre. Cooper's female characters are poor talkers, and are said never to be able to do anything successfully but faint. To the

mind of Henry James, Shakspeare is the greatest genius who has represented and ornamented life. It is customary with the Chinese to cure a critic by giving him responsibility. Sulla saw many Mariuses in young Julius Caesar. Bad plays are best decried, says Dryden, by showing good. With the single exception of Luther, Carlyle says there is, perhaps, in these modern ages, no other man of merely intellectual character, whose influence and reputation have become so entirely European as that of Voltaire. Creevey, speaking of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," says, "D—— his writing, but his stuff is invaluable." Never waste your time, advises Ruskin, on people who want their pictures looked at to see if they are genuine; they never are, and any dealer will tell them so for a guinea. The comment is sometimes finer than the text; the notes supplementary to Longfellow's Translation of Dante are almost as valuable as the text. A good saying of a third-rate writer is just as good as if it had been said by Shakspeare. Goethe declares, that the works of the ancients are not classics because they are old, but because they are energetic, fresh, buoyant. Dr. John Brown prefers Thackeray ten times over to Dickens. Balzac thinks Goethe's greatest work is his "Tasso." Boileau thought Mme. De La Fayette the woman who had the most mind in France and the one who wrote the best. According to Hare's thinking, among the hundreds of characters in Walter Scott's novels hardly one has not more life and reality than his portrait of Napoleon. It is only certain people who see the moles on the hero's face, says George Eliot. Cardinal Mazarin declared that Louis XIV had the stuff in him to make four kings and one honest man. Sumner and Wendell Phillips called Fessenden a dyspeptic Scotch terrier. It is surprising, that Goethe could have disparaged Victor Hugo, who, he thought, wrote too much, and for money. Landor

asserts, that the eyes of critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's. Landor thinks there is scarcely a text in the Holy Scriptures to which there is not an opposite text. Tennyson advised Ellen Terry to say "luncheon," not "lunch." Voltaire places Virgil above Homer. Gladstone thought Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare the three greatest men who have ever lived. Our taste, says Bacon, is never pleased better than with those things which at first created disgust in us. The actor McCullough thought Walt Whitman's poetry "spavined stuff." No German, says Heine, is so rich in thoughts and emotions as Richter, but he never allows them to ripen. Mediocrity is never discussed, observes Balzac. Macaulay, speaking of Xenophon's abilities, says he had elegant taste, but a weak head. Jacob compares his son Issachar to an ass, as Homer does his hero Ajax. Lanier observes, that art has no enemy so unrelenting as cleverness. Cowper accuses Pope of giving sense of his own not all warranted by the words of Homer, and sometimes of omitting the difficult part altogether. It is a remark of Goethe, that he can tolerate all men till they come to "however." It is his observation, also, that one is never satisfied with a portrait of a person that one knows. Huxley thought George Sand "bigger" than George Eliot. So great was Voltaire's prestige at one time, that his disparagement of Shakspeare temporarily did serious damage to the great Englishman's fame. In art, observes Huxley, if a man chooses to call Raphael a dauber, you can't prove he is wrong. Huxley thought the general effect of Naples was such as would be produced by a beautiful woman who had not washed or dressed her hair for a month. It was the opinion of Burke, that Dr. Goldsmith was the greatest fool that ever wrote the best poem of a century, the best novel of a century, and the

best comedy of a century. Landor is inclined to think that good writers are often gratified by the commendation of bad ones. Molière's serving-woman said to him, "That's amusing, read on." To praise a fault is worse than to commit one, Landor declares. Wellington claimed that he had no small talk, and that Peel had no manners. Landor believes, that experience makes one more sensible of faults than of beauties. A carping critic who read the works of Hans Christian Andersen solely for the purpose of pointing out defects, was rebuked by a six-year-old girl, who took the book under criticism and pointing to the conjunction *and* said, "There is yet one little word you have not 'scolded.'"

CRUELTY

WHEN flesh was only to be had at a high price for feeding his wild beasts, the Emperor Caligula ordered that criminals should be given them to be devoured. Madame Du Barry's amiable desire was, to make every woman who hoped for a heaven hereafter experience a hell on earth. Montaigne is authority for the story that Amestris, the mother of Xerxes, being grown old, caused at once fourteen youths of the best Persian families to be burned alive, according to the religion of the country, to gratify some infernal deity. When Hepaestion died of fever at Ekbatana, Alexander caused the physician who had attended him to be crucified. Torture was used for the last time in England in 1640. Seneca mentions a Persian king who had the noses of a whole nation cut off, and they were to thank him that he had spared their heads. When Foulon was asked what the people would do, he replied, "The people may eat grass." It is Plutarch's observation, that no beast is more savage than

man, when he is possessed of power equal to his passion. It was a Roman who put a slave to death, that a curious friend might see what dying is like. Pascal mentions the fact, that Augustus, when he learned that Herod's own son was among the children under the age of two years whom Herod had ordered to be slain, declared it was better to be Herod's pig than his son. It is recorded by Dr. Johnson, that Sixtus Quintus, on his death-bed, in the intervals of his last pangs, signed death warrants. The first Roman was suckled by a wolf. Sir Arthur Helps asserts, anent the fact that very wise men in England once thought torture a judicious mode of discovering truth, that nothing but a relapse into barbarism could bring us back to it; that long columns of weighty names would never again reconcile us to burning witches. The Tartar king, Tamerlane, built a pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls. General Turreau, Bonaparte's minister at Washington, had for a secretary a violincello player who was made to play every day while Turreau horsewhipped his wife, that her cries would not be audible.

C U S T O M

IN the time of Henry VIII, to kiss a lady was an act of courtesy, not of familiarity; in dancing it was the customary fee of the lady's partner. It was during the crusades, in the time of Richard I, that the custom of using coats of arms was first introduced into Europe. No citizen was allowed to carry arms within the walls of Rome. Ibsen thinks people generally get used to the inevitable. A Grecian officer of rank had his shield carried by an attendant except when in actual conflict. Under the elder Cato's censorship Lucius Flaminius, ex-consul, was degraded for kissing his wife in presence of his

daughter. It was a Thessalian custom to keep a watch over the dead until burial. The Celts reckoned time by nights rather than by days. The Arabs begin their day at noon. The fashions called English in Paris are called French in London, according to Balzac. Herodotus tells of nations where the men sleep and wake by half years. While John Smith was a captive among the Indians, on one occasion, after washing his hands, a bunch of feathers was offered him to dry them with. Gibbon informs us, that it was an ancient custom in the funerals, as well as the triumphs, of the Romans, to have the voice of praise corrected by that of satire and ridicule. This is from Shakspeare, —

“It is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.”

This again from the same, “Nice customs curt’sy to great kings.” An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, regretted he could not invite him “because my number is complete.” It is Shakspeare’s discriminating observation, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. The Abyssinians do not smoke; this, according to a legend, is because a certain King Johannes made a law that whoever was seen smoking or chewing tobacco should have his lower jaw amputated. Landor, speaking of a certain cannibal tribe in central Africa, said only the men partook of human flesh, not the women. Hadrian revived the custom of wearing the beard, because, as is thought, he had scars on his face.

DEATH

SENECA thinks it a great providence, that we have more ways out of the world than we have ways into it. Rousseau estimated that half the children born into the world die before the eighth year. It was Dean Swift's apprehension, that he, like a certain tree whose upper limbs were beginning to decay, should commence to die at the top. The journey of life is thus epitomized by Marcus Aurelius: "Thou hast embarked, thou hast made the voyage, thou hast come to shore; get out." Of one who was hanged, Browning says, "He danced the jig that needs no floor." According to Seneca, there is nothing that nature has made necessary which is more easy than death. Buddha calls death that change which never changes. Death is declared to have been terrible to Cicero, coveted by Cato, and indifferent to Socrates. The old harper, as recorded by Goethe, carried a glass of laudanum to ward off suicide, as he thought the possibility of casting off his load of griefs forever would give him strength to bear them. To carry through great undertakings, it has been thought one should act as though he could never die. Hanging is too good, is in Shakspeare. So again Shakspeare says, —

"Thou bear'st thy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee."

Ill fares the life, observes Bulwer, that a single death can bereave of all. Goethe's last words were, "More light." Balzac is of the opinion, that people who talk of dying never kill themselves. This from Burns, —

"His soul has ta'en some other way,
I fear, the left-hand road."

The oracle of Ammon, when consulted by Pindar as to what is best for man, replied, "Death." What is so universal as death must be a benefit, thought Schiller. The coffin is a favorite birthday present among the Chinese. Our dead are never dead to us, says George Eliot, until they are forgotten. Criminals, when thrown from the Leucadian promontory, were allowed to have live birds attached to them to buoy them up. Cicero thinks the wisest are the ones who die with the greatest resignation. Luther blamed Erasmus for not wishing to be burned at the stake. Blessed Nirvana — sinless, stirless rest, is some one's unique way of designating death. The dying words of Dr. Bircham in "Kenilworth" were, "My last verb is conjugated." I sometimes wonder, remarked Samuel Rogers, how a man can ever be cheerful when he knows he must die. The following is from the poet Campbell, —

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

It was the notion of Dumas, that death does not look so ugly in fine weather; that more people have been brave in August than in December. Balzac speaks of one who had twice said his *In manus*. Counsellor Hesselts, of the Council of Twelve, used to sleep during the trial of heretics, and when his turn came to vote on a sentence of death, used to cry out, still half asleep, "*Ad patibulum.*" Portia, Brutus's wife, died from swallowing red-hot pieces of charcoal. Beaconsfield asserted, that assassination has never changed the history of the world. Three of our early Presidents — Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe — died on the fourth of July. It was a great matter with the ancients to die decently. Victor Hugo tells of one who spoke a dead language, which was like forcing his thoughts to dwell in a tomb. When Pausanias, fleeing from the

Lacedaemonians, took refuge in a shrine of Minerva, they walled him in and allowed him to starve to death. Juvenal thought old age more to be feared than death. Joseph Jefferson's great grandfather died of laughter on the stage. The dying words of John Quincy Adams were, — "This is the last of earth; I am content." *Non omnis moriar*, was the confidence of Horace. Petrarch was found dead with his head resting on a book. The Greek astronomer, Eratosthenes, died of voluntary starvation, caused by his regret for the loss of his eye-sight. The ancient Romans usually buried their dead near the great roads. Molière died while acting one of his comedies. Titian died through accident at the age of ninety-nine. It was William Rufus who said no one ever heard of a king being drowned. Webster's pall-bearers were fisherman farmers, his neighbors. Walter Scott hated funerals, and said he was glad he should not see his own; his father loved to attend funerals. The Roman general Varus, whose army was annihilated by the Germans, committed suicide. Says Landor, "There are no fields of amaranth on this side the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last." Tennyson died holding in his hand a volume of Shakspeare, open at a dirge in "Cymbeline." We possess a great man most, remarks Henry James, when we begin to look at him through the glass plate of death. The following is by Anna L. Barbauld, —

"Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning."

Robespierre resigned his magistracy on account of repugnance to passing a capital sentence. Every great head, says Richter, goes to the grave with a whole library of

unprinted thoughts. Montaigne had great curiosity to know how men died, says George E. Woodberry. Shelley thinks the destiny of man can scarcely be so degraded, that he was born only to die. The ancients dreaded death; the Christians only dreaded dying, observes Hare. Edwin Booth could not grieve at death; it seemed to him the greatest boon the Almighty has given us. James Howell declares, that more men dig their graves with their teeth than with the tankard. Shelley wanted to die, that he "might solve the great mystery." 'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die, remarks some one. Zeno, the philosopher, taught that there are some things, cannibalism for instance, worse than death. At Buddhist funerals, boys carry little cages containing birds, which are released as symbols of the released souls. Nature herself, thought Thoreau, has not provided the most graceful end for her creatures. Victor Hugo says of Death, —

"I will not fear him like the common throng,
But deck his scythe with garlands."

It is Tolstoy's belief, that at death memory becomes extinct, which he thinks a great mercy. On the surrender of Hasdrubal's army his wife threw herself and her two infants into the flames.

DECEIT

WE should enjoy little pleasure, Rochefoucauld thinks, were we never to deceive ourselves. Balzac tells us of shrewd bankers and lawyers, with whom the omission of the dot over the letter "i" indicated that what was said in any written document was not meant. Some people want to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. According to Napoleon's ethics, to promise and

not keep your promise is the way to get on in the world. Smollett's deceitful woman "now began to glue herself to the man's favor with the grossest adulation." *Non trahit esca ficta praedam*, is accredited to Jean Voûté. Walter Scott is said to have written anonymous reviews of his own books. Bulwer declares, that no gift is rarer or more successful in the intrigues of life than the hypocrisy of frankness. Addison thinks a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. We are told by some one, that Louis XIV hesitated to carry finesse so far as direct falsehood, and was content to deceive, if possible, without directly lying. Rochefoucauld calls hypocrisy a homage which vice pays to virtue. From his chamber window in England a man saw a kitchen-maid put on a horse and carried around and around the yard. When he later asked the reason for this, he was informed by the groom, that they were about to take the animal to the fair to sell, and they wished to be able to say he had carried a lady. Says Shakspeare, "Let's write good angel on the devil's horn." The same also, "Doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion." And again, "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round." Likewise, "And seem a saint when most I play the devil." Lander is authority for the saying, that it is only a weak wine that sends the cork to the ceiling. Bancroft declares, that nothing deceives like jealousy. This is from Shakspeare,—

"More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."

Racine thinks it lawful to deceive deceivers. In business, as Balzac thinks, the moment of danger is that where everything goes to a wish. Pope was eager for the distinction of remarkable precocity, and was insincere enough to alter the dates of some of his writings, in order to

strengthen his claim. Spenser, Leigh Hunt, and Walt Whitman all wrote criticisms on their own works and published them anonymously. Voltaire's chief characteristic, according to Carlyle, was adroitness, he being the most adroit of all literary men. Balzac mentions mail-coach owners who set up a sham opposition coach to keep *bona fide* rivals out of the field. When Van Buren was first elected to congress, Rufus King said of him, "Within two weeks Van Buren will become perfectly acquainted with the views and feelings of every member, yet no one will know his." The tricky lawyer contrived to let his hat fall inside the door of heaven, and got St. Peter's permission to step inside for it. Says Shakspeare, — "Purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight." Some one has designated Pope as a touchy, moody, intriguing little man, who could hardly drink tea without a stratagem. An old saying is, catch a miller, catch a thief. Macaulay says a reforming age is always fertile in imposters. Those who make themselves feared, says George Sand, always run the risk of being deceived. This from *The Spectator*, — "She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table." It is an old saying, that broad thongs are cut out of other people's leather. Goethe asserts, that no one is more a slave than the man who thinks himself free while he is not. Erasmus, when a boy, was caught stealing pears; after descending from the tree he limped off counterfeiting the manner of a poor lame lay brother, who was punished instead of the real culprit. Mark Hopkins, when a student at Williams College, handed in a metaphysical composition half original and half taken bodily from the philosopher Reid. He put quotation marks around his own, but not that of Reid; the professor cut Reid's part all to pieces.

DEEDS

THIS is from James Shirley, —

“Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.”

The following is from Martial, —

“Yet, after all, in nothing you excel,
Do all things prettily, but nothing well.”

Charles Kingsley is of the opinion, that actions will pave the way for motives as much as motives do for actions. Shakspeare says, —

“My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.”

DISCRETION

THE unwise mouse took up its lodging in a cat's ear. It was Solomon's advice, neither to oppose the mighty nor go about to stop the current of a river. It is easier, says Bulwer, to climb a mountain than to level it. A good maxim is the old one, *Quieta non movere*. It is Bacon's assertion, that a tortoise on the right path will beat a racer on the wrong path. Apollo recommended his votaries not to rake up a fever by stirring Lake Camarina. It is an old dictum, that he who scrubs the head of an ass wastes his soap. A certain one being told that discretion is the better part of valor, remarked, “It is the whole of it in my constitution.” Balzac thinks that, for buildings as for men, position does everything. It is an old adage, that if you light a fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself. Most delicate is the mob-queller's vocation, remarks Carlyle; wherein too much may be as

bad as not enough. Scott thinks that an admitted nuisance of ancient standing should not be abated without some caution. This from Pope, — "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Most men, John G. Brooks says, do not put their deepest opinions into print or state them before the public. George Meredith declares the axe to be better than decay. Turenne used to say he never spent time in regretting any mistake he had made, but set himself instantly and vigorously to repair it. George Eliot speaks of a keen youngster as one who will never carry a net out to catch the wind. Addison declares, that though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world. Scott says it is best sitting near the fire when the chimney smokes. John Selden advises wise men to say nothing in dangerous times. Thackeray considers appearances as ruinous as guilt. Who was it that said, "When in doubt, abstain"? The old deacon never made paths until the snow had ceased falling. This aphorism is from Tasso, — "Things done in haste at leisure be repented." This one from Balzac, — "You can't have the omelet without breaking the egg." Says Molière, — "Never full-gorge the hawk you wish to fly." The herd, observes Goethe, does not reflect that where there is no dog it is exposed to wolves. There is a Greek proverb to the effect, that to desire impossibilities is a sickness of the soul. Says Spenser, —

"Oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show."

Landor declares serenity to be no sign of security. Cheerfulness out of season, Balzac asserts, is as bad as water poured into a sieve. Prudence, observes Cicero, is the safest shield. An indiscreet man, Addison thinks, is

more hurtful than an ill-natured one. The following is from Milton, —

“What boots it at one gate to make defense,
And at another to let in the foe?”

Better an empty house, it has been said, than a bad tenant. Let the night come before we praise the day, is an old proverb. The following is from Schiller, —

“For truly is that nation to be feared,
That, arms in hand, is temperate in its wrath.”

This is from the Talmud, — “If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.” *Medio tutissimus ibis*, is Ovid’s advice. This from Tasso, — “For once the steed is stolen, we shut the door too late.” From Shakspeare, — “Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow”; “Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.” The strong man is one who does not say all he thinks. Balzac applauds the art of asking questions and saying little. Garrick asserts, that the devil is sooner raised than laid. Balzac speaks of a discreet chevalier who never let fall an epigram that might have closed a house to him. Some one criticises those who eat their white bread first. Racine said he couldn’t hunt two hares at once. Heine observes, that the arrow belongs not to the archer when once it has left the bow, and the word no longer belongs to the speaker when once it has passed his lips. He who would travel far, says Racine, should spare his steed. James Howell remarks, that we have each two eyes and two ears, but one mouth. Seneca asks what wind will serve him that is not yet resolved upon his course. Gilbert Stuart, the painter, once had Commodore Hull for a sitter; he was, as usual, boastfully letting off his great social successes, when his

wife, with a handkerchief on her head, came in from the kitchen, not knowing that a stranger was present, and said, "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" With great presence of mind Stuart replied, "Ask your mistress." Macaulay was ridiculed for his indiscretion in writing to his constituents on Windsor Castle paper. Dante remarks, that the food that is hard we hold in vain to the mouths of sucklings. He is not a fish to be caught without a worm, is from Balzac. The host, while waiting, makes it possible for his guest to weary for his dinner, remarks Scott. Let the fish chew the bait awhile, is quoted from somewhere. There are those with an iron hand in an iron glove, is anonymous. Beware the fury of a patient man, says Dryden. The same bids us beware disturbing a hornet's nest. Some one warns us, —

"Though April skies be bright,
Keep all your wrappers tight."

It is the common infirmity of mankind, declares Machiavelli, in a calm to make no reckoning of a tempest. The Englishman visiting our Cambridge, asked Colonel Higginson if he didn't think it rather a pity that all the really interesting Americans seemed to be dead. Cicero assures us, that the best pilots in great storms are sometimes admonished by passengers. Spoiling the ship for a half-penny worth of tar, is the way the English express false economy. Swift informs us, that every draper at first shows three or four pieces of poor stuff to set off the good ones.

DISEASE

GLADSTONE is authority for the statement, that Homer never mentions diseases at all. Dr. Johnson thinks it very difficult for a sick man not to be a scoundrel. Balzac says sick people never know how sick they are. Caesar, Mahomet, and Napoleon were all epileptics. Cartier found that the Indians near Montreal had a certain decoction that cured scurvy. Some one advises the use of three physicians — Dr. Quiet, Dr. Merriman, and Dr. Diet.

DISGRACE

BACON, whose lapses from good morals are well known, compared himself to Demosthenes, to Cicero, to Seneca, and to Marcus Livius, all of whom had been condemned for corrupt dealings as he had been, and had all recovered favor and position.

DISGUST

EXCESSIVE praise, Euripides declares, is apt to breed disgust. Balzac “would not stir that mudheap.” The same again, — “If a dish at table is not to our taste, there is no occasion to disgust others by mentioning the fact.”

DOUBT

CROMWELL’S epigram is to the effect, that nobody goes so far as the man who does not know where he is going. Examination, observes Balzac, leads to doubt. Shakspeare says it is a wise father that knows his own child. I may be wrong, says Sir George Jessel, and sometimes am, but I have never any doubts. This, often

misquoted, is from Shakspeare,—"But yet I'll make assurance double sure." When in doubt mind your own business, is Elbert Hubbard's counsel. This excerpt is from Horace, — *Credat Judaeus Apella*. Doubt keeps pace with discoveries, Landor asserts.

DRAMA

WHAT is Shakspeare's, and what is not, is best determined by reading, not by acting; his best is beyond acting; inferior productions are sometimes made by acting. Daudet thinks actors do not die of old age, but that they cease to exist when they no longer command applause. The greatest writers put a little comedy into their tragedy. It is a remark of Coleridge, that Schiller, to produce effect, sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up an old father in a tower; Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow. The mathematical Buxton once went to hear Garrick play; when asked what he thought of Garrick's performance, he replied, "I only saw a little man strut about the stage and repeat 5,956 words." Rogers thinks it remarkable that no poet before Shakspeare ever introduced a person walking in sleep. Ægisthus and Clytemnestra are both killed behind the scenes, though their screams are heard by the audience; their corpses are then exposed to the spectators. What author besides Shakspeare could write thirty-eight plays without repeating any of his characters? The elder Booth acted Richard III to such perfection, that the audience would hiss. Landor asserts, that a good tragedy shows us that greater men than ourselves have suffered more severely and more unjustly. It is a remark of Seneca, that a player may represent fear, sadness, anger,

and the like, but can never come to express a blush. When Voltaire was instructing an actress in some tragic part, she said to him, "Were I to play in this manner, sir, they would say the devil was in me." "Very right," answered Voltaire, "an actress ought to have the devil in her." C. F. Richardson claims, that in range Shakspeare passes over the entire field of human nature, including both sexes, all ages and conditions, noting ethic peculiarities in the Roman plays or the barbaric petulances of the Celt in "Lear." Says the same again, "Leaving out the strictly subordinate characters, there are, in the plays of undoubted Shakspearian authorship, two hundred and forty-six distinctly marked personalities, an intellectual product far superior to that accomplished by any other man that ever lived." Lord Buckhurst, of the time of Elizabeth, was the author of "Gorboduc," the first tragedy written in the English language. Schlegel calls *Æschylus* the *Phidias* of tragedy. In versification, as in other respects, Shakspeare has clearly marked periods. Not even the gods could decide whether *Orestes*, by murdering his mother, *Clytemnestra*, in avenging the death of his father, *Agamemnon*, acted justly. Next to reading the "*Agamemnon*" of *Æschylus*, I would choose to read what Schlegel says about it. The claim made by some, that Shakspeare allows excellence of versification to correspond somewhat to the quality of the characters, is not verified in "*Othello*" at least, though possibly prose comes chiefly from the mouths of inferior characters. Some read Shakspeare solely for his beauty of diction; some for his excellence in characterization; and still others for his ethical teaching. As in the Greek New Comedy no reputable young woman was allowed to come upon the stage, the whole play often turned upon a marriage with, or a passion for, a young woman who was never once seen.

The true comedy is said always to end in serious marriage. Schlegel declares, that among the French, versification of dramatic poetry was what decided the fate of a composition. Concerning Corneille's late dramas, Schlegel thought we might as well make a tragedy out of a game of chess. Racine, it is thought, might, like Shakspeare, have excelled in comedy as well as in tragedy, if he had tried it. Coleridge pronounced Kean's acting like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. Sophocles declared that Æschylus did what he ought to do, but did it without knowing. The characters of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspeare suffer for their sins; Dryden reforms his bad characters. Symonds defines the drama as that form of art which combines all kinds of poetry in one. Symonds confidently asserts, that fifty-three years was sufficient for the complete development of the greatest work of art the world has ever witnessed — the drama as produced by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. But for the accident of printing, we might now possess but few of the plays of Shakspeare. Cordelia in "Lear" and Ophelia in "Hamlet," though appearing but little, are yet very important and impressive characters. According to Julian Hawthorne, Æschylus may properly be pronounced the creator of the drama; he introduced a second actor, thus changing recitation into dialogue; in all his plays it is thought he enacted the part of the hero. The Greek tragic poets, in their work of composition, were rivals and contended for a prize. It may be that Euripides suffers in the estimation of the world, because a large amount of his composition has been preserved, bad and good alike, while only a small part, and probably the best, of the dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles has come down to us. In general, Æschylus employed but two actors for each play. Wallenstein, the Austrian hero of the

Thirty Years' War, and who was defeated at Lutzen by Gustavus Adolphus, has been called the greatest dramatic character in German literature. Shakspeare's downright villains are Iago and Richard III. According to Schlegel, Ben Jonson's productions are solid and regular edifices, before which, however, the clumsy scaffolding still remains, to interrupt and prevent us from viewing the architecture with ease, and receiving from it a harmonious impression. Lessing wrote his dramas in prose, though his last, "Nathan the Wise," is in verse, and is, on this account, more successful than the prose ones. The Greek dramatists would not use prose even in comedies. Macaulay thinks the comedy of actual life beyond all comedy; the same thing was said by Le Sage. Symonds calls Antigone the most perfect female character in Greek poetry. There have been five generations of Jeffersons on the stage. Shakspeare and Molière both acted parts in their own plays. William Winter states, that Pepys first saw women as actors in 1661. It is known that Shakspeare himself played the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet," and that of Adam in "As You Like It." Symonds thinks the Protestant Reformation prepared the way for the Elizabethan drama, just as the Persian wars prepared the way for the Greek drama. To please Charles II, Shakspeare's tragedies were made to end happily. Balzac thinks the real dramas of life are not in circumstances, but in feelings; that they are played in the heart. It is a remark of May Sinclair, that Æschylus left the edges of his tragedies a little rough, and that God leaves them so sometimes when He is making a big thing. Shakspeare created, or touched up, seven hundred characters. Irving played Shylock over one thousand times. Brander Matthews is of the opinion, that Victor Hugo is deficient in the two chief qualities of a great dramatic poet, — in

the power of creating characters true to nature, and in unfailing elevation of thought. Charlotte Cushman's advice to young Mary Anderson was, "Begin at the top." The practise of calling the author before the curtain seems to have had its inception in the case of Voltaire. Walter Raleigh thinks tragedy inconceivable without happiness for its background. Trollope says crowded audiences generally make good performers. Lamb asserts, that Shakspeare's "Lear" cannot be acted.

DREAMS

WERE we to dream the same thing every night, Pascal thinks it would affect us as much as the objects we see every day. The same says, "We often dream that we dream." Swift declares the worst of dreams to be, that one wakes in just the humor they leave one in. We are near awakening when we dream that we dream, says Novalis.

DUELS

JOHAN RANDOLPH quarreled with a fellow-student over the pronunciation of a word, fought a duel with him, and killed him. Gourgaud wanted to fight a duel with Walter Scott for his severe treatment of Napoleon. Among the Romans, instead of resorting to the duel, the two men who were at enmity with each other proved their courage by appearing at the head of the army in the next engagement, to fight against the common foe. George Meredith asserts, that one duel on behalf of a woman is a reputation for her for life; and that two are a notoriety. When Mark Antony challenged Augustus to fight a duel, the latter answered, that if Antony was weary of life, he might find many

other ways to end it than by his sword. Some think men learn the art of fence in vain, if they never show their skill in a duel.

DUTY

CARLYLE thinks the first duty of man is still that of subduing fear. Southey used to say, that the moment anything assumed the shape of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of doing it. The following is from Emerson, —

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”

It was said of the Athenians, that to do their duty was their only holiday. Some think there is no merit in performing one’s duty. George Sand declares, that happiness is not to be sought anywhere but in the fulfilment of duty. Terence insists, that it is not sufficient to do your duty, but that you must win the world’s applause as well. This from Milton, —

“Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.”

An incident is related of a man appearing on the field of battle where the Duke of Wellington was; being rebuked for rashness, the man rejoined, “Your grace is in the same danger.” “Yes,” said the Duke, “but I am doing my duty”; it was just at this moment that a ball struck the unfortunate man dead. “Duty” was Wellington’s favorite word; “glory” was Napoleon’s. Do thy best, and leave the rest, is a good motto. Bacon defines duty as a word used of a mind well disposed towards others; virtue as a word used of a mind well formed and composed

within itself. Lafcadio Hearn thinks the true way to attempt an enduring work is to begin it as a duty. Nelson's last words were, "I have done my duty." It is an aphorism of William Black, that one of the great lessons of life is to learn, not to do what one likes, but to like what one does. Dumas thinks it humiliating to be thanked for doing one's duty.

ECONOMY

THE common people, observes Balzac, have ten ways of making money, and a dozen ways of spending it. Theodore Parker was said, facetiously perhaps, to be so economical that, for the saving of ink, he would never cross a "t" nor dot an "i." Keep your land, and your land will keep you, is an old piece of advice. When a junior at Harvard, Emerson waited on the juniors' table, at commons, thus paying a part of his board.

EDUCATION

PUPILS bad in one school are sometimes good when transferred to another. According to the law of apperception, no two persons can have precisely the same idea of anything. Herbert Spencer would never give a child anything it cried for. Goethe disliked grammar exceedingly, and only learned Latin willingly because the first book he studied was in rhyme. The Greeks cultivated the ear; the Romans the eye. Some children develop late, and their parents are unduly anxious about them. Pestalozzi boasted that his son, who had passed his eleventh year, could neither read nor write. Jonathan Edwards practised literary composition as a means of mental culture. If a man reads very hard he will have

little time for thought, says R. L. Stevenson. It is the belief of Dr. Harris, that an act is educative when first learned, and then only. Learning is not accumulation, but assimilation, thinks Col. Higginson. Most persons are at some time or other dissatisfied with their education, though they may be at last convinced that it is, all things considered, good. Greek, sir, said Dr. Johnson, is like lace, — every man gets as much of it as he can. Amiel's slur against the habit of dissecting literature as the schools do, is implied in this: to study the statue minutely, he says, we pulverize it. There's no pause at perfection, says Browning. It is Bulwer's advice, in science to read the newest books, in literature the oldest. Taming a fox takes away his sagacity. Educational reforms often come from those who are not professional teachers. Locke, who had no children, wrote a valuable treatise on how to bring up children. Paracelsus boasted, that he could make a man live four hundred years or more, if he could have the bringing of him up from infancy. When I hear a new book talked about, said Rogers, or have it pressed upon me, I read an old one. I find out what the "best sellers" are, and then read something else. He who knows only his side of the case, knows little of that, says John Stuart Mill. Eupolis said of Socrates, "I hate the beggar, who is eternally talking, and who has debated every question upon earth except where to get his dinner." In managing a bad boy in school, it is worth a great deal to know that the boy's parents are with you. There is no escape from trouble and anxiety in any business. The best means of forejudging what you are likely to experience next year, is to review the year past. It is a great thing in life, says Weir Mitchell, to learn how to forget wisely. According to Emerson, the one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.

Learning and arms, declares Bacon, have flourished in the same persons and ages. Seneca feared the man of one book. Goethe thought one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words. Socrates learned to dance when an old man. Safety induces culture, says Browning. According to Aristotle, the mind reaches its prime at the age of forty-nine. Who knows most doubts most, asserts Browning. If a boy is not proficient as a measurer of wood, the farmer thinks him totally ignorant of mathematics. Edward Everett Hale, during his college course, read eighty novels a year. An eminent English judge declared private schools to be poor creatures, and public schools sad dogs. Lord Chesterfield thought nothing so interesting as maps. In the early part of the 17th century, in England, a lawyer, a physician, or a divine was looked upon with surprise if he could not read music and sing. If every man could hit upon his natural calling, geniuses would be more numerous than they now are. Music was a favorite recreation with Jefferson. Labor is God's education, says Emerson. Off his own beat, Carlyle's opinions were of no value. The man who has a prodigy of a son thinks every child capable of the same brilliant achievements. There is nothing hard, declares Seneca, but custom makes it easy. According to Browning, 'tis the taught already that profits by teaching. How easy it is for some men, who have forgotten the aspirations of their youth, to advise the confining of common school instruction to the 3 R's! One may know a man that has never conversed in the world, it is said, by his excess of good breeding. It is Richter's rule in Education, that no power should be weakened, but that its counterbalancing power should be strengthened. Bacon thought the educational methods

of the Jesuits superior to all others. Carlyle was educated by his father against the advice of friends and neighbors. Balzac criticizes the ordinary imperfect school education, which develops great ambitions and little capacity for realizing them. Garfield thought it wisdom to be fit for more than the thing we are now doing. Professor Woodberry says Hawthorne had early learned the lesson of "doing without." Sciences can be taught, asserts Richter, genius can only be aroused. It is Locke's warning, that he who sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give the owner but an ill account of his voyage. The chief advantage of a debating society is, that it offers the occasion of thoroughly studying a definite subject. We grow weak by striking at random, says Landor. As is the case with most men, Locke was dissatisfied with his education. It is Herbert Spencer's idea, that the aim of education should be to produce a self-governing being. The meaning of culture, says Matthew Arnold, is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world. Goethe declares, that we retain from our studies only that which we practically apply. Fallen pride learns condescension, says Schiller. To be a student one wants the stimulus of sympathy, remarks George Eliot. Modern education, according to Hamerton, is a beginning of many things, and is little more than a beginning. Euclid told the king there was no royal way to geometry. A certain English lord considered all men uninformed who had not received a university education. China produced in all nine classics, a knowledge of which still constitutes a liberal education. Dr. Johnson is of the opinion, that we oppose what is new, because we are unwilling to be taught. According to Münsterberg, an American physician opens his office three years

later than his German colleague of equal education. Montaigne said he could not write so that he could read it himself. Steele ridicules the educators who put you to prove that snow is white. Aristotle was the most learned man among the Greeks; the elder Pliny the most learned among the Romans. Sydney Smith and John Stuart Mill were strenuous advocates of the intellectual culture of women. It is said always to be more work to mine gold than coal. Pestalozzi, in 1764, when eighteen years old, read Rousseau's "Émile" and was inspired by it. It was a saying of Pestalozzi, that gold is not consumed, but purified, by fire. There are many upon whom Pestalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude" makes no deep impression. Balzac thinks, that, if Paganini had passed three days without studying, he would have become an ordinary violinist. Literature is the teacher's compensation for drudgery; it seasons his daily life with the "sweet serenity of books." Fénelon's delightful book on the "Education of Girls" was originally intended as a set of rules for the government of his little family school. The English statesman, Charles Fox, when he was appointed secretary of state, took lessons in penmanship, because some one ridiculed his handwriting. It has been truly said, that learning is better than house and lands. In the "Upton Letters" we are aptly reminded, that, in education, it is better to encourage aptitudes than to try merely to correct deficiencies. The dyer's hand, it has been said, is subdued to whatever it works in. Some one wittily ridicules the principle of education which finds out what a boy can't do and then makes him do it. It has been remarked by some one, that in education it matters more which way one's face is set than how fast one proceeds. In the Boston Latin School, at one time, the class was called after the name of the brightest boy

in it. We are never done with cutting our eye-teeth, says Lowell. Canon Cureton had a son at Westminster School, and whenever the canon preached too long a sermon, the boys thrashed the son. The lessons we learn when we do not know that we are studying, affirms Henry van Dyke, are often the pleasantest, and not always the least important. Goethe recognizes the high value of his errors. Arlo Bates says each reader must be his own health board in the choice of books. According to H. W. Dresser, all healthful changes are evolutionary, not revolutionary. It is James Howell who tells us, that a stumble makes one take a firmer footing. According to Rousseau, a child's characteristics should not be changed; we must make the best of the character nature gives him. It is recorded of a boy, that he was allowed to do anything but cross a certain brook. When E. L. Godkin's father took him to a school in England, he made but one stipulation, namely, that his son should never be flogged. *The Spectator* assures us, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us. George Eliot asserts, that our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds. They are best taught, observes Montaigne, who are best able to censure and curb their own liberty. From Landor we learn, that there is in the moral straits a current from right to wrong, but no reflux from wrong to right. Again Landor says, that the wisest of us have our catechism to learn. Sir Philip Sidney observes, that the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart. Ellen Terry thinks the parts we play influence our characters somewhat. According to Heine, the love of beauty and goodness and magnanimity may often be imparted by education, but a love of sport is in the blood. The chief part of original sin, thought Erasmus, is temptation and

bad example. He is the best man, according to Xenophon, who is always studying how to improve, and he is the happiest who finds that he is improving. Carlyle says a healthy human soul can stand a great deal of rubbish. John Stuart Mill asserts, that a pupil from whom nothing is ever demanded which he cannot do, never does all he can. We are advised, that it is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to instruct, even our friends. When Emerson was in Harvard, a student was forbidden going to the theatre, on a penalty of ten dollars. We know the consequences of unnecessary physic, says Burke. The last words of old Dr. Adams, a teacher of Edinburgh, when his mind was delirious, were, "But it grows dark, very dark; the boys may dismiss." The over-education of Queen Mary, at a very early age, was injurious in that it produced melancholy in her later life. We read "Paradise Lost" as a task, declares Dr. Johnson. We are informed by Voltaire, that Pope could hardly read French, and spoke not one syllable of that language. For truly one must learn ere one can teach, is anonymous. It has been estimated that practically one-half the adults of England, ten years after the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria, could neither read nor write. Chesterton speaks of an educated upstart as a man who could quote Beaumarchais, but could not pronounce him. Lord Chatham was an Etonian who spoke ill of that famous school; he said he scarcely ever knew a boy who was not cowed for life at Eton. It is a decided relief, amid the usual dryness of pedagogical literature, to light upon delectable John Adams, whose discussion of Herbart is as good as a comedy. The first six colleges established in the United States are in order — Harvard, in 1637; William and Mary, in 1692; Yale, in 1701; Princeton, in 1746; Columbia, in 1754; and

the University of Pennsylvania, in 1779. Controversialists should keep cool; in the moment of passion aroused by unfavorable criticism, they are liable to make sweeping assertions which are open to attack by specialists, and thus to subject themselves to ridicule; Sir William Hamilton is an example of such an one. The great importance of diffusing a taste for the best in literature is, that whoever has once appreciated and loved a classic, is ever afterwards in no danger from trash. A grammarian, says Poe, is never excusable on the ground of good intentions. Some persons, Aristotle states, derive a stronger habit from a single impression than from oft-repeated ones. Charles Reade speaks of a man who had everything to learn, except what he had to unlearn. It is said of Balzac, that he had a wonderful facility for hurriedly absorbing ideas in reading; that his eye embraced six or eight lines at a time; his memory has been likened to a vise. The highest kind of knowledge is not wide, but self-dependent, says Münsterberg. Bacon was glad to light his torch at any man's candle. Macaulay could neither swim nor row nor drive nor skate nor shoot. Kossuth learned English by reading and studying Shakspeare. McCarthy says he never knew another man of the educated class who knew so little of literature as Parnell. Scott, when at school, stood at the middle of his class, a place he was the better contented with, as it chanced to be near the fire. Self-conquest is true victory, asserts Goethe. Until within twenty-one years of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, corporal punishment was in vogue at Harvard College. Speaking of a disagreeable character, Heine is led to think of the rose which was always watered with vinegar, and so lost its sweet fragrance and faded early. The same writer thinks the Romans would never have found time to conquer the

world if they had been obliged first to learn the Latin language. It is a remark of Bliss Perry, that the young man, upon entering his profession, finds himself ranked at once by his power to assimilate the professional experience of older men. If we read too quickly or too slowly, says Pascal, we understand nothing. Gladstone thinks Latin is in great part useful because it is difficult. At the time Prescott was an undergraduate at Harvard, the curriculum there is said to have been of less variety and range than that of a high school at the present time. It is Joubert's opinion, that in the uneducated classes the women are superior to the men; in the upper classes, on the contrary, that the men are superior to the women; and that the reason for this is, because men are more often rich in acquired virtues, and women in natural virtues. Montaigne advises, that the discipline of pain should be part of every boy's education, for the reason that everyone in his day may be called upon to undergo the torture. The value of learning a dead language rather than a living one, declares Latrobe, is, that it is acquired, not in loose conversation, but in reading and analyzing authors who are perfectly correct in their diction. It was Landor's notion, that if a man had a large mind, he could afford to let the greater part of it lie fallow. Culture, says Matthew Arnold, is properly described as having its origin, not in curiosity, but in the love of perfection. It was the rule of the Jesuits, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation. It was Adam Smith's belief, that the most grateful and soothing amusement of old age is a renewal of the acquaintance with the favorite authors of one's youth. Until the year 1773, the students' names appeared in the Harvard catalogue in the order of social standing. According to Matthew Ar-

nold, culture begets a dissatisfaction which is of the highest possible value in stemming the common tide of men's thoughts in wealthy and industrious communities. In the simpler school life of earlier times, John Fiske reminds us, there were not so many subjects to be half-learned as there are now. Pascal points out the fact, that there are no two square numbers one of which is double the other. May Sinclair, referring to the speech of a certain cold-blooded person, says every sentence sounded as though it had been passed through a refrigerator. German is an open sesame to a large culture, remarks Lowell. When one wearies from physical exertion, observes Dr. Wayland, he is warned in time to desist, but weariness from overwork of the mind is far more dangerous, because then the weariness is often not perceptible until it is too late. Even a Latin school dunce is declared to be different from any other dunce. When girls were first admitted to the Boston High School, it was, by vote of the school board, to occupy the seats made vacant by the boys in summer only, when many of the boys were kept at home to work. Richelieu, with some horror, imagines what a state would be, if all its subjects were learned men. The Admirable Crichton, late in the 16th century, amazed the Venetian senate by an eloquent harangue on the absurdity of education. Talleyrand said of the English public school education, "It is the best I have ever seen, and it is abominable." It is Professor Woodberry's idea, that to turn a boy loose in a library is to give him the best of all opportunities — the opportunity for self-education. Henry James speaks of certain people who read novels as an exercise in skipping. Our religion, education, and even our fears, declares Dresser, are prepared for us by other minds. It is a great mistake to think that boys should understand all they learn, says Dr. Arnold. After

Wordsworth and Coleridge had failed to get the collar off the horse's head, the servant girl showed them how, by turning it upside down. To aid her in playing Ophelia, Ellen Terry used to go to a madhouse and study the subjects there. Scarcely any person, says Macaulay, has become a great debater without long practise and many failures. Thackeray speaks of certain arguments of a woman for which "she had chapter and verse." Whatever you study, asserts Hamerton, some one will consider that particular study a waste of time. Much depends upon when and where we read a book, observes Lamb. Read the best books first, insists Thoreau, or you may not have a chance to read them at all. Assuredly we spend too much labor and outlay in preparation for life, remarks Goethe. According to William James, we can see no farther into a generalization than just so far as our previous acquaintance with particulars enables us to take it in. In college, the women do as well as the men, says President Jordan, but not in the university. Some one has remarked, that Bayard Taylor had traveled more and seen less than any man on earth. Young soldiers, in the Roman camp, learned to use their weapons by fencing against a post in the place of an enemy. Dr. Johnson thinks the most successful students make their advance in knowledge by short flights, between which the mind lies at rest. Democritus, we are told, put out his eyes in order that he might philosophize better. There is not much satisfaction in listening to a German play where you understand but the one word "ja." Edward Everett Hale once asked his father why, when he was at Williams College, he studied Hebrew in addition to Greek and Latin; his father replied, that there was nothing else to study. Hawthorne, speaking of the poet Tupper, said that he was so entirely satisfied with himself

that he took the admiration of all the world for granted. The strongest leg, says Ibsen, is that which stands most alone. The Greek word for school means leisure. In the Scriptures we read, that much study is a weariness of the flesh. Popular enlightenment is not everything; it is indispensable to the perpetuity of a republic. When Franklin visited London, circulating libraries were unknown there. It is Addison's declaration, that the mind that lies fallow but a single day sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by constant and assiduous culture. Only evil grows of itself, while for goodness we want effort and courage, asserts Amiel. Sowing one's wild oats originally meant that noxious and ineradicable weeds would spring up later on. Theodore Parker thought the common school of America the cradle of all her greatness. It is the height of wisdom to seek constant improvement, however foolish it may be to aim at perfection. Good morals and knowledge, says Hume, are almost always inseparable in every age, though not in every individual. After reading Gibbon's "Rome," one is not the same man he was before. The best way to do away with cheap literature is to do away with the demand for it by educating the people to higher tastes. In all other pleasures, says Bacon, there is satiety, but in knowledge there is no satiety. Every adult citizen of the United States should read *The Federalist*. The product of nature is an animal, and not a civilized man. Our selfishness often in the end proves altruistic; since the more we improve ourselves the greater our influence for good over others. Bancroft remarks, that our fathers of the Revolution, in a few of the states, conceived the correct idea of binding up their public schools in their public life, instead of merely doling out a bounty to the poor. Hazlitt affirms, that knowledge is pleasure as well as power.

It is a dictum of Herbert Spencer, that the child must be armed against the future. The best protection the rich man has in the peaceful possession of his goods is in the education of the poor, who are thereby taught to respect the rights of others' property. In the Talmud it is stated, that when a man teaches his son no trade, it is as if he taught him highway robbery. General enlightenment counteracts despotism and centralization, and dethrones physical power. It is by the government and education of himself, asserts Cousin, that a man is great. What is educated for the age, Richter insists, is worse than the age. Weir Mitchell thinks books should be labeled to be read at this or that age. If the views of educators are to be taken seriously, the education of girls, who are to become the mothers of the future generations, is of the first importance. It is Herbert Spencer's idea, that the function which education has to discharge is to prepare us for complete living. Says Carlyle, "That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy." Education, as some one states, attempts to change what is into what ought to be. Allen Cunningham declares, that the education we miss in youth we rarely obtain in age. It is astonishing, remarks Scott, how far even half an hour a day regularly bestowed on one object will carry a man in making himself master of it. Senator Hoar believed that self-government with universal suffrage could not be maintained long in a Northern state, or in any country in the world, without ample provision for education. Education has been called another nature. Difficulties, some one observes, make our minds strong, as toil does our bodies. To instruct woman, remarks Hamerton, is to instruct man. It is said to be easy to follow the animal or the intellectual life — difficult to combine the

two. Pestalozzi declares the animal man to be the work of nature, the social man to be the work of society, but the moral man must be the work of himself. The nobility of France in the time of Diderot opposed the education of the peasant, on the ground that, if he knew how to read, it would be more difficult to oppress him. Hawthorne thought the world was accumulating too many materials for knowledge, that we do not recognize as rubbish what is really rubbish. It is Poe's notion, that happiness is not in knowledge, but in the acquisition of knowledge. John Adams, the writer on pedagogy, thinks education makes a greater difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute. 'Tis early practise only makes the master, says Schiller. From the age of twelve the Spartan boy had to go barefoot, summer and winter; his only mental culture was in music and poetry. The Roman Empire, made up of many nationalities, very much as our nation is, had no system of popular education like ours to unify and nationalize it. Voltaire decries giving a Lacedæmonian education to a child destined to live in Paris. Those who are denied the higher gratifications, states Herbert Spencer, fall back upon the lower. There is no darkness but ignorance, is Shakspeare's. Montesquieu states, that the first motive which ought to impel us to study, is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent. Every day is lost, declares Beethoven, in which we do not learn something useful. Better to be a human being dissatisfied, says J. S. Mill, than a pig satisfied; better be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. There is as much difference, some one has observed, between a lettered and an unlettered man as between the living and the dead. Learning gives men a true sense of their frailty, according

to Bacon. The trials of school are among the most effective influences in forming after character. If a father had not taught his son some art or profession, Solon relieved the son from all obligation to maintain him in old age. Knowledge always increases; it is like fire, which must be kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself, Dr. Johnson declares. Down to the generation just preceding Socrates, nothing was taught to Grecian youth except to read, to remember, to recite musically and rhythmically, and to comprehend poetical composition,—this according to Grote. It is a saying of Goethe, that the art of right living is like all arts; the capacity alone is born with us; it must be learned and practised with incessant care. If my children are to die out of the course of nature before their parents, declared Sir Thomas More, I would rather they died well instructed than ignorant. Tolstoy says it is difficult to hinder parents from bringing up their children to be different from what they are themselves. George Moore thinks it the first law of life to discover our best gifts from nature and to cultivate those gifts. The greatest and most important difficulty of human science is the education of children, thinks Montaigne. Socrates never aspired to the laurels of authorship, says Dr. North; he was content to be an oral teacher. When appointed professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, Dr. Holmes said he occupied, not a chair in the college, but a settee. Better saw wood, said Emerson, better sow hemp, better hang with it after it is sown, than sow the seeds of instruction. "The schoolmaster is abroad," that is, is everywhere at work. When a teacher in Watertown, Theodore Parker once kept a boy after school for punishment, but the boy looked so much like his sister, a lovely girl with whom Parker used to read

and take long walks, that he kissed the little reprobate and let him go. Probably no profession offers at once so good an opening for the impecunious college graduate as teaching. Racine was savage in his denunciation of his college instructors. When Eliot was made president of Harvard, Lowell wrote to Norton, "We have a real captain at last." It is not knowledge, says Matthew Arnold, that we have to teach, but the means of gaining knowledge. A wise questioning has been called the half of knowledge. The teacher, if sufficiently introspective, must often find the apparent disorder and restlessness of the school only the reflection of his own moodiness. When Tyndall told Carlyle of his intention to address a large boys' school, Carlyle warned him not to tell them anything which was not true. John Wesley's mother, who had nineteen children, was a severe disciplinarian, and in particular taught her children to "cry softly." A man once undertook to teach Sanskrit, of which language he knew nothing; he said he used to learn as much before breakfast as he could teach between ten and twelve; and that he allowed no one to ask questions. Henry van Dyke asserts, that life has no finer lesson to teach than how to leave off. It is Hare's advice, that they who have children to educate should keep in mind that boys are to become men and that girls are to become women. In matters of discipline, Dr. Arnold almost always consulted his associate teachers. Dr. Arnold taught principally by questioning; he seldom gave information except as a kind of reward for an answer; his explanations were as short as possible. Some one wittily alludes to a teacher who explained a thing by something less known. Stonewall Jackson, when an instructor at the Lexington Military Institute, once criticized a student's solution of a certain problem; afterwards, having become con-

vinced that he himself had been wrong, he walked a mile in the rain to apologize to the boy for his mistake. Socrates was accustomed to ask questions, but did not answer them, professing not to know. Dionysius took lessons in geometry from Plato; they formed their figures in sand spread on the floor. A schoolmaster, some one has observed, is a man who does not take the voyage of life himself, but stands on the gangway of the steamer to pass those along who are going to take it. From the poet Thomson we have, "to teach the young idea how to shoot." Erasmus speaks of some of his teachers as being "destructive of good intellects." In China, on rainy days, the teacher is expected to carry the children to school on his back, that they may not spoil their clothes and make their mothers trouble. Mencius declares, that the ancient Chinese exchanged sons, and one taught the son of another. There is said to be in China classical authority against having a son taught by his father. A girl said to her teacher, "I can do and understand this perfectly, if you only won't explain it." When, after the Peace of Dresden, Frederick the Great returned to Berlin, his first thought was to visit his old schoolmaster, De Jandun, who was at the point of death. In Bronson Alcott's school, when a bad child would make a noise, he would shake a good one, thus punishing the bad one by allowing him to see a good one suffer; sometimes he would even punish himself. All methods of teaching are good and all are bad, says Tolstoy; the talent and ability of the teacher are at the foundation of any method. A good pupil, says Turgenieff, perceives the errors of his teacher, but he respectfully holds his peace about them, for those very errors are of service to him and direct him in the right way. Huxley is called the father of modern laboratory instruction. Emerson gave his boys a holiday

on the occasion of Webster's address at Bunker Hill; he was afterwards much chagrined to find that not one of them went to hear the great orator. In teaching, it is said to be wiser often to suggest to the imagination than to satiate it. It was a chief accusation of Socrates against the Sophists, that they taught for money. A great deal of knowledge, says Howells, comes from doing, and a great deal more from doing over. Confucius would teach only bright pupils; he used to declare, that when he had presented one corner of a subject and the listener could not from it learn the other three, he would not repeat the lesson. The art of spoiling, declares George Eliot, is within the reach of the dullest faculty. At the age of twenty John Adams was a schoolmaster. Lady Cummings, who lived near a boys' school in Edinburgh, sent a request that the master should not have the boys all flogged at once, as the noise of the concord was really dreadful. It is Dr. Johnson's slight dig at pedagogy, that while a teacher is considering which of two things he should teach a child first, another boy has learned them both. There are teachers who can make any subject interesting to their pupils. Landor observes, with but little truth it would seem, that men have seldom loved their teachers. The teacher's motto is, — "God makes, man shapes." Sir William Hamilton used to assert, that a man never knows anything until he has taught it in some way, whether orally or by writing a book. The Germans thought Pestalozzi understood man better than men. Dussault said Pestalozzi took a world of trouble to teach a child that his nose was in the middle of his face. If Alexander was the Great, says Landor, what was Aristotle who made him so, and taught him every art and science he knew, except three — those of drinking, blaspheming, and of murdering his bosom friends? A graduate of Harvard,

when asked his impression of the very liberal elective system permitted there, declared his mistake to have been in selecting subjects instead of men. Some of the most valuable pedagogical precepts have emanated from morally defective characters who, like Rousseau, would in any civilized age be regarded as personally unfit to teach youth. It is sometimes belittling to a man of high literary, intellectual, and moral character to be president of an American college, where, with the student body, neither goodness nor greatness is sacred. According to William James, psychology is a science, and teaching is an art; and he says sciences never generate arts directly out of themselves; that the science of logic never made a man reason rightly, and the science of ethics never made a man behave rightly. Dr. Johnson says a historical fraud lies against any biographer who does not name the school or the masters of men illustrious for literature. Senator Hoar, in explaining the fact that in earlier times a prominent New England lawyer or clergyman was often as famous at thirty as ever afterwards, declares it to have been in large part due to the personality of the college instructor. Münsterberg insists, that all instruction which is good must be interesting. The same says of his education, "I had from my ninth year no teacher who had not completed three years' work in a graduate school." Dr. Johnson once taught a private school and had David Garrick for a pupil. Some one has said, that there are virtues which only misfortune can teach us. Luther counts it one of the highest virtues upon earth, to educate faithfully the children of others, which so few, and scarcely any, do by their own. Emerson kept a school for a time at Cambridge; one of his pupils was John Holmes, a brother of Oliver Wendell. John Holmes thought Emerson seemed like a captive phi-

losopher set to tending sheep. Your born teacher, says Bliss Perry, is as rare as a poet, and as likely to die young. Voltaire says of a certain teacher, "What pains he takes to tell us what everybody knows." Washington's first schoolmaster was a bondman. Montaigne, who considered Seneca and Plutarch as his two chief teachers, thought discipleship to be the most efficient kind of praise. It was greatly to the discredit of Socrates that he had been the teacher of Alcibiades and Critias. It was said of Dr. Young, author of "Night Thoughts," that he used to explain a thing till all men doubted it. Seneca was the teacher of Nero, as Socrates had been of Alcibiades. The faults of teachers, declares George Washington Moon, if suffered to pass unreprieved, soon become the teachers of faults. Old teachers, George Sand says, do not like to see their pupils appear to understand faster than they do themselves. The most successful teachers are those who make friends and companions of their pupils. Jeremy Taylor and Carlyle both detested teaching; the latter said it was better to die than keep a school. Nobody can be taught faster than he can learn, declares Dr. Johnson. Dr. Buckland, lecturer at Oxford, on the birth of his son Frank planted a birch, for he was determined that his son should be well brought up. Amiel thinks we must learn to read the childish soul as we might a piece of music. To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. According to Herbert Spencer's philosophy, no intellectual power can become too great, but every moral faculty needs to have its boundaries fixed. How many men are lost for want of being touched to the quick, observes Seneca. Balzac declares, that natural intelligence never takes the place of what men learn from their mothers. The polisher, says Browning, needs precious stone no less than precious stone needs

polisher. Balzac thinks the most dangerous of all instruction is bad example. There were men at Rome who taught people how to chew. Whenever a young man became Jorden's pupil he became his son, says Dr. Johnson. Lycurgus resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of children. It is Herbert Spencer's idea, that the end of education is to elevate above the age. Pestalozzi calls mothers the ideal educators. Münsterberg believes that the really good teacher needs many gifts and qualities which may be absent in great scholars. By continuing to teach music, says Rousseau, I insensibly gained some knowledge of it. Dr. Harris calls Isaac Newton a perpetual schoolmaster to the race. Boswell tells us that Dr. Johnson had the happy art of instructing himself by making every man he met tell him something of what he knew best. The man who has no children of his own can always tell just how to bring up children. The faculty of Harvard made Brook Farm a favorite place for rusticated students. It is easier, says the Spanish proverb, to keep the devil out than to turn him out. It is within the experience of most teachers to have a former pupil ask for a recommendation of good character, to aid him in obtaining a business situation; some of these letters, relating to students with shady school records, are significant for what they do not say. It is not enough for the teacher to know the right precepts and philosophy of his profession; he must live with and practise them long before they can become through him an efficient power. It was a wise injunction of Richter, never to tell your children that other children are ill brought up. A good rider makes a good horse, says Eugene Sue. The direction of the mind, thinks Joubert, is more important than its progress. The same author says, to teach is to learn

twice over. It is the doctrine of Herbert Spencer, that intellectual progress is from the concrete to the abstract. Richter calls repetition the mother of education. Educators are generally one-sided in their professional views, illustrating the truth of Goethe's remark, that few persons know how to comprehend a whole. Carlyle tells of one Adam Hope, an old teacher of his time in Annan, who after allowing a boy to indulge in a sham of knowledge, "reduced him to zero and made him fast," to think his way rationally out of his error. Landor declares that Aristotle makes you learn more than he teaches. Tennyson read Job in the Hebrew; he was fond of Beethoven. When Charles Sumner first visited Washington, he called upon Chancellor Kent, finding his conversation lively and instructive, but grossly ungrammatical. Emerson, like Hawthorne, was not distinguished for scholarship while in college. Emerson made his acquaintance with foreign authors chiefly through translations; he so read two of his favorites, Plato and Montaigne, but, according to Dr. Holmes, he read all of Goethe in the original, though with some difficulty. "When I was at Eton," says Gladstone, "we knew very little indeed, but we knew it accurately." Lockhart informs us, that Burns seemed to have the poets by heart. At one period of his life Burns carried a pocket Milton with him constantly. Ben Jonson said Shakspeare had little French and no Latin. Plutarch, a Greek of the first century A.D., learned Latin late in life. Madame Roland believes, that there are minds that have no need of cultivation. Prescott, the historian, was no mathematician; he used to memorize all his mathematical demonstrations without any understanding of the reasoning. Madame Geoffrin's education was limited to learning to read, paying no attention to spelling; she read a great deal. Benson speaks

of a man full to the brim of uninteresting information. The same says a man may become a mere book-eater, as he may become an opium-eater. Why should a teacher feel obliged to publish something in order to gain professional prestige? It has been observed by some one, that if he had read as many books as other men, he would be as ignorant as they. Shakspeare's mother could not write her own name. The Duke of Wellington remarked of a certain peer, that it was a pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities. John Hay informs us, that Spanish girls have scarcely any education whatever; that they throw themselves, in orthography, entirely upon our benevolence. Balzac had a fine library and was a great reader. Mrs. Browning studied Greek and German with her brother. Haydon laughs at Sir Thomas Lawrence's lack of scholarship, alluding in particular to his calling Olympias, the mother of Alexander, Olympia. Crothers is of the opinion, that pedantry is a well-recognized compound, two-thirds sound learning and one-third harmless vanity. In the introduction to "Evelina," the editor declares that Mme. D'Arblay's English was never very secure, because it was not based on Latin. Bacon is said to have known very little Aristotle. Dr. Johnson calls classical quotation the parole of literary men the world over. We all at length come to have our own preference as to the spelling of such proper names as Virgil and Shakspeare. Petrarch and Boccaccio both studied Greek under Leonzio Pilato. When everybody was ignorant, half-knowledge served very well, some one has observed. Stanley Hall tells of two pedagogues of the 13th century who fought a duel for the right spelling of a word. It is worthy of remark, that none of Shakspeare's women are learned. Huxley learned Greek late in middle life, that he might see for himself just what Aristotle said

about the chambers of the heart, and also that he might read the New Testament in the original. Frederick the Great never learned to punctuate what he wrote, and spelled wretchedly. Of the severe scholarship of the humanist Valla, some one wittily remarked, that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages. *A propos* of accurate scholarship, Joubert observes, that we only become correct by correcting. Plato knew no language but Greek. Hazlitt declares, that a dunce may talk on the Kantian philosophy with great impunity, but if he opened his mouth on any other subject he might be found out. It was characteristic of Macaulay, that he showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself. We are told that Shakspeare's second daughter was too illiterate to write her name. Macaulay said he did not feel the lack of the honor of being a senior wrangler, but did regret his want of a senior wrangler's knowledge of mathematics. The great literary lights have rarely been masters of more than one language. It is recorded of Sir Isaac Newton, that, though so deep in algebra and fluxions, he could not readily make up a common account. Professor Peck says it is only a servant-maid who makes a poor pen an excuse for her bad spelling. A good way to test a man's culture is to get him to read aloud. John Bunyan, the Prince of Orange, and Napoleon Bonaparte were all notoriously bad spellers. Leigh Hunt, it was said, never mastered the multiplication table. Dr. Johnson said Goldsmith's utmost knowledge of zoology was to tell a horse from a cow. To obtain prominence as a scholar, one must be a specialist. The elder Pitt, his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Dante knew no Greek. When the versatile Lord Brougham was made Lord Chancellor,

O'Connell said of him, "If he knew a little law, he would know a little of everything." Shakspeare tells of some one who could not take two from twenty for his heart and leave eighteen. General Herkimer, who spoke English badly, could not spell his own name twice alike, we are told. Solid learning, Bacon asserts, prevents vain admiration, which is the root of all weakness. Robert Burton is declared by Felix Adler to be the best read man who has ever lived. Locke's theory of becoming learned was to pursue a single subject for a considerable length of time. Joan of Arc was unable to write. Huxley, though not a university man, had a mastery of Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German. Aristotle took all knowledge for his province. While Huxley was an omnivorous reader, Herbert Spencer read but little. Concerning the fact that Rubens spoke seven languages, some one has said, that to speak seven languages is to speak no one well. The man of imagination without learning, asserts Joubert, has wings and no feet. A wide scholarship, some one has observed, turns into knowledge of the places where knowledge is. Lichtenberg, a professor at Göttingen, declared that he never knew his own language until he had learned another. Walter Scott spoke no foreign language, but read Spanish and Italian. Beaconsfield said there was no subject which Lord Brougham knew thoroughly. Macaulay defined a scholar as one who reads Plato with his feet on the fender. Macaulay asserts, that in Europe during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, not one man in five hundred could have spelled his way through a psalm. Tennyson studied "Don Quixote" in the original. In bad orthography, Andrew Jackson quite outdid the Prince of Orange and Napoleon; on a single page of a letter he was known to spell "which" in three different ways. If thou seest aught

amiss in another, mend it in thyself, says some writer. Your power over others will be in great measure proportionate to your power over yourself. Herbert Spencer thinks inconsistency one of the worst errors in education. According to William Beckford, disagreeable things are the most salutary. Seneca declares, that nature does not give virtue; and that it is a kind of art to become good. According to Plutarch, it was a saying of Brutus, that the person has had but an ill training who has not been taught to deny himself anything. A bad pupil often might be managed more successfully if he came in contact with only one teacher. It has been asserted by some one, that he is not well bred, who cannot bear ill breeding in another. The child's ear readily distinguishes a decided from an angry tone of voice, is the observation of Richter. The same also observes, that it is not the badness of examples, but their long continuance, that injures children. Bad home influences often render the moral improvement of pupils difficult. In rare cases, bad examples have a good effect. Seneca made the great mistake of governing Nero always on the ruinous principle of concession. Locke treated education under four heads, — virtue, wisdom, manners, and learning, and considered the last mentioned least important of them all. Montaigne would keep woman ignorant, on the pretext that instruction would mar her natural charms. It is Seneca's idea, that it is good for every man to fortify himself on his weak side. The test of every religious, political, or educational system, is the man which it forms, says Amiel. The most gifted minds, when they are ill educated, become preëminently bad, according to Plato. Self-conquest, says Goethe, is true victory. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending, is a wise saying of Shakspeare. Homer explains

Dolon's badness by the fact that he was a brother brought up among sisters only; Oliver Cromwell was a sole brother having seven sisters. Shakspeare thinks best men are moulded out of faults. Such was Grieg's dislike for school, that he would stand in the rain till he was soaked to the skin, so that the teacher would be obliged to send him home. Which is better, to present examples of excellence to be revered, or of depravity to be avoided? Balzac wisely remarks, that it takes time for the undeveloped man to discover that his own interests demand a measure of regard for the interest of his fellows; that the education of humanity is laborious and only to be achieved by infinite patience. Fathers are generally said to be wont to put their better minds into counsels to their sons. Bayard Taylor, when a lad, was surfeited with the Quaker idea of the wrongfulness of all kinds of oaths; the result, as often happens in such cases, was to give him an irrepressible desire to swear; to give vent to this desire, he once went to a retired spot and used freely all the "wicked words" he could command. The greatness of Frederick the Great, declares Sainte-Beuve, was shown in learning through trials. If a stick is held in front of a flock of sheep and the bell-wether leaps over it, all the rest vault in like manner even after the stick has been removed. It was the notion of Democritus, that more men become good by rule and discipline than by nature. Lowell thinks it good to be obliged to do what we don't like.

EGOTISM

THACKERAY liked to hear people talk about themselves. The self-acknowledged brilliancy of some writers is matched in the man mentioned by Horace, who boasted that he could compose two hundred verses while

standing on one leg. Lord Selbourne wished he was as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything. Goethe observes of a certain man, that he was "at one with himself" on a certain subject. Beaconsfield regards the author who speaks of his own books almost as bad as the mother who talks about her own children. Mrs. Craigie warns one not to shoot tame canaries and think himself a sportsman. Some one writes, —

"I go first; my name's Jowett;
I am the master of Balliol college;
Whatever's worth knowing, be sure that I know it;
Whatever I don't know is not knowledge."

A certain writer of a bad dictionary put on the title page,
"First edition."

ELOQUENCE

WE are told that Fox foresaw the weaker parts of the argument that would be opposed to him, and that he always learned his replies. Burke was called the "dinner bell," from his tendency, when speaking, to scatter his audiences in the House of Commons. A reporter said of a certain Irish member of Parliament, noted for his long dull speeches, that he could not say what o'clock it was under two columns. Lord Chatham was accustomed to read in Bailey's Dictionary when preparing to speak in Parliament. Lord Bute, for effect, spoke slowly and made long pauses between sentences; at which Charles Townshend on one occasion cried out, "Minute guns." Speaking of Channing, Theodore Parker declared diffuseness to be the old Adam of the pulpit; that there are two ways of hitting a mark, — one with a single bullet, the other with a shower of small shot; that Channing chose the latter, as most pulpit orators do. According to Macaulay, nothing strikes an audience

so much as the animation of an orator who is generally cold. Pericles made no gestures; Wendell Phillips but rarely. When Sir George Murray complained that he should never be able to get on with speaking in the House of Commons, Wellington gave him this piece of advice: "Say what you have to say, don't quote Latin, and sit down." Aristotle's three sources of persuasion are: Personal character of speaker, right mood of hearers, and argument. Seneca says of a certain orator, "Everyone, while he was speaking, feared lest he should stop." According to Emerson, all the great speakers were bad speakers at first. Longfellow's Boston friends used to say he was the only American citizen born since the Declaration of Independence who positively could not make a speech on any subject. Blaine affirms, that Webster's speech in reply to Hayne in 1830 was an amendment to the constitution; that it corrected traditions, changed convictions, and revolutionized conclusions. The inability of the Spartan envoys to speak in a public assembly put them to a great disadvantage when treating with the Athenians. It is reported of Isaac Barrow, Newton's predecessor in the chair of mathematics at Cambridge, that he could preach, with grave and copious eloquence, for three hours at a time. John Bright once said of Charles Wood's speech, that it contained some good things, that it would be impossible for any man to speak for three hours without saying some good things. The English cry of "Hear, hear," in a public assembly, originally meant disapproval of the speaker's sentiments. It is said of Cassius Severus that he spoke best *ex tempore*; that he stood more obliged to fortune than to his own diligence; that it was an advantage to him to be interrupted in speaking; and that his adversaries were afraid to nettle him, lest his anger should redouble his eloquence.

Jonathan Edwards imitated Pericles in using gestures sparingly. O'Connell observes, that a good speech is a good thing, but that the verdict is *the* thing. Demosthenes was wont to walk alone, collecting his arguments, arranging his sentences, and uttering them aloud. Pope never could speak in public; he was even incapable of giving an account of any story to twelve friends together. Jefferson was a wretchedly poor speaker. Henry van Dyke thinks great orators are seldom great talkers. Garrick could draw tears from his auditors by merely repeating the alphabet. Of some one Le Sage remarks, "His words flow like a gutter after a hailstorm." Macaulay thinks a little hesitation at the beginning of a speech is graceful. With inimitable force and diction, Shakespeare says, "She speaks poniards, and every word stabs." Hampden always spoke late in the debate. Isocrates, whom Cicero calls "the father of eloquence," was himself a poor speaker, but taught eloquence and made speeches for delivery by others. "Did I deliver the speech well?" said George III, after opening the session of Parliament. "Very well, sir," said Lord Eldon. "I am glad of it," replied the king, "for there was nothing in it." Demosthenes did not speak *ex tempore*, but prepared his speeches with great care. It is Milton who speaks of "that old man eloquent," a sobriquet that has been applied to John Quincy Adams. Addison once rose in debate in the House of Commons, but owing to bashfulness broke down; he was ever afterwards silent in that body. The poet Whittier never spoke in public. Truth and accurate definition are, according to Socrates, the two first requirements in good speaking. According to Emerson's definition, eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. Lysias wrote a defense for a man who

got tired of it upon several re-readings. Weir Mitchell is authority for the statement, that Bishop Brooks habitually spoke, when preaching, two hundred ten words to the minute. I have often observed, says Macaulay, that a fine Greek compound is an excellent substitute for a reason. Sheridan once said of a certain speech, "It contains a good deal of what is new and what is true; but unfortunately what is new is not true, and what is true is not new." Philip remarked of one of the eloquent orations of Demosthenes, "Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself." Racine represents a tiresome advocate as beginning, "Before the creation of the world," when he is interrupted by the judge with, — "Advocate, let us pass on to the deluge." Cicero confessed that he always entered upon an oration with trembling and concern, and thought every good speaker did so. Hear Milton in this, "Thy words with grace divine infused, bring to their sweetness no satiety." The old deacon, who was deaf, told the young preacher to "speak the text up loud"; although he should not be able to follow the discourse, yet if he knew a young man's text he knew what he was going to say. Macaulay asserts, that nearly every eminent debater makes himself master of his art at the expense of his audiences. Charles Fox, when in Parliament, spoke every night but one, and regretted that he had not spoken that night. Shakespeare must have had the bombastic elocutionist in mind when he wrote, — "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Caius Gracchus had his Licinius carry a pitch-pipe, to warn him when he was getting too vociferous. The truest eloquence, observes Bulwer, is that which holds us too mute for applause. The tone of voice will affect the wisest and change the whole force of a speech or a poem, says Pascal. The Socratic sermon

was addressed to the individual man. Landor thinks Parliamentary speakers of most eminence are superficial in scholarship; he denominates as eloquence that which moves the reason by working on the passions. St. Chrysostom's audiences used to cheer him when he preached. Senator Hoar refers to the statement of some one, that the fact that a speech reads well is proof that it is not a good speech. It has been estimated, that the voice of George Whitefield, the great evangelist, could be heard distinctly by an audience of thirty thousand people. Demosthenes, who was in danger of being defrauded of his inheritance, was obliged, in accordance with the Athenian law, to plead his own cause before the court; he was thus induced to study and practice rhetoric. Tennyson read "Guinevere" aloud to George Eliot, causing her to weep. In the time of James II, an hour-glass was the proper thing on a pulpit; Burnet would hold it up after it had once run out, and his audience would clamor for him to talk it out once more. Æschines employed no action in speaking. Multitudes of bees are said to have settled on the lips of Pindar when an infant. Emerson's father was said to lack the fervor that could rouse the masses and the original resources that could command the few. From Shakspeare again, — "He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke." Gladstone insists, that a man who speaks in public ought to know, besides his own meaning, the meaning which others will attach to what he says. Frederic Harrison tells us, that Chatham's eloquence boiled over with interrogations; and that from the days of *Quousque tandem, Catilina*, impassioned oratory has ever rested more in questions than in bold asseveration. The Earl of Rosebery thinks, that if his speeches are judged by their effect, the younger Pitt may be held the greatest orator England has ever produced. Ben Jon-

son thought Bacon, as being both a good speaker and a good writer, the perfect orator. It has been declared, that Chatham always spoke without preparation. Gibbon never spoke once while in Parliament. Swift observes, that there is something native to each orator, which is so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, that it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of it. Rosebery asserts, that few speeches which have produced an electrical effect on an audience can bear the uncolored photograph of a printed record. True eloquence, according to Thomas Gray, consists in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." As much as fifty guineas was paid for a single ticket to gain admission to Westminster Hall to hear Sheridan speak in the Warren Hastings case. Some go so far in praising Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, as to say it rivals the funeral oration of Pericles. Bayard Taylor greatly disliked lecturing, notwithstanding his success in obtaining pecuniary compensation and popularity by it. Crothers thinks preaching without notes is not particularly difficult if one has something to say. Sheridan's first speech in Parliament was not creditable; when his friends told him so, he answered, "It is in me, and, by —, it shall come out." In the judgment of Mrs. Oliphant, it was Burke who originated the idea of impeaching Warren Hastings; it was Pitt, by his unexpected vote with the accusing party, who made it practicable; but Sheridan was the hero of the occasion. We auditors grow restless, some one has remarked, when a speaker begins to cite classical names. In general it may be regarded as true, that a sermon which costs the preacher nothing is worth exactly what it costs. In the estimation of Don Piatt, Lincoln left at Gettysburg a record of eloquence never before reached by human lips. Some one declares, that Robespierre

always wrote out his lengthy speeches, and "read out his reams of manuscript through spectacles." Once when Massillon descended from the pulpit, one of his hearers told him he had been eloquent; Massillon replied, "The devil told me so before you." Louis XIV once said to Massillon: "Father, I have heard several great orators, and I have been very much pleased with them; as for you, every time that I have heard you I have been much displeased with myself." George J. Abbott, a favorite clerk in the Department of State of which Webster was Secretary, and a fine classical scholar, was accustomed to hunt up classical allusions for Webster's use. John Wesley preached a thousand times a year. Demosthenes, the first of orators, had in the beginning the greatest natural disqualification for oratory. In preaching, some regard the sermon as the thing of least importance. Mrs. Wiggin tells of a minister who "always has plenty to say after you think he's all through." Voltaire declares grace in expression to be worth more than what is said. Douglas ranked William Pitt Fessenden as the ablest and readiest debater he had ever known. Try to imagine a Roman making an after-dinner speech. Hare thinks it an essential characteristic of genius to be unconscious of its own eloquence. The so-called magnetism that accompanies the spoken word, observes H. W. Dresser, is often more effective than a strong argument. Wendell Phillips characterized Rufus Choate as the man who made it safe to murder. No stenographer could report the speeches of Sargent S. Prentiss; nor could he himself reproduce his own thoughts and sentences. It is the opinion of some one, that the one physiological standard by which man can be truly measured, and which applies to him alone, is his faculty of speech. Faraday, as a lecturer, had such clear powers of exposi-

tion that people thought they understood him even if they didn't. Savonarola said he was like the hail which pelts everyone who is out in the open air. George Eliot thinks the secret of oratory lies, not in saying new things, but in saying things with a certain power that moves the heart. Emerson thought Channing could never be reported, for his eye and his voice could not be printed. La Rochefoucauld lacked courage to speak before six or seven persons even. Opposition always drew Wendell Phillips out; when the meeting seemed too tame, some friend in the audience would purposely hiss to arouse him. Haydon remarks, that while Fuseli could not argue, he made good this defect by the use of brilliant repartees. Wendell Phillips was not gifted as a writer. Kyrle Bellew's father, a clergyman, had such a fascinating voice that he would repeat the Lord's Prayer so effectively as to cause his congregation to sob. Queen Victoria's voice was like a silver stream flowing over golden stones, says Ellen Terry. Massillon's opening words in his funeral oration on Louis XIV are, "God alone is great." Eulogies, E. P. Whipple observes, which might be considered offensive when addressed to the living, may safely be ventured in noting the rare virtues of the dead. I don't quite see how an honest man can be a good and successful orator, observes Hawthorne. Truths divine come mended from his tongue, is a happy quotation from Beckford. Burke is a brilliant exception to the rule, that great orators are poor writers. Emerson's oration was said to begin nowhere and end everywhere. Coleridge failed in the attempt to be a Unitarian preacher; he had in his first congregation seventeen persons; several of these one by one slipped away; one woman remained to the end, but she was asleep. It was remarked by Samuel Rogers, that a certain Dr. Price was great indeed in

the pulpit, — making one forget the preacher and think only of the subject. The eloquence of Livy, it has been noted, was chiefly employed in painting virtue, the eloquence of Tacitus in branding vice. Macaulay thinks a tribunal will decide a judicial question most fairly when it has heard two able men argue as unfairly as possible on the two opposite sides. Jonathan Edwards was known to weep while listening to the preaching of Whitefield. President Tappan's advice to young orators was, "Don't stop; keep saying something." Isocrates, celebrated for his beautiful oratorical compositions, never ventured to speak in public. Cicero, egotistical and boastful in most respects, never boasted of his eloquence. John Fiske is of the opinion, that for genuine oratorical power, Webster's reply to Hayne is probably the greatest speech that has been delivered since the oration of Demosthenes on the Crown. During his first session of Parliament the elder Pitt never opened his mouth.

ENEMIES

BE patient with your enemy; time may repair the breach. Plutarch says a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, for the reason that, if he indulge this passion on some occasions, it will rise of itself on others. Give no odds to your foe, is Spenser's order. The strongest of all antipathies, according to Madame De Staël, is the antipathy of a second-rate mind to a first-rate one. He called me all the names in the rainbow, is the way some one complains. Emerson regards calamities as our friends; rough water, he declares, can teach lessons worth knowing. Don't be so tender at making an enemy now and then, is Emerson's advice. It is a wise saying of Buddha, that he who in-

dulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward. Balzac tells us not to be afraid of making enemies. Haydon thinks there are moments when one forgives his bitterest enemies. It is never wise to disregard what your enemies say about you. We are told that one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. *The Spectator* has something to the effect, that a generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend sometimes cannot refrain from speaking ill. Balzac thinks it so natural to destroy that which we cannot possess. Horace says everybody envies his neighbor's pursuits until he tries them. It is Victor Hugo's injunction, that we learn to disdain, as it protects and crushes; that we do not give our enemies the satisfaction of thinking that they cause us grief or pain. Landor thinks no man so ignorant as not to know, that he who has lost all his enemies will soon lose all his energy. Dr. Johnson advises him who would know himself to consult his enemies. Some one has said, —

“He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.”

ENERGY

THE difference between one man and another, says Dr. Arnold, is not mere ability — it is energy. Theocritus thought trying would do anything in the world. Frederick the Great wrote Voltaire, that he was busy with both hands.

ENNUI

BALZAC compares a certain one to a retired tradesman at a loss how to kill time. As tiresome as a rainy day, is Balzac's simile. Zoroaster longed “to tear

down this tiresome old sky." George Sand asserts, that ennui is sure to follow the inactivity of our instincts. Lowell thinks whittling a stick a medicine against ennui. Cowper tries to imagine how the antediluvians who lived to the age of eight hundred could have spent their time, with so little variety in the way of employments.

ENTHUSIASM

EDWARD EVERETT laughs at the American who looks at Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon with an enthusiasm which the Englishman thinks a sort of provincial rawness. According to Schiller, enthusiasm never calculates its sacrifices. It is an observation of Sainte-Beuve, that the disappointments of enthusiasm bring disgust. Enthusiasm distorts, as Belloc thinks. Goethe observes that enthusiasm is not a herring that can be pickled and kept for a few years. Balzac calls enthusiasm "that virtue within a virtue." Thoreau calls enthusiasm a supernatural serenity. No virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic, says Sir J. R. Seeley. Success implies enthusiasm about something.

ENVY

SENECA thinks it hard to avoid envy without incurring contempt. He also says it is a common thing for men to hate the authors of their preferment, as the witnesses of their mean origin. A Boston lady, upon saying that her ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, was slurringly informed by the New York lady, that she didn't know before that the *Mayflower* had any steerage passengers. Steele says it is a matter of consolation to an envious person, when a man of known honor does a

thing unworthy of himself. Lord Chesterfield slurs Dante; so Coleridge does Gibbon. Ovid describes an evil spirit as looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens, and scarce able to refrain from weeping because she could find nothing at which to weep. When Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough as the best landscape painter, Wilson, in a spirit of jealousy, added, "And the best portrait painter too." Sir Robert Walpole, we are informed, shunned men of talents as latent rivals. According to the Indian proverb, contempt pierces through the shell of the tortoise. The fox who had lost his tail tried to persuade the other foxes to have theirs cut off. *Invidia festos dies non agit*, is from some anonymous Latin author. A staff to beat that dog he long had sought, is Tasso's. Lord Bacon nowhere mentions Shakspeare. Adam Smith remarks, that the man who, by some revolution of fortune, is lifted up all at once into a condition of life greatly above what he had formerly lived in, may be assured that the congratulations of his best friends are not all of them perfectly sincere. I envy no man's nightingale or spring, says George Herbert. Addison and Sir Joshua Reynolds are both said to have had the faculty of causing others to sneer without sneering themselves. Jealous ears, we are assured, always hear double. Dr. Johnson says envy is deservedly its own punishment. Heine, with rare frankness, confessed that he was envious of Goethe. A maxim of John Adams was, "Tell not of your prosperity, because it will make two men sad to one glad; nor of your adversity, for it will make two men glad to one sad." Pindar thinks it a nobler fate to be envied than to be pitied. Alison, speaking of the happy relation that existed between Marlborough and Prince Eugène, says: "The really great alone can witness success without envy, or

achieve it without selfishness." Louis XVI of France aided us in the Revolution, not out of love of republican institutions, but of hatred towards England. Townshend, in reporting the battle on the Plains of Abraham, made no mention of Wolfe. It is much to the discredit of Shakspeare, that of the English poets contemporary with him he barely mentions Marlowe and Ben Jonson. Wordsworth, who contests with Milton the place next after Shakspeare among English poets, was selfishly chary of the recognition he gave other authors; he nowhere speaks in unqualified praise of any author of his time. Scott, on the other hand, praised freely, and was the personal friend of nearly all his literary brethren. Dr. Johnson says scarcely any man ever wrote so much and praised so few as Milton. Æschylus hits the mark in declaring that "few have the fortitude of soul to honor a friend's success without a touch of envy." Heine affirms, that Goethe feared every writer of independence and originality, but glorified and praised all the petty authorlings; that he carried this practise so far, that to be praised by Goethe came at last to be considered a brevet of mediocrity. Shakspeare makes one of his characters, in speaking of Cicero, say, —

"For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin."

Monarchs, for the enhancement of their own glory, wish their successors to turn out bad princes. It has been claimed by some one, that Cicero was not mentioned by Virgil or Horace. St. Augustine defines envy as the hatred of another's felicity.

EPIGRAMS

BALZAC speaks of an epigram in the eyes. Her look was like a sad embrace, is Matthew Arnold's. Haste is of the devil, was a saying of Mahomet. Some one has said, "If it is impossible, it shall be done." He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less, is Addison's. Some one has characterized reform as organized distrust. Experience is the oracle of truth, is from *The Federalist*. Good company upon the road is the shortest cut, is anonymous. Ruskin thought Carlyle had been born in the clouds and struck by lightning. The Chinese philosopher Laotsze estimated things as valuable through what is absent from them. Charles Lamb pronounced Coleridge an archangel — a little damaged. To have loved her was a liberal education, is Steele's. The feast of reason and the flow of soul, is Pope's; this also, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind"; so is this, "'Tis the same rope at different ends we twist." Maria Theresa said she would as soon part with her petticoat as with Silesia. According to an old proverb, it is not wise to use razors to cut blocks.

EVILS

FATHER NEWMAN thinks flagrant evils cure themselves by being flagrant. Pascal declares, that men never commit evil so fully and so gaily as when they do so for conscience' sake. Shakspeare believes there is some soul of good in things evil. This from Shakspeare, —

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done."

Walt Whitman says, "Nothing out of its place is good; nothing in its place is bad."

EXCESS

PASCAL observes, that our senses can perceive no extreme; that too much noise deafens us, excess of light blinds us, too great distance or nearness equally interferes with our vision, prolixity or brevity equally obscures our discourse, too much truth overwhelms us, too many concords are unpleasing in music. Says Shakspeare, —

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.”

It is Shakspeare also who warns against “too much of a good thing.” Again the same asks, “What need the bridge much broader than the flood?” By George Sand we are told, that the best qualities pushed to extremes become defective or absurd. Swift speaks of curing a scratch on the finger by cutting off the arm. Balzac mentions one who had eaten like a traveling actor, and drunk like the sands of the desert. It is remarked by George Sand, that he who tries to prove too much proves nothing. It is not the thing, says Bulwer, but the excess of the thing, that hurts. Balzac characterizes one as a “triple expansion glutton.” Landor thinks it better to be lukewarm than to boil over.

EXPERIENCE

LOWELL refers to the happy hopeful past, when one was capable of everything because one had not tried anything. Lessing has observed, that the wealth of experience derived from books is called learning; that one's own experience is wisdom; and that the smallest capital of the latter is worth millions of the former. William

De Morgan would, in building, never let any man do any job he hadn't done before. According to H. W. Dresser, human experience would have no real value if we could do naught but obey. Col. J. P. Henderson thinks experience of little value without reflection. H. W. Dresser is of the opinion, that experiences of evil and suffering are, in a sense, to be entirely justified by the good which is brought out of them — although this does not make evil good.

FACTS

WE are told that Guizot's name is pronounced differently in different parts of France. Steel pens were first introduced at Washington by N. P. Willis. Mrs. Alexander Hamilton was the first to introduce ice-cream at Washington. Be most careful, observes Lowell, in stating facts; if an adversary can show one misstatement (however small) in your argument, he has already confuted you in the most effectual manner to nine-tenths of those you are striving to convince. In the sixteenth century, in Italy, the clocks struck up to twenty-four, from sunset to sunset. Sir John Hawkins, in the ship *Jesus*, engaged in the kidnapping of slaves. Montaigne, though living at the time, makes no mention of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Petrarch, in describing Laura's face, makes no mention of her nose. Italics were so called because they were invented in Italy, the invention being attributed to John Aldus. A copy of "Faust" was found in the possession of an American Indian in North Carolina in the year 1829. The anagram of Gustavus is Augustus. Petrarch had an accurate premonition of the time of the death of two friends, Laura being one of them. It is claimed that the word "brain" does not occur in the Bible. Equality may be right,

Balzac asserts, but no power on earth can convert it into *fact*.

FAITH

FAITH admits of no discussion, Balzac thinks. Trust not him who hath once broken faith, observes Shakspeare. Heraclitus declares, that much knowledge of things divine escapes through want of faith. Playing fast and loose with faith, is Shakspeare's. Balzac says bankers have no faith in anything less than a promissory note.

FALSEHOOD

HE lied like a courtier, is from Balzac. Attorneys meet with more clients who tell lies, says Balzac, than who tell the truth. The same author tells of shops having fine signs and nothing to sell. It is Hawthorne's remark, that to the untrue man the whole universe is false. Falsehood flies and Truth comes limping after, is anonymous. Scott said to the prince regent, "I am not the author of Waverley." The true art of falsehood, observes Madeline de Scudéry, is to resemble truth. It is a maxim of Mme. D'Arblay, that falsehood is not more unjustifiable than unsafe.

FAME

SENECA remarks, that he who makes himself famous by his eloquence, justice, or arms, illustrates his extraction, let it be never so mean; and gives inestimable reputation to his parents. We should never have heard of Sophroniscus but for his son Socrates; nor of Aristo and Gryllus, if it had not been for Xenophon and Plato. When Jenny Lind first met Daniel Webster, she was

greatly impressed by his personality; after the interview she remarked, "I have seen a man." *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori*, is from Horace. How many small streams have been made great in the writings of famous poets! Scamander, Avon, and Ayr are in point. Shakespeare, Bacon, and Bentham had their merits first recognized in foreign countries. Lucky is the man, says Thackeray, whose servants speak well of him. *Tanto maior famae sitis est, quam virtutis*, is from Juvenal. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" tells in allegory the glories of Queen Elizabeth. Heine thinks Sinai, when Moses stands on it, appears insignificant. Andrew D. White pronounces De Witt Clinton and William H. Seward New York's two greatest governors. When Madame De Staël asked Napoleon who in his opinion was the greatest woman, he replied, "She who bears the most children." Dr. Johnson asserts, that no authors ever had so much fame in their lifetime as Pope and Voltaire. Carlyle remarks of some unfortunate, that the blessing of full oblivion is denied him. At Magdeburg, Nelson was exhibited to an admiring crowd at so much a peep. Browning says, "No dream's worth waking." The sea of glory has no banks assigned, is from Tasso. Thoreau remarks, that the Xanthus or Scamander is not a mere dry channel and bed of a mountain torrent, but fed by the overflowing springs of fame. Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his death-bed, said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster. It is impossible for man to do anything in a mechanical way which time may not obliterate. Southey believed that Nelson, who had been made viscount after the battle of Copenhagen, would have fought his way up to a dukedom if he had lived long enough. It is the greatest unhappiness of an eminent man to receive sympathy and applause from disreputable sources. It was Pompey the

Great who said, "More men adore the rising than the setting sun." There is many a man whose sole recommendation consists in having an excellent wife. The following is from Butler's "Hudibras," —

"In western clime there is a town,
To those who dwell therein well known."

Alexander's horse had a city named after him. They glared through their absences, is Emerson's translation of a sentence in Tacitus which refers to the absence of the effigies of Brutus and Cassius at a certain state funeral. And fight i' the ranks, unnoticed by the world, is a line from Browning. Not to know me argues yourself unknown, is from Milton. Fame, that last infirmity of noble minds, is Milton's also. Landor professed never to have heard of Herschel, even by name. To the dead, says *Æschylus*, nothing remains save glory. Dr. Johnson insists that in lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath. It was Chesterfield's idea, that no man deserves reputation who does not desire it. Pliny, the younger, leaves mankind this only alternative, — either of doing what deserves to be written, or of writing what deserves to be read. Landor believes that few rise to eminence in a calm. In Plutarch's opinion, man's applause is but a transient dream. George Eliot speaks of one not oppressively illustrious. Chaucer was the first English poet to be buried in Westminster Abbey. To do acts that shall for all time beneficently affect the lives of others, is to achieve a glorious immortality. Hazlitt thinks no man is truly great who is great only in his lifetime; that the test of greatness is the page of history. Balzac says honors bring sycophants. One might as reasonably expect to perpetuate his name by writing it on a bank of fog. Thackeray would rather make his name than inherit

it. Allan Cunningham thinks the applause of a man's native place is generally the last which he receives. Shakspeare's remains do not honor Westminster Abbey. In the *Rambler* we are told, that the author's cruellest mortification is neglect. Praise undeserved some one calls satire in disguise. An institution, says Emerson, is the lengthened shadow of one man. Pope calls fame that second life in other's breath. Jeremy Taylor enjoins men to use no stratagems and devices to get praise. To be unreasonably admired by one generation, Justin McCarthy asserts, is to incur the certainty of being unreasonably disparaged by the next. That fellow, remarks Balzac, wears the Legion of Honor for having published works he can't understand. Two out of eight of the busts on the outside front of the Congressional library at Washington are Emerson and Hawthorne. It has been remarked, that it is not what others say of you, but what you say yourself, that does you the greatest injury. Hannibal conquered, says Alison, has left a greater name among men than Scipio victorious. Addison thinks there is nothing gains a reputation for a preacher so much as his own practice. To be famous when you are young is the fortune of the gods, says Beaconsfield. John Fiske calls Edward I the greatest of English kings. La Place removed the name of Napoleon from the dedication of "*Mécanique Céleste*." Napoleon said his nobility dated from Monte Notte, the place where he won his first victory in 1796. Napoleon did not like to be called a Corsican. There was a consul Nero, the conqueror of Hasdrubal at the river Metaurus, whose achievement saved Rome by giving a death blow to Hannibal's scheme of conquest in Italy; yet when the name Nero is mentioned, the infamous Emperor of that name is the one always thought of. Macaulay speaks of Fuller, of King William's time,

as sinking into an obscurity from which he twice or thrice, at long intervals, again emerged for a moment into infamy. Chrysostom declares, that neither the tomb of Alexander nor the day of his death is known. Eratosthenes, an obscure fellow, burned the temple of Diana to eternize his name, which has come down to us, though all were forbidden to speak or publish it. The artist-student Torregiano owes his only renown to the fact that in a fit of jealousy he threw his mallet at Michelangelo and broke his nose. Justin McCarthy thinks Blondin, who crossed Niagara more than three hundred times on his tight rope, probably the only man in history who never in his time had a rival in his own field of action. The landlord of a New Hampshire inn, being asked by an itinerant preacher what sort of a man Franklin Pierce was, said: "Wall, up here, where everybody knows Frank Pierce and where Frank Pierce knows everybody, he's a pretty considerable fellow; but you come to spread him out over this whole country, and I'm afraid he'll be dreadful thin in spots." I have been, perhaps, says Scott, the most voluminous author of the day; it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted out. Shakspeare writes, —

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation."

The graves of but few men of two thousand years ago can be identified today. In 1850, Bayard Taylor delivered the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard; in a letter he speaks of this poem as follows, — "My Harvard poem, poor as it is, was received with great applause; but alas! I published it, and thus killed the tradition of its excel-

lence." When the elder Cato was asked why he had no statue erected in his memory, he answered, "I had much rather men should ask why I had no statue, than why I had one." Some Athenians refused to aid in rearing a monument to Miltiades until he conquered alone. Addison thinks to be uncensured and to be obscure are the same thing. Never mind, says Bulwer, if one can read you but slowly—better chance of being less quickly forgotten. There may be conquest, Racine remarks, yet no glory won. George Meredith says the bare renown of a wine is inspiring. Carlyle thinks the time may come when Napoleon will be better known for his laws than for his battles. Owen Wister observes, that a great man cannot do great things without in a way growing apart from his fellows, little as he may desire such a result. Goethe and Napoleon, at the time the two greatest men in Europe, met at Weimar. Goethe thinks even the greatest man is connected with his century by some weakness. Henry Taylor asserts, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Celebrity is based on controversy, according to Balzac. The pirate told Alexander he was the mightier thief of the two. Why do we love Burns, and at the same time look coldly upon Byron, inasmuch as both are morally frail? Coleridge saw Wordsworth seated,

"In the choir
Of ever enduring men."

Reputation, says James Howell, is like a fair structure, long time a-rearing, but quickly ruined. Fame is the sole payment of great souls, Richelieu thinks. Balzac finds no cheap route to greatness. Voltaire claims, that accusations are always held to be just unless speedily confuted. At the festival of Feb. 26, 1881, in honor of Victor Hugo, seven hundred thousand people defiled before his house to

greet him. To Pythagoras is ascribed the invention of the multiplication table. It was of him it was said, *Iipse dixit*. Farragut was sixty-one when he began the achievements on which his fame rests. *The Spectator* informs us, that censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. Heine thinks the name of Pontius Pilate is as little likely to be forgotten as that of Christ. Some one observes, that the picture's value is the painter's name. Who can warrant the continuance of popularity? is asked by Scott. The following is from Lafcadio Hearn, "His name is lost, at least it is lost in Southern history; yet perhaps it may be recorded on the page of a great book, where leaves never turn yellow with time, and where letters are eternal as the stars." Perhaps only two other men, Erasmus and Voltaire, it has been remarked, were ever so popular as Petrarch. Cowper refers to one whose monument records everything but his vices. When once a woman has tested public applause, domestic life becomes lifeless and insipid in the comparison; actresses get the energy and spirit of men; so Haydon declares. It is only of the loftiest trees, says T. W. Higginson, of which it occurs to us to remark, that they do not touch the sky. Jacob Riis thinks a man everywhere is largely what his neighbors and his children think him to be. Sydney Smith had a brother whose chief distinction was, that as a boy he had been thrashed by a boy who afterwards became the Duke of Wellington. It has been remarked by some one, that the monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name; that if the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, they should both perish. Hawthorne says each day you must prove yourself anew. Haydon thinks it one of the most difficult things in the world to manage the temper of your friends, when you first burst into public repute and leave them

behind. Certain poets are spoken of as those who live now only in books of poetical selections. The large gilt eagle at Aix was always turned in the direction where Frederick the Great happened to be. The shoe-buckle swallowed by young Frederick is preserved in Berlin. Professor W. R. Harper thinks the minor poets of France have been obscured by the immensity of a few supreme reputations; that the underwoods have been stunted by the great oaks. Carlyle complained, that, after preaching to deaf ears for forty years, a trifling address of his to Edinburgh students, which happened to be reported in the press, and in which he enumerated no idea which he had not reiterated *ad nauseam* for a lifetime, gave him more reputation than all his books. It is a fine thing, remarks Victor Hugo, to be a flea on a lion. It is a remark of Addison, that there is no defense against reproach but obscurity. Cowley thinks the unknown are better than the ill known. In the opinion of Addison, death closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad. *Eripuit caelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*, is Turgot's. The most shining merit, declares Addison, goes down to posterity with disadvantage, when it is not placed by writers in its proper light. Swift allows Maevius to be as well known as Virgil.

FATE

FATE is unpenetrated causes, Emerson declares. It is Huxley's belief, that there is always a Cape Horn in one's life that one either weathers or wrecks oneself on. What has once passed the press, says Dr. Johnson, is irrevocable. The following is from James Shirley, —

“There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings.”

FAULTS

SCIPIO told Signor Gabriel, that Gil Blas had but one fault — that of being faultless. Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Shakspeare asks. Carlyle says the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none. It is Balzac's belief, that those who please everyone please no one in particular, and the worst of all defects is to have none. A man may take no little credit to himself, observes Lessing, for having committed only such errors as anybody might have avoided. Few persons bare their defects at once, Balzac thinks. This from Matthew Arnold, — "Our wants have all been felt, our errors made before." According to Addison, Lord Bacon's principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. Everyone is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into, is from Addison. And made almost a sin of abstinence, is Dryden's.

FEAR

THE man who fears nothing, says Schiller, is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody. Dionysius caused a sword to be hung by a horse-hair above the head of Damocles. Weir Mitchell thinks what different people dread is interesting. Louis XVI, when surrounded by a mob, asked, "Am I afraid? feel of my pulse." The thing in this world Montaigne was most afraid of was fear. When the orator Licinius was asked why he did not attack Crassus among the rest, he replied, "He wears wisps upon his horns." Julius Caesar thought it better to die once than to live always in fear of death. This same Caesar refused to take precautions against assassination, because life was not worth having at the

price of an ignoble solicitude for it. The tiger spares the fettered lion, says Heine. Weak-minded persons, Balzac says, are reassured as easily as they are frightened. Machiavelli thought it safer to be feared than to be loved. Addison thinks nothing makes such strong alliances as fear. The greatest cruelty, says Victor Hugo, is inspired by fear. James I of England is said to have trembled at the sight of a drawn sword. It is the opinion of Balzac, that the old are somewhat prone to foresee their own sorrows in the future of the young. Beaconsfield declares the worst evil one has to endure to be the anticipation of the calamities that do not happen. The fiercely satirical Pietro Aretino, of the sixteenth century, an Italian writer, was called "the scourge of princes." He was paid large sums of money by those who feared his satire.

FICTION

IT is the opinion of Arlo Bates, that the sure hold of fiction upon mankind depends upon the fact, that it enables the reader to gain experience vicariously. Tennyson thought the flight of Hetty in "Adam Bede" and Thackeray's gradual breaking down of Colonel Newcome were the two most pathetic things in modern prose fiction. The Chinese romance ends with the hero's triumphantly marrying both heroines. Cooper's "Red Rover" was the first real sea tale, his "Pilot" being half land tale. The greatest merit of fiction, says Sir Arthur Helps, is that it creates and nourishes sympathy.

FILIAL LOVE

HAPPY for the most part, observes Cowper, are parents who have daughters; since daughters are not apt to outlive their natural affections, which a son

has generally survived even before the boyish years are expired. Barrie's mother, whom he adored, cared nothing for natural scenery; this, it is alleged, is why he has so little natural scenery in his books. We are told of a certain woman whose favorite reading was the biographies of men who had been good to their mothers. Epaminondas declared it the chief happiness of his life, that his father and mother lived to see his generalship and victory at Leuctra. Plutarch is authority for the statement, that Coriolanus pursued glory because the acquisition of it delighted his mother.

FLATTERY

THERE is not one man in a million, says Seneca, that is proof against artificial flattery. Balzac thinks flattery never emanates from noble souls; it means self-interest. Cicero says of some one, *Vereor laudare praesentem*. Balzac says he has always noticed how vulgar forced flattery is. To flatter those we do not know, remarks Goldsmith, is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Weir Mitchell thinks the value of flattery lies in the flatterer. A man once piloted the Duke of Wellington across Piccadilly, and having expressed the great honor he felt in being so privileged, the Duke said, "Don't be a d——d fool." Everyone likes flattery, Beaconsfield remarks, and when it comes to royalty you should lay it on with a trowel. How true it is, as observed by Dr. Johnson, that he that is much flattered soon learns to flatter himself. It is the opinion of James M. Barrie, that, gentle or simple, stupid or clever, the men are all alike in the hands of a woman that flatters them.

FOOLS

SOLON thought the worst of fools those who once had wisdom. Henry James speaks of a certain man as a prize fool. Who was it that said, "I can stand any fool but a d——d fool"? R. L. Stevenson thinks it better to be a fool than be dead. A camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears, is from the Talmud. For fools are known by looking wise, is from Butler's "Hudibras." Bacon calls it folly to gather fruit before it is ripe, for fear it may be stolen. Epictetus speaks of taking up whey with a hook. Scott advises one who would do a foolish thing, to do it handsomely. Cellini observes, that God very often shows compassion to fools. Though we sometimes love an idiot, says Balzac, we never can love a fool. The same author calls it folly to throw paving stones at your head to drive away flies that alight on it. Sir Godfrey Kneller objected to being buried in Westminster Abbey, "because they do bury fools there." La Fontaine was in society a mere simpleton. Says Thomas Gray, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." There is an unwritten law against making a fool of oneself. La Rochefoucauld says there is no fool like an old fool. Dr. Johnson speaks of one kind of economy as stopping one hole in a sieve. Foolitis is an incurable disease, Weir Mitchell observes. *Qui necesse habent cum insanientibus furere*, is from Petronius. According to the Spanish proverb, a wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. *Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis*, is anonymous. The Indian fells the tree that he may gather the fruit. He is a fool, says Homer, who only sees the mischiefs that are past. It is a remark of Sir Philip Sidney, that in all miseries lamenting becomes fools, and action, the wise. Tennyson thinks most young men with

anything in them make fools of themselves at some time or other. According to Thomas Fuller, all the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on what has no steel in it. The prime minister of the Sultan Mustapha was found, on the approach of the enemy, to be occupied in finding two canary birds that sang precisely the same notes. Shakspeare's professional fools are philosophers in disguise; so thinks Heraud. Balzac depicts for us poverty-stricken and superior men who can do everything for the fortune of others and nothing for their own, Aladdins who let other men borrow their lamps. If ever there was a man who did not derive more pain than pleasure from his vanity, that man, says Rousseau, was no other than a fool. All are fools and lovers first and last, says Dryden. This from Sophocles, —

"Fools never know
The treasure's value till the treasure's lost."

More know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows, the English proverb teaches. Weir Mitchell thanks God for fools, and trusts there will be a few fool-angels; he thinks the worst of being a fool is, that experience is of no use. If thou hast never been a fool, observes Thackeray, be sure thou wilt never be a wise man. No precedents, says Dr. Johnson, can justify absurdity. I am not old enough to be a fool, remarked Addison. Garfield thought it a matter of no small difficulty to be a radical without being a fool. Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen hunt this weather? Shakspeare asks. Henry IV of France called James I of England the wisest fool in Christendom. Lowell speaks of "as great an ass as ever brayed and thought it music." A certain woman who had overdrawn her account, wrote a check for the amount on the same bank and sent it to make her account good. Once

a man lighted a bonfire in his park and walked through it to get a foretaste of hell. A fool has been defined as one who never in his life tried an experiment. It was the belief of Napoleon, that only fools commit suicide. He is a fool who has nothing of philosophy in him, observes Samuel Butler, but not so much so as he who has nothing else but philosophy. Pope thinks no creature smarts so little as a fool. The folly of wearing a fine garment in the dark is like biting one's thumb at a blind man. Judge Hoar said his brother, the senator, knew a fool when he saw one, and could not resist the pleasure of telling him so. Following are lines from Dante, —

“What boots it that for thee, Justinian
The bridle mend, if empty be the saddle?”

It'd only be waste of time to muzzle sheep, some one has said. From Æsop we learn, that the little viper licked the file until the blood came, and was flattered imagining the blood to come from the file. Cicero thinks it the part of every man to err, but the part only of a fool to persevere in error.

FORGIVENESS

SYDNEY SMITH calls attention to the fact, that the sandal wood, while it is felling, imparts to the ax its aromatic flavor. Pardon comes easily to the great, observes Andrew Lang. Bacon thinks nothing more popular than to forgive our enemies. Says Balzac, “I forgive as God forgives, madam, on certain conditions.” The only way to get the better of the vanquished, remarks Victor Hugo, is to forgive them.

FORTUNE

ON the summit of fortune one abides not long, remarks Goethe. Xerxes, who had crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats, and with an army of five million men, recrossed, on his return, in a fishing boat and almost alone. Opportunity is of great consideration in matters of history and biography. Sir Isaac Newton succeeded only because he lived at the right time. The burning of London gave Sir Christopher Wren the best possible opportunity for the exercise of his art. Good luck lies in odd numbers, says Shakspeare. Seneca observes, that what we fear as a rock proves to be a port. It was Cleon's idea, that ordinary good fortune is safer than extraordinary. Hawthorne's removal from the Salem custom-house was the making of him. It was well remarked by one (and perhaps more), says Fielding, that misfortunes never come single. The next trump may be of another color. Eugene Sue advises putting a good face on a bad fortune. It is Balzac's belief, that chance is an immense equation of which we know not all the factors. Napoleon says one must not ask of fortune more than she can grant. According to Balzac, it is more difficult to keep a level head in good than in bad fortune. Eugene Sue thinks mad people and fools are always lucky. According to Mrs. Frances Burnett's thinking, it is easier to bear one's own misfortunes than to bear the good fortune of better-used people; that the latter is the insult added by fate to injury. When I take a bitter pill, I don't chew it before swallowing. Calamity is the touchstone of a brave mind, says Seneca. The same says that a crust of bread, upon a pinch, is a greater present than an imperial crown. Voltaire thinks secret vexations are ever harder to bear than public calamities. As good

luck would have it, is in Shakspeare. The same great poet says, —

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

And again, — “Ill blows the wind that profits nobody”; also this, “Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.” Le Sage says tossing up for heads and tails is not his ruling passion. He unjustly accuses Neptune who suffers shipwreck a second time, Bacon asserts. Balzac speaks of starting from zero to make a fortune. It is remarked by Richelieu, that a good heart is the only remedy against fortune. It is Richelieu who asserts, that one may be saved from ruin by defeat. Some one has observed, that to make good friends is to make one's fortune. The following well-known lines are from Burns, —

“The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley.”

Let the world, then, take notice, when fortune has the will to ruin a man, says Benvenuto Cellini, how many divers ways she takes. The simplicity of Jefferson's inauguration was said not to have been in accordance with intention; that he had planned for a coach and four, but his horses failed to reach Washington in time. It has been observed, that luck never helps a man who relies upon it; that mere chance is often the deciding point in a man's career. The most dazzling fortune, Fénelon observes, is but a flattering dream. Richelieu says there are times when Fortune begins but cannot complete her work. *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, author unknown. Balzac pronounces resignation the last stage of man's misfortune. Le Sage places victory in the same blind family with fortune. Lowell thinks the mis-

fortunes hardest to bear are those which never occur. Macaulay thinks nothing is more favorable to the reputation of an author than to be succeeded by a race inferior to himself.

FRIENDSHIP

THE devil does not forsake his friends, is a statement of Schiller. Grimm, in his harangue to Rousseau, laid great stress upon always having preserved the same friends. It is a remark of Harold Frederic, that there was never any triad of friends since the world began, no matter how fond their ties, in which two did not build a little interior court of thoughts and sympathies from which the third was shut out. Izaak Walton says Lord Ellesmere did not account John Downe to be so much his servant as to forget he was his friend. Balzac thinks people as a rule make confidences to those beneath them rather than to those above them. According to Aristotle, all celebrated friendships have been between two. *Idem velle atque idem nolle, ea demum firma amicitia est*, is Sallust's. It is Seneca's observation, that we cannot choose our own parents, but our friends we can choose. Some one has remarked, that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but nowhere to forgive our friends. *Amici fures temporis*, is anonymous. Canning prayed to be saved from a candid friend. Horace fought against Augustus at Philippi; yet subsequently there sprang up between them a friendship that has become proverbial. Some of the old artists called themselves after their teachers instead of taking their fathers' names. Weir Mitchell thinks friends add terribly to the responsibilities of life. When Burke heard that Goldsmith was dead, he burst into tears. When Joshua Reynolds heard the same, he laid down his palette and painted no more

that day. The most unrelenting enemies are those who were once fast friends. There is nothing to pardon where friendship is, says Landor. Instances of rare friendship are — David and Jonathan, Hercules and Hylas, Theseus and Perithous, and Orestes and Pylades. Birrell is authority for the statement, that a dispute as to the respective merits of Gray and Collins was known to result in a visit to an attorney and a revocation of a will. Dr. Johnson advises us to keep our friendships in repair. There is, perhaps, no surer mark of folly than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love; so says Fielding. The same writer calls a treacherous friend the most dangerous enemy. Macaulay speaks of George III and Grenville as resembling each other too much to be friends. Cicero advises a man to live with his enemy in such a manner as to leave him room to become his friend. Closest unions are those of opposites, Goethe thinks. True men of all creeds are brethren, says Carlyle. Pope thinks the best time to tell a friend any fault he has is while you are commending him. *Pignus amicitiae exiguum ingentis*, author unknown. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, is a fragment from Virgil. Emerson and Ruskin once met, but unhappily neither was interested in the specialty of the other. Weir Mitchell thinks it one of the uses of friends, that we consider how such and such a thing we are moved to do might appear to them. Offences that can be pardoned, says Landor, should never be taken. He who interposes in the quarrels of relations, observes Balzac, must pass through life without a friend. We taste an intellectual pleasure twice, and with double the result, says Hawthorne, when we taste it with a friend. Short reckonings make long friends. Poe says near neighbors are seldom friends. It is a remark of Cervantes, that whoever undertakes a long journey, if

he is wise, makes it his business to find out an agreeable companion. He says again, "Nothing in the world can part us but the sexton's spade and shovel." The friendships of men, thinks R. L. Stevenson, are vastly agreeable, but they are insecure; life forces men apart and breaks up the good fellowship forever. To have friends, says Balzac, we must be friendly with young men. There are persons you meet and speak to daily for a dozen years without establishing anything like a real acquaintance; until at length some accident breaks down the hitherto impregnable barrier and cordial intimacy springs up. Scott tells of the rare hospitality of the Irish harper, who for want of firewood to cook a guest's supper committed his harp to the flames. What comes from the heart, says Coleridge, goes to the heart. Aristotle thinks friendship must be reciprocal. Pythagoras enjoins us not to leave the mark of a pot in the ashes. Some one has observed, that there is no surer mark of regard than to have your correspondent write nonsense to you. The Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, was on familiar terms with Scott, and used to call him "Walter." Scott enjoyed the friendship of his pigs and hens. God help me from my friends, says the Spanish proverb, and I will keep myself from my enemies. The close friendship that existed between Addison and Steele is one of the most memorable on record. Dr. Johnson declares, that no expectation is more frequently disappointed than that which arises in the mind from the prospect of meeting an old friend after a long separation. *Fidelia vulnera amantis*, author unknown. Advice lent unasked loses both self and friend, says Weir Mitchell. It is seldom, remarks Alison, that the prosperous want friends. In the same boat with thee to share thy fate, is from Sophocles. Balzac thinks friendship needs conspicuous qualities or defects. Napo-

leon once stood sentry for a soldier who had fallen asleep, and so saved him from being shot. Balzac assures us, that the alliance of antagonistic interests can never last long. To friendship every burden's light, is from John Gay. Dumas observes, that while the wife's friends are almost always the husband's, the husband's friends are rarely the wife's. It was the social maxim of La Rochefoucauld, to treat every friend as if he might one day be an enemy. It was a rule with Charles Reade, never to disapprove of his friends' friends. Goldsmith declared the friendships of travelers to be more transient than vernal snows. Epicurus admitted but two persons to familiarity with himself. Dr. Johnson pronounced Boswell the best traveling companion in the world. Thomas Gray says a favorite has no friends. According to Matthew Arnold, even a true and feeling homage needs to be from time to time renewed, if the memory of its object is to endure. It is Cicero's belief, that true friendships are hard to find among men who busy themselves about politics and office. I put it down as a fact, writes Pascal, that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. At Potidea Socrates and Alcibiades both occupied the same tent. The friendship between Burke and Johnson, the one a Whig, the other a Tory, was warm and lasted as long as they lived. A great man, says Swift, will do a favor for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Browning got on comfortably with Carlyle. Every year adds its value to friendship as to a tree, Lowell observes. Some one has said, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know." Scott remarks, that no enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confederate. Madame de Sévigné regards little attentions as a stronger proof of friendship than anything else.

He makes no friend who never made a foe, is Tennyson's. Scott is of the opinion, that the chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact. The worst solitude, says Bacon, is to want friendship. It is the advice of some one, that we should have sharers of our memories when life is nothing but memories. George Meredith declares it impossible to conciliate a withered affection. It is a suggestive thought of Hamerton, that real friendship can never be maintained unless there is an equal readiness on both sides to be at some pains and trouble for its maintenance. By the same author we are reminded, that fate gives us our relations, while we select our friends. Voltaire compares his visit to Frederick at Aix la Chapelle to the familiar meeting of Terence and Scipio. People who go away are soon forgotten, says Ibsen. Somehow or other, says Lafcadio Hearn, wealth makes a sort of Chinese wall between friends. One of the most touching examples of friendship is that which existed between David and Jonathan, and it was best exemplified in David's care for Jonathan's son Mephibosheth after Jonathan's death. Samuel Butler speaks of some "under door-keeper's friend's friend." *Amicitiae et libertati*, was Bolingbroke's toast. You are the only woman in the kingdom, wrote Bussy to his charming cousin, who can persuade a lover to be contented with friendship. It has been said that friendship parts in poverty. Lewes says there is nothing presented in the history of literature comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. That between Addison and Steele is akin to it. Symonds thinks the chivalry of Greece found its motive in friendship rather than in the love of women. In the adversity of our best friends, La Rochefoucauld believes, we always find something which does not displease us. Madame De Tencin advised

Madame Geoffrin never to decline anybody's acquaintance, to reject any friendly advances; for if nine acquaintances out of ten prove to be of no value, a single one may compensate for all the rest. Madame Geoffrin advises us not to let the grass grow in the pathway of friendship. It is a Quaker apothegm, to treat your enemy as if you thought he might some day become your friend, and your friend as though he might become your enemy. Petrarch has been called great in the delicate diplomacy of friendship. All know each other and Christian-name each other, author unknown. It is said to be a weakness of human nature, that we always love to hear our friends undervalued. Goethe thinks one can be a thoroughly good fellow without being exactly a Philistine. Blanche Howard thinks only shallow natures make friends easily. In the opinion of Leslie Stephen, of the qualities that make an agreeable companion one of the chief is an intuitive perception of the impression you are making. It has been observed, that an exile rarely finds a friend. It has been affirmed, that Fontenelle, who lived to be one hundred years old, never lost a friend. Brunetto Latini was Dante's teacher and friend, and yet for some reason Dante gave him a disreputable place in the *Inferno*. Three-cornered friendships are said to be as insecure as they are rare. Rosebery says of Chatham, "Men of his type are beyond friendship; they inspire awe, not affection; they have followers, admirers, and an envious host of enemies, rarely a friend." Swift was so much afflicted by the loss of friends by death, that he sometimes wished he had never had a friend. Friendship has been called that which warms but cannot burn.

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GENIUS

AMIEL remarks, that to do what is difficult for others is a mark of talent; to do what is impossible for talent is a mark of genius. Andrew Lang calls a certain writer "eminently uninspired." Victor Hugo asserts, that criticism cannot apply to genius. Thackeray says of one, that he is not one of those premature geniuses whose much vaunted infantine talents disappear with adolescence. George Eliot was not precocious as a child, as were Goethe and John Stuart Mill; she began her real literary career at the age of thirty-seven. We must have millions of men, says Amiel, in order to produce a few elect spirits; a thousand was enough in Greece. According to Carlyle, the gifted man is he who sees the essential point. Michelangelo was architect, sculptor, painter, and poet; he died in 1564, the year Shakspeare was born. Smollett called Edinburgh a hot-bed of genius. Napoleon succeeded by offensive operations, he was too impatient for the defensive. Lowell thinks great character as rare a thing as great genius. Coleridge thinks there is something feminine in the countenances of all men of genius. Montaigne is of the opinion that a strong memory is generally coupled with infirm judgment. Napoleon's head is thought to have been the largest and the best formed ever submitted to the investigation of science. Balzac ventures the assertion, that the man who sees two centuries ahead of him dies on the scaffold. Beaconsfield would have you conciliatory, unless you are very clever. Mrs. Browning tells us, that Apollo taught Wordsworth under the laurels, while the Muses looked through the boughs. Gibbon, speaking of Mahomet, remarks, that conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius. Froude

thinks men of genius have tenacious memories. Swift says there is a brain that will bear but one skimming. Talent is what we have; genius is what has us, says Lowell. Horace Walpole mentions an old ballad-maker who by chance or natural insight obeyed all the precepts of Horace, and yet had never heard of that poet. It is an observation of Botsford, that a great man is, to some extent, the product of his time. Allan Cunningham says stupidity must toil like Caliban, while genius works its ready wonders like the wand of Prospero. Gainsborough was a confirmed painter at the age of twelve. According to Emerson, it is not what talent or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him, says Emerson. Mediocrity is never attacked, says Balzac. Some one has stated the following, *Caesar est supra grammaticam*. Julius Caesar could dictate to five amanuenses at one time. Buffon's apothegm is, "Genius is patience." Taine characterizes intuition as a superior but dangerous faculty. Schlegel ascribes "terrific grace" to Æschylus. Creasy considers Marlborough an incomparable general. Says Carlyle, "It must be for the power of producing such creations and emotions, that Goethe is by many ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspeare, as one of the only three men of genius that have ever lived." In Balzac's opinion, there are in some sort two periods of youth in every life — the youth of confident hopes, and the youth of action; sometimes in those whom nature has favored the two ages coincide, and then we have a Caesar, a Newton, or a Bonaparte. Edwin Markham describes genius as the power to take a hint. *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae est*, is anonymous. No matter what genius does, says C. C. Everett, there will be found those who will admire

it. Balzac remarks, that what survives of a nation is the work of its men of genius. We are told by Beaconsfield, that great men never want experience. It has been observed by some one, that to forget is the great secret of strong, creative natures. Napoleon had a wonderful memory, and was a natural mathematician; when young he could remember logarithms of more than thirty or forty figures. Said Napoleon, "I have fought sixty battles, and I learned nothing but what I knew when I fought the first; look at Caesar; he fought for the first time as he did the last." When a genius is needed, Münsterberg asserts, democracy appoints a committee. General Sherman did not, when at West Point, discover extraordinary qualities, remaining a private throughout his four years' course. Lang calls Lucian "Prince of the Paradise of Mirth." Carlyle thinks Johnsons are rare, but Boswells rarer. Dumas calls Shakspeare "the greatest creator after God." Creasy declares one of the surest proofs of the genius of Louis XIV to have been his skill in finding out genius in others, and his promptness in calling it into action. Barrow presented a copy of Bacon's essays to his pupil, Sir Isaac Newton, saying it was a volume he gave only to those who were destined to be great. Macaulay always showed minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself. Dr. Johnson wrote his dictionary in nine years; the French Academy, forty members, spent forty years on a rival work. Emerson observes, that Napoleon was a man who in each moment and emergency knew what to do next. Shakspeare is the Proteus of human intellect, Hazlitt declares. Lyman Abbott pronounces Voltaire not a great man, for great men always build, and Voltaire only tore down; he had more wit than wisdom, more audacity than courage. Haller and Goethe are rare examples of men in whom both

the poetical and the scientific natures coexist. Creasy calls Alcibiades the Bolingbroke of antiquity; he also pronounces him the most complete example of genius without principle that history produces. Within one Olympiad, Landor asserts, three men departed from the world, who carried farther than any other three that ever dwelt upon it, reason, eloquence, and martial glory: Aristotle, Demosthenes, and Alexander. Jonathan Edwards read Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" at the age of fourteen. Plutarch extols Seneca's wit beyond all the Greeks. Hazlitt asserts, that if Goldsmith had never written anything but the two or three first chapters of "The Vicar of Wakefield," they would have stamped him as a man of genius. Browning alludes to "safe mediocrity." It is a remark of Heine, that the artist who has only talent retains to the end of his life the impulse to exercise that talent; while genius has already accomplished the highest; it is content; it goes home to Stratford-on-Avon, like William Shakspeare. Chesterton declares, that in military matters an Oliver Cromwell will make every mistake known to strategy and yet win all his battles. He also says that while Napoleon was a despot like the rest, he was a despot who defied the pessimism of Europe and erased the word "impossible." It has been remarked by some one, that the greatest triumphs in ideal philosophy are allowed Socrates and Plato; in the art of mental analysis Aristotle is awarded the palm; while Bacon carries off the honors in physical science. There be that can pack the cards, says Bacon, who yet cannot play the game well. Bacon, eminent both as a writer and a speaker, was not a mathematician. Richelieu allows that Gustavus Adolphus, like Hannibal, knew how to conquer, but not how to use his victory. Swift says we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love

divinity, or a general who does not love war; and he wonders why the Queen would make a man Lord Treasurer who does not love money. The greatest genius is not always equal to himself, remarks Balzac. It is an observation of W. R. Thayer, that genius and ambition laugh at precedents. Byron praised Sheridan as the writer of the best comedy, the best opera, and the best oration of his time. To the man of genius, says James Sime, it is not granted to know a thousand things which every school-boy knows. If, says John Fiske, Tyler is small as compared with Jackson and Van Buren, he is great as compared with Pierce and Buchanan. Bulwer advises never trusting to genius for what can be obtained by labor. T. C. Munger thinks Shakspeare the most pathetic of men; for what is more pathetic than the unconscious possession of great powers? Pascal was both a great writer and a great mathematician. Bulwer calls genius the enthusiasm for self-improvement. Mediocrity can talk, observes Disraeli, but it is for genius to observe. Lessing thinks every man of genius above criticism. Goethe thinks that everything that is done by genius, as genius, is done unconsciously. There is, says Belloc, this weakness attaching to government by representation, that it presupposes an eminence in those elected. Genius is to be admired and not criticized, Lowell asserts. Birrell declares Southey to be one of those remarkable men whose observations are made for the first time. Goethe played the piano and cello, and drew beautifully. Says Bielschowsky, "There is no great gift in this world which is not at the same time a burden to its possessor. Goethe suffered severely under the burden of his great natural gifts." Dr. John Brown marvels that genius so seldom serves God, and so often serves the devil. When we begin, remarks Sainte-Beuve, by knowing a great man in

the full force of his genius only, we imagine that he has never been without it. Lowell believes there is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind. It was a remark of Bacon, that reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and speaking a ready man; Blaine said William Pitt Fessenden was all three. To say a thing that everybody has said before, as quietly as if no one had ever said it, — that, says Goethe, is originality. According to De Quincey, whatever is too original will be hated at first; it must slowly make a public for itself. Genius is a cruel disease, is Balzac's severe way of putting it. Without Goethe, no Bismarck, says Bielschowsky. What is not in man will never come out of him, says Goethe. Stonewall Jackson claimed "no genius for seeming." Charlemagne formed the plan of uniting the Danube and the Rhine by a canal, and even began the work; so Goethe informs us. W. D. Howells asserts, that poets and painters spring up where there was never a verse made or a picture seen. It is a remark of some one, that genius does what it must, but talent does what it can. Shakspeare is subtle, but in letters a foot high, Lowell declares. Phidias was at once sculptor, painter, and architect. Emerson says that Scott was not sufficiently alive to ideas to be a great man; but that while he has strong sense, humor, fancy, and humanity, — of imagination, in the high sense, he has little or nothing. Ferrero thinks political life is always perilous to a man of genius. When, says William James, a superior intellect and a psychopathic temperament coalesce in the same individual, we have the best possible condition of the kind of effective genius that gets into the biographical dictionaries. The following observation is from Lafcadio Hearn, — "I think that genius must have greater attributes than mere creative power to be called to the front

rank, — the thing created must be beautiful; I cannot content myself with ores and rough jewels; I see great beauty in Whitman, great force, great cosmical truths sung to mystical words; but the singer seems to me nevertheless barbaric; would Homer be Homer to us but for the billowy roar of his mighty verse?" Sir Joshua Reynolds, though allowing that men of ordinary talents may be highly satisfied with their own productions, thinks men of true genius never are. Lucky ideas occurred to Frederick the Great while playing the flute. Tolstoy praises the sound common sense of mediocrity. Balzac created something like two thousand characters. A genius sees what other people look at, is an epigram unfortunately anonymous. Corot was offered £80 if he would be a painter, or £4,000 to start with, if he would be a shopkeeper. Leibnitz, wishing to confound Newton, sent him a difficult problem in mathematics, which Newton solved without difficulty and returned the next day. It is safe to say that a man never knows what nature has fitted him for till he tries. *The Spectator* thinks it shows a greater genius in Shakspeare to have drawn his Caliban than his Hotspur or his Julius Caesar. Emerson would judge of the splendor of a nation by the insignificance of great individuals in it. Lewes thinks no man ever repeated himself less than Goethe. According to Hamerton, a man's immediate neighbors are generally the very last persons to become aware of the nature of his powers or the value of his achievements. Speaking of Hamlet, Goethe says, "There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the root expands, the jar is shivered." Nothing excites inspiration like necessity, is remarked by Rossini. At the age of fifteen De Quincey wrote and spoke Greek fluently, and composed Greek verses in lyric measure.

At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which an apprentice made out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master; it was so far superior to every other in the church that, according to tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Haydon thinks men of genius are bad teachers — too quick, too eager, and too violent if not comprehended. Mrs. Browning refers to Landor as one in whose hands the ashes of antiquity burn again. Thackeray confessed that Becky Sharp was too deep for him. Great minds scorn the beaten track, says Goldsmith, Mrs. Browning thinks men of genius are apt to love with their imaginations. Powerful beings will and wait, says Balzac. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, said Apelles. Haydon is convinced that the only gift from nature is the capacity to conquer it. The same asserts, that genius is sent into the world, not to obey laws, but to give them. Great geniuses, Carlyle observes, have the shortest biographies. It is Balzac's belief, that there are men who can never be replaced. It was said of Burke, that he chose his position like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher. Margaret Fuller's husband Ossoli, a very handsome Italian, was almost illiterate; she secured for him a place in a sculptor's studio, where he proved quite incapable of instruction in sculpture. After four months' labor he produced a copy of a human foot, but with the great toe on the wrong side. Genius has big ears — on the inside, says Balzac. Coleridge calls mere talent the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others.

GOSSIP

THERE'S no telling where gossips get their crumbs, remarks George Meredith. Cut scandal's head off, said Garrick, still the tongue is wagging. It is ob-

served by G. W. E. Russell, that, so far as he remembers, Shakspeare recognizes no male gossips. Addison says a gossip in politics is a slattern in her family.

GOVERNMENT

THE best government of all, says Jefferson, is the one that governs least. The framers of our constitution succeeded because they understood thoroughly all past forms of government, and framed the republic in the light of history. Locke, who framed the "Grand Model" for the Carolinas, although a great philosopher, failed because he evolved his government out of his inner consciousness. Macaulay thinks what in an age of good government is an evil may, in an age of grossly bad government, be a blessing. The right kind of people may be well governed even under a bad constitution. The office of alderman was originally next in rank to that of king. *Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regatur mundus*, is a saying of Oxenstiern. It is a saying of Lincoln, that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. Burke has been called great because he brought thought to bear upon politics. Lander says the Europeans called ours an infant state; then the first infant who ever kicked its mother down-stairs. We lose respect for a constitution if we change it too often. What an immortality to have written our Declaration of Independence! The will of the people, says J. Q. Adams, is the source of the happiness of the people, the end of all legitimate government on earth. Justin McCarthy declares, that the success of a motion in a legislative body depends much upon who brings it forward. It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective, as thinks Lord Bolingbroke.

The laws of Lycurgus were not allowed to be written. Sancho Panza thought it good to command, though it were but a flock of sheep. It is George Eliot's notion, that an absolute ruler needs to have at hand a man capable of doing the meanest actions. Venice, in the thirteenth century, was considered the most powerful state in Europe. P. F. Willert thinks the strength of a government depends upon the hold it has on public opinion and on the control of the revenues of the country. I allow, observes Macaulay, that hasty legislation is an evil; but reformers are compelled to legislate fast just because bigots will not legislate early. It was the saying of a Roman senator, that it were better to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful. John Morley maintains, that Turgot, like Burke, held fast to the doctrine that everything must be done for the multitude, but nothing by them. Jefferson, in 1801, set the example of sending a written message to Congress when it opened, instead of appearing in person as his predecessors had done. It was a maxim of Louis XIV, that when any injury is done to the body of the state, it is not enough to repair the mischief, unless one adds some good thing which it had not before. It was the belief of Fénelon, that when a man is destined to govern men, he must love them for the love of God, and not expect to be loved by them. The same declares, that kings are made for subjects, not subjects for kings. Calhoun at one time proposed the election of two presidents, one from the North and one from the South. According to Frederick the Great, the strength of the state consists in the great men to whom nature seasonably gives birth in them. Up to the year 1820 there was no regular police in London. Kings, says Massillon, can be great only by rendering themselves useful to the people. It is common to

all systems of democracy, remarks Belloc, to demand a rotation in the distribution of power. E. P. Whipple thinks our first twenty presidents compare most favorably with any twenty consecutive kings of any country. In France, for one hundred and forty years — from Louis XIV to Louis Philippe, no eldest son of the king reigned. Herbert Spencer is of the opinion, that by association with rules that cannot be obeyed, those that can be obeyed lose their authority. By an English law enacted in 1489, it was unlawful to take out of the country any money in gold or silver, coined or uncoined, English or foreign, beyond the value of four angels. The Irish are said to have fought successfully the battles of every country but their own.

G R A T I T U D E

WE are a great deal apter to remember injuries than benefits, Seneca observes. Principles are ungrateful, says Balzac. A Jesuit missionary tells of native tribes of Brazil who possess no word corresponding to our word for “thanks,” and who are utterly devoid of the idea of gratitude. *À propos* of the saying that republics are ungrateful, Dr. Holmes suggests that it might be truer to say they are forgetful; but history never forgets and never forgives. It was remarked by Euripides, that one good turn deserves another. Richter observes, that it is better to make presents in articles than in money; because gratitude for the latter is spent as soon as that is.

G R E A T N E S S

SHAKSPEARE speaks as follows, —

“Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
’Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.”

By the same, —

“Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?”

And again, —

“Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus.”

Again, —

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.”

Gladstone would never accept a peerage, though it was several times offered him. The following are Shakspeare's: “They that stand high have many blasts to shake them”; “A crown or else a glorious tomb”; “Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.” Balzac speaks of one as too great to make any claim to greatness. Seneca would have it, that the true grandeur of soul takes everything for great that is enough. Plutarch thinks the elder Cato's reputation greater than his power, and his virtue to have been more admired than followed. Poe alludes to some one as a great man in a small way.

HABIT

IT was an affectation of Alexander to carry his head on one side; of Alcibiades to lisp; and of Cicero to tweak his nose. James G. Blaine observes, that the force that will arrest the first slow revolution of a wheel cannot stand before it when by unchecked velocity it has acquired a destructive momentum. George Sand speaks of making faces to the devil. Weir Mitchell says an archbishop would learn to swear in the army. A good habit, says some one, is as hard to break as a bad one. Gibbon took but little exercise. Nero never put on one

garment twice. Demosthenes being taunted by Æschines, a man of pleasure, with the fact that his speeches smelt of the lamp, very pertly retorted, "There is great difference between the object which you and I pursue by lamp-light." Dante is constantly alluding to his exile of nineteen years, just as Montaigne constantly complains of his physical malady. The only way to be sure of being always on time is to be always a little ahead of time. It is a good habit always to go to dinner at once when summoned. It is an observation of J. A. Symonds, that we often think that we will lightly leave some ancient, strong habitual sin, of old time passionately cherished, of late grown burdensome; but not so easily may the new pure life be won; between our souls and it there stands the fury of the past. Parson Adams always carried his manuscript Æschylus with him, and always consulted it when in doubt. Balzac insists that no one can bid farewell to a habit. Henry James says people have to get used to each other's charms as well as to their faults. R. L. Stevenson states, that Dr. Johnson's heart did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. Thackeray took no exercise. Rousseau was unable to reflect when he was not walking. Talent may be late in its unfolding, but habits of industrious application, unless formed early, are seldom formed at all. In classic times, every year boys went from house to house in the island of Rhodes, announcing the first arrival of the swallow, as the welcome harbinger of spring, and begging gifts in return for the good news. Carlyle regards habit the deepest law of human nature. Lamb says, "Use reconciles." In old Dutch taverns travelers were charged for the noise they made. Balzac thinks it easier to make a revolution than to improve the style of men's hats. It is a remark of Dr. Johnson, that the diminutive chains

of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken. Demosthenes was an early riser. Newton once spent twenty-four hours with his hands on the table; when he came out of his reverie he thought it was still the day before. Franklin's rule for sleep was between ten and four. He did not long observe his own rule. James Cook remarks, that no people are more averse to every kind of innovation than seamen. It is remarked by Lessing, that everyone acquires by degrees the habits of those with whom he associates. Balzac likens some one to the blacksmith's dog, that sleeps under the forge yet wakes at the sound of a saucepan. The same author says the habits of life form the soul, and the soul forms the countenance. Swift did not smoke, but snuffed up cut-and-dry tobacco. Rosebery informs us, that Fox never used notes, and Pitt rarely. James I had a bad habit of swearing. In his later years Wordsworth read little or nothing. Walter Pater thinks to acquire habits is failure in life. Barrett Wendell does not remember that he ever saw a French boy whittle a stick. According to Parkman, the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada used no salt whatever. Henry S. Landor informs us, that people living at high latitudes seldom use tobacco. It is the opinion of Sir Arthur Helps, that the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study; that decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. Life is but a tissue of habits, says Amiel. New climes don't change old manners, says Aristophanes. Some writer calls habit "ten times nature." Goethe's Egmont does not like to "leave the familiar habit of living and eating." Thackeray says David Hume never went to bed without his whist. Scipio Africanus is said to be the earliest example of a Roman

who shaved every day; from his time on, that is, from about 250 B.C., it was the Roman custom to wear no beard at all; no Roman ever wore the mustache alone.

HAPPINESS

GOETHE thinks nothing more intolerable than to hear people reckon up the pleasures they enjoy. The man, says G. I. Parsons, who devotes himself to the attainment of material ends is liable to find, when the goal is reached, that he is no longer capable of enjoying them. According to the wisdom of Seneca, misfortunes cannot be avoided, but they can be sweetened, if not overcome; and our lives may be made happy by philosophy. *Di tibi divitias dederunt artemque fruendi*, is from Horace. Happy are they, Goethe remarks, who soon detect the chasm that lies between their wishes and their powers. Coleridge says, "Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes." Hawthorne thinks mankind are getting so far beyond the childhood of their race, that they scorn to be happy any longer. Justin McCarthy doubts if any other queen ever had a married life so happy as that of Queen Victoria. Henry James thinks it a proof of cleverness to be happy without doing anything. No one truly knows happiness, says Amiel, who has not suffered, and the redeemed are happier than the elect. Seneca places felicity in the soul, not in the flesh. Balzac observes, that the thing the world pardons least is happiness, and, therefore, it is best to hide it. Dr. Radcliffe, Court Physician, in his bluff way told William III that he would not have his Majesty's two legs for his three kingdoms. George Sand would have happiness sought nowhere but in the fulfil-

ment of duty. Hawthorne advises taking opium to get a glimpse of heaven. Writes Goethe, "The thoughts we have had, the pictures we have seen, may be again called up before the mind and the imagination; but the heart is not so complaisant; it will not repeat its agreeable emotions." Your mode of happiness, remarks Coleridge, would make me miserable. From the Welsh we are taught, that God himself cannot procure good for the wicked. Feelingly sweet is stillness after storm, observes Wordsworth. Balzac thinks happiness makes us selfish. The same author asserts, that all human beings who miss their vocation are unhappy. Our content, says Shakespeare, is our best having. R. P. Halleck believes, that more than half our pleasure comes from anticipation. If I prefer a short pleasure to a lasting one, observes Locke, it is plain I cross my own happiness. Herbert Spencer calls happiness the most powerful of tonics. Hawthorne thinks that happiness comes incidentally, and that it is unwise to make it an object of pursuit. According to Eugene Sue, the happiness of the old is to see the young happy. Dr. Johnson judges some to be too eminent for happiness; he also declares, that no man can be happy in total idleness. To be suspended in limbo is to be neither in pain nor in glory. It is the sentiment of Swift, that happiness is a perpetual passion of being well deceived. One is never so happy nor so unhappy as he imagines, thinks La Rochefoucauld. *Felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarius albo*, is a verse in Juvenal. How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away, is John Gay's. Balzac thinks nothing more utterly uninteresting than a happy man. He says again, that happiness has no history. Leigh Hunt's philosophy of life was, how to neutralize the disagreeable and make the best of what is before us. Power and

aim, observes Emerson, the two halves of felicity, seldom meet. It is very natural to change, thinks Le Sage, when we cannot be worse off. Irving, however, thinks a change is sometimes desirable even from bad to worse. Thackeray observes, that the world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people. True happiness is indescribable, according to Rousseau; he remarks, that what he still wanted prevented him from enjoying what he had. It is an observation of Addison, that the utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment. Goethe thinks that nothing that calls back the remembrance of a happy moment can be insignificant. One element in happiness, Joubert believes, is to feel that we have deserved it. That which produces and maintains cheerfulness, Richter declares, is nothing but activity. Goodness, says Landor, does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good. It was Gray's idea of heaven, to lounge on a sofa and read new novels. It was a maxim of Jefferson, that a mind always employed is always happy, that the idle are the only wretched. Seneca has the same thought, that no man is so miserable as he that is at a loss how to spend his time. Who'll say after this, that there are not days set apart for happiness? asks Eugene Sue. The same believes there is nothing so healthful as joy. Euripides records it as his belief, that youth holds no society with grief. Love and work, says Balzac, have the virtue of making a man indifferent to external circumstances. Pendennis felt sure of going to heaven, for his mother never could be happy there without him. Wealth and honor by no means insure happiness. Schiller declares that no happiness ripens in this world. Again he says, that no clock strikes ever for the happy. Call no man blessed before his death, is found in Ecclesiasticus, and also among

the wise sayings of Solon. Balzac thinks the soul is happy in making great efforts of whatever kind. Happiness, says Chateaubriand, consisteth not in possessing much, but in hoping much and loving much. Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? asks Shakspeare's character. Lessing thinks it always better not to know who speaks ill of us. Shakspeare says, "I were but little happy, if I could tell how much." Lessing thinks it melancholy to be happy alone. The happier a man is, remarks Balzac, the greater are his fears. The same asks, "Where would be the pleasure of hunting a tame thing?" And once more he affirms, that nature only owes us life; it is society that owes us happiness. Pythagoras sacrificed one hundred oxen in consequence of having discovered that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury, is Addison's. Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new, is Milton's. It was John Stuart Mill who, upon experiencing the delights of Wordsworth's poems, said, "From them I seemed to learn what would be the perennial sources of happiness when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed." To enjoy happiness is a great blessing, remarks Bacon, but to confer it is a greater. In general, says Balzac, prescribed happiness is not the kind that any of us desire. To feel joy, we must be with joyous people, declares Mme. de Sévigné. In the opinion of Walter Raleigh, no one who is not capable of great happiness can be a highly moral being. Benson speaks of some one who contrives to give a great deal of happiness without having a program. The Greeks refused to speak of human happiness, lest the jealous deities should destroy it. Whoever can make others happy is happy himself, is anonymous. H. W. Dresser thinks it a matter of econ-

omy to be happy. Bielschowsky is convinced that there is no great, true happiness without pain. I have often thought, remarks Mrs. Browning, that it is happier not to do what one pleases. In the opinion of Aristotle, neither virtue nor happiness is obtainable apart from society. The Promised Land is the land where one is not, is Amiel's epigram. The same declares, that no one truly knows happiness who has not suffered. The happiness one can procure for others, George Sand asserts, is the purest and most certain one can procure for himself. It has been remarked by some one, that a man's existence may be so unhappy that the best punishment that could be inflicted upon him would be to leave him where he is. Children who have never known want get few deep draughts of joy, is by an unknown author. Young's "How blessings brighten as they take their flight," is like Landor's, "What we love is lovelier in departure." Of what avail, says Beckford, is the finest cage without birds to enliven it? Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade, is Landor's. It is a saying of George Sand, that the wisdom of people in her position consists in knowing how to do without what we call happiness. It is a theory of Tolstoy, that a powerful means to secure true happiness in life is — without any rules — to spin in all directions, like a spider, a whole web of love to catch in it all that we can. You must aim at something else, observes John Stuart Mill, and then you may get happiness in the rebound; those only are happy who have their minds fixed on some object other than their own happiness. True happiness is never loud nor manifest. Man, Erasmus declares, is only happy by the goods of the mind. It is the belief of Goethe, that we are happiest under the influence of innocent delusions. George Meredith thinks possession without obligation to the object possessed

approaches felicity. *Nihil est ab omni parte beatum*, is without a name. No man can be supremely happy long, says Carlyle. Happy the people, says Montesquieu, whose annals are blank in History — Books. Somebody has said, that happiness consists in searching for truth, and never finding it. To be happy, remarks George Moore, one must have an ideal and strive to live up to it. Congenial labor is the secret of happiness, Benson thinks. Dr. Johnson assures us, that it is easy to laugh at the folly of him who, instead of enjoying the blessings of life, lets life glide away in preparations to enjoy them. Happiness quite unshared can scarcely be called happiness, is the opinion of Charlotte Brontë. It is a remark of Scott, that happiness depends so much less upon the quantity of fortune than upon the power of enjoying what we have. Sir Thomas Browne calls some one happy enough to pity Caesar. Grayson believes happiness to be nearly always a rebound from hard work. Bolingbroke thought that in a little time, perhaps, he might have leisure to be happy.

HASTE

THERE is no way, says Richelieu, of doing two important things at once. In good news never hurry; but in bad news not a moment is to be lost, is the advice of Napoleon. It is the idea of Hans Christian Andersen, that everyone who goes before the coach of Time gets kicked or trampled down by its horses. The Rhine, says Hare, loses half its usefulness from the impetuosity of its current.

HATRED

IT is easier, declares Swift, to distrust a man because you dislike him, than to dislike him because you distrust him. Franklin relates an incident of a man on shipboard who refused to work at the pump to save the vessel from sinking, because by so doing he would save the life of an enemy who was also on board. I am willing to forgive all men except an American, is the sour remark of Dr. Johnson. The same writer believes, that treating your adversary with respect is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. Giorgione, just before breathing his last, gave orders that Titian should not attend his funeral. Balzac declares, that Frenchmen have too many distractions of mind to hate each other long. The blood-thirsty Jeffreys, Chief Justice of James II's time, said he could smell a Presbyterian forty miles. *Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*, is a line from Virgil. It is a damned humor in great men, Seneca remarks, that whom they wrong they hate. Hatred does not last long, so Pericles says. According to Victor Hugo, it is one of the most difficult yet necessary things in life to learn to disdain. Angels bear no resentment, as Schiller affirms. The finest revenge, Balzac thinks, is the scorn of revenge. He also thinks the first requisition of revenge to be dissimulation. Senator Hoar had a low estimate of the moral character of Wendell Phillips, and an unquenchable hatred of General B. F. Butler. The Russian Kropotof, in his funeral oration on "Balbus, my Dog," congratulated that animal on never having read Voltaire. Writes Shakspeare, —

“— back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.”

When a child, Walter Scott saw "As You Like It" played, and couldn't understand why brothers should quarrel. Balzac observed, that just as the one we love can do no wrong, so the one we hate can do nothing right. What dislikes are so deep-rooted, asks A. M. Rothschild, as those for which no adequate reason can be given? W. R. Thayer declares, that men do not hate a weakling. Bulwer affirms, that the most irritable of all rancors is that nourished against one's nearest relations. Napoleon, when at St. Helena, made a legacy of ten thousand francs to a man who had attempted to assassinate Wellington. When brothers hate, observes Racine, their hatred knows no bounds. People grow to like what they do. The Duke of Wellington, on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, was surrounded by an angry mob, and was obliged to call the police to his assistance. If a man is subject to revenge, observes Richelieu, to put him in authority is to put a sword in the hand of a madman. The Athenian citizen who, after all his comrades had perished in the unfortunate expedition to the island of Ægina, returned home alone, was attacked by the widows of the slain warriors, and put to death by their pricking him with bodkins. The newspapers, angered at the Jay treaty, called Washington the "Step-father of his country." Ægina bit off her tongue and spit it in the tyrant's face. Landor declares it to be the destiny of the poor to be despised, and the privilege of the illustrious to be hated. George Meredith would have us be suspicious of those we hate. Cowper, in view of Dr. Johnson's most industrious cruelty in disparaging the character and writings of Milton, says, "Oh! I could thrash his old jacket till I made his pension jingle in his pockets." Huxley likes to show his contempt for Bacon. We are told that envy always dogs the footsteps of merit. Brooks make even worse

neighbors than oceans, Landor observes. The man possessed by jealousy, says George Meredith, is never in need of matter for it. Harold Skimpole thought it might be in the scheme of things, that A should squint to make B happier in looking straight. Bismarck reminds us, that revenge is a delicacy that should be eaten cold.

HEALTH

*P*ARS sanitatis velle sanari, is Seneca's. Weir Mitchell has discovered that since the mammas have begun to to keep thermometers the doctor has no peace. A certain Lord Russell who had spoiled his constitution by luxurious living, though being quite averse to sport, used to go out with his dogs every day only to hunt for an appetite. *Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano*, is Juvenal's famous verse. The first wealth is health, says Emerson. Weir Mitchell thinks it is sometimes the body that saves the soul. The following is Browning's, —

“But the soul is not the body, and the breath is not the flute;
Both together make the music; either marred and all is mute.”

Franklin would have it, that nine men in ten are suicides. Addison thinks health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other. Voltaire, Goethe, and Scott were at the time of their birth all so feeble as not to be thought worth raising. Balzac alludes to a woman whose health was not coarsely apparent. It is an observation of Walt Whitman, that only health puts you rapport with the universe. G. W. E. Russell declares there's nothing so good for the inside of a man as the outside of a horse. Dr. Baillie advised his patient to take exercise; the latter claiming that he had no time for it, Dr. B. asked,

"Have you time to die, sir?" Dr. Arnold somewhat boastfully asserted, "When I find that I cannot run up the library stairs, I shall know it is time for me to go." Plato had such a high opinion of exercise, that he said it was a cure for a wounded conscience. Self-unconsciousness is by some considered a test of health. Health first, beauty next, wealth third, is the burden of the old song. There is nothing worse, observes Tolstoy, than to confess being in low spirits.

HEREDITY

THE Germans have a saying, that one cannot be too careful in the selection of his parents. Emerson is of the opinion, that all great men come out of the middle classes. Turner, the celebrated English landscape painter, was the son of a London barber. His mother had a bad temper and became insane. Emerson asserts, what is essentially true, that no great man ever had a great son; the few exceptions, perhaps, prove the rule. The mother of Alexander the Great was of a violent temper, jealous, cruel, and vindictive, and loved tame snakes. If we could trace our descents, observes Seneca, we should find all slaves to come from princes and all princes from slaves. The Argyles illustrate the fact, that a man of weak character and intellect may have ancestors and descendants who are strong in both these particulars. Rienzi's father was an inn-keeper and his mother a washerwoman; he, however, had the advantage of a liberal education. The philosopher Locke was not his mother's child, but took his strong qualities from his father. The Carlyles all had big heads. Balzac thinks a child takes its blood from the father and its nervous system from the mother. It is a pertinent remark of William

Winter, that while all men may be free and equal in the eye of the law, all men are, in fact, unequal, since every man is subject to heredity and circumstance. Tennyson was the son of a clergyman. Thomas Carlyle was the son of a stone mason, and George Eliot the daughter of a carpenter; the former one of the greatest English-speaking men of his century, the latter, perhaps, the greatest intellect among women. Plautus and Terence, among the earliest Roman poets, were both of low extraction. Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors, says Emerson. It is Schopenhauer's doctrine, that men of genius inherit their gifts from their mothers. Blood never lies, is an observation by Sainte-Beuve. Balzac, the Shakspeare among novelists, was said to be totally without literary ancestry. Amiel asserts, that a man may be born rich and noble, but that he is not born a gentleman. There is a saying among the Scotch, that an ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy. George Meredith thinks it requires a line of ancestry to train a man's taste. But little is known of Voltaire's parents or other kindred. Herodotus remarks, that the son of a herald is of course a herald; and if any man hath a louder voice, it goes for nothing. It is Ibsen's belief, that nearly all men who go to ruin early have had untruthful mothers. If you wish to be virtuous, observes Victor Hugo, educate your grandfathers.

HEROISM

IT is remarked by Hawthorne, that the greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not prove oneself a fool; that the truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted, and when obeyed. Prescott would rather not meddle with heroes who have not

been under ground two centuries at least. In Landor's opinion, no fighting man was ever at once so great and so good a man as Blake. All conquerors, says Joubert, have had something coarse in their views, their genius, and their character. This from Walt Whitman, —

“And there is no trade or employment but the
Young man following it may become a hero.”

HISTORY

THE year 1492 is distinguished not only for the discovery of America, but for the termination of Mohammedan power in Spain, after a continuance of eight centuries. Shakspeare, Montaigne, Tasso, and Cervantes, of the sixteenth century, were all born within a period of thirty-two years. In the summer of 1777, while in New Jersey, Washington was cruelly censured for too great caution and inactivity, though afterwards his course was declared wise. Grote thinks the exaggerated desire of each Grecian city for autonomy was the chief cause of the short duration of Grecian freedom. Gymnastic games were of such importance in Greece, that they determined Greek chronology. It was in York, in the year 500, that, by the order of King Arthur, the first Christmas was kept in England. During the one hundred and sixty years which preceded the union of the Roses in England, nine kings reigned; six of these were deposed, five of whom lost their lives as well as their crowns. The most eventful act in the world's history, Dowden affirms, is an inward decision of the will — the simple matter of eating an apple. The Monroe Doctrine was first suggested by George Canning, the English statesman. Germany gave to the world gun-powder, printing, and the Protestant religion. The Greek and Roman

historians generally had some personal acquaintance with the affairs they chronicled. Not to know the ancients, says Richter, is to be an ephemeron, which neither sees the sun rise nor set. Windsor Castle was built by Edward III. Birrell observes, that unless historians have good styles, they are so hard to read, and if they have good styles, they are so apt to lie. It is the judgment of Ferrero, that in history the distortings of truth are much more numerous than are inventions. Henry III, in the thirteenth century, granted a charter to Newcastle to dig coal—the first mention of coal in England. William the Silent, Prince of Orange, was great-grandfather of William III of England. The battle of Sedgemoor, between Monmouth and Feversham, is the last worth the name that has been fought on English soil. Longstreet, speaking of invading Pennsylvania, expressed it as his opinion, that the only hope the Confederates had was in out-generalizing the Federals. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on the Fourth of July, 1826, just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The record of the Peloponnesian war by Thucydides has been pronounced the greatest historical narrative in the world. Sir George Rooke commanded the English fleet which, in 1704, in the War of the Spanish Succession, took Gibraltar. According to Goldwin Smith, there is no more romantic period in the history of human intellect than the thirteenth century. Constantine thought at first of building Constantinople on the site of ancient Troy. At the battle of Hastings, where Harold lost his life, William the Conqueror had three horses killed under him. When Xerxes was preparing to invade Greece, the bridges over the Hellespont were broken up by a storm; upon this Xerxes had the Hellespont scourged with three hundred lashes and had the engineers be-

headed. The only accession which the Roman empire received during the first century of the Christian era was the province of Britain. The Whigs elected but two presidents — Harrison and Taylor, and both died after serving, the former but a month, the latter less than two years. Some one defines history as the sum of the biographies of a few strong men. In the year 1805 every legitimate monarch in Europe was imbecile, so Emerson declares. Louis XIV, after forty years of remarkable success, saw his glorious conquests pass away. Almost every place prominently mentioned in the Bible is now under Mohammedan rule. Petrarch is commonly called the first modern man. When Sextus Pompey was entertaining Augustus Caesar and Antony on shipboard, one of his captains asked him if he should not cut off the anchors and make Pompey master of the Roman world. Pompey's reply was, "You should have done it without consulting me." The first steamship to cross the Atlantic, in 1819, was named the *Savannah* and was built in New York. Louis XVI, who came to the French throne in 1774, was the grandson of Louis XV, who had reigned fifty-nine years. Until the time of Julius Caesar the week of seven days was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. At the close of the Peloponnesian war Lysander was loaded with golden crowns, voted to him by the various Grecian cities. Sugar was almost unknown in Europe until the Crusades. Five attempts were made upon Queen Victoria's life. Of the two European republics of the eighteenth century, one was at the source of the Rhine, the other at its mouth. The real point settled by the dethronement of James II was, that the ruler of England must be a Protestant. The battle of Tours, in which Charles Martel defeated the Saracens in 732, has been pronounced one of the decisive battles of the world, as it freed Europe

from Mohammedan rule. It is interesting to reflect, that nearly every prominent European nation has at some time held the political or intellectual supremacy over all the others. Dante was born three hundred years lacking one before the birth of Shakspeare; Petrarch and Boccaccio were about fifty years later than Dante. For about three hundred years the Arabs led the world in civilization. The Triple Alliance was a union between England, Holland, and Sweden against France, in the time of Charles II and Louis XIV, forty years after the death of Gustavus Adolphus. It was Philip of Macedon before whom the woman appealed from "Philip drunk to Philip sober." The Turks, under Mahomet II, took Constantinople in 1453. The terms "Red Rose," of the house of Lancaster, and "White Rose," of the house of York, were applied after Edward IV became king. The greatest of the battles of the Wars of the Roses was that of Towton, a Yorkshire village near Leeds, where on March 29, 1461, the Yorkists under Edward IV defeated the Lancastrians under Henry VI and Margaret. Harvard has been prolific in historians; witness Bancroft, Motley, Sparks, Palfrey, Parkman, and Fiske. During the six years of its existence the Association of Brook Farm never numbered more than one hundred and twenty persons at one time; probably from first to last two hundred persons were connected with it. The American Indian, when first discovered, was an oyster eater. Henry IV of England found his crooked way to the throne in 1399. At a conference of Spartans, Argaeans, and Corinthians, held at Corinth, the Corinthians simulated an earthquake, so as to adjourn the conference and gain time. There were thirteen battles between the houses of York and Lancaster, that of Bosworth Field being the last. There was no dueling among the Greeks

and Romans. There are sixty or seventy pyramids in Egypt; the Great Pyramid, Cheops, is five hundred feet in height and covers an area of over thirteen acres. Windmills were first used in Asia Minor. The population of ancient Rome has been estimated as high as two millions. The Ptolemies descended from one of Alexander's generals. England had no census until 1665. Robert Bruce defeated Edward II in the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. In the latter part of the twelfth century, Henry II subdued Ireland and annexed it to the English crown, though it was not brought under complete subjection until the reign of Elizabeth. The Normans, to preserve the knowledge of families and pedigrees, introduced the use of surnames into England. Schiller declares impartiality to be the most sacred obligation of the historian. The first lesson of history, says Emerson, is the good of evil. Macaulay remarks concerning the resolution that declared the abdication of James II, "In fact the one beauty of the resolution is its inconsistency; they cared little whether their major agreed with their conclusion, if the major secured two hundred votes and the conclusion two hundred more." The same authority would have it, that the highest eulogy which can be pronounced on the revolution of 1688 is this, that it was England's last revolution. When William the Conqueror landed near Hastings, he accidentally fell, striking both hands upon the ground. His followers cried out, "Bad omen." He reassured them by saying it was a sign he had taken possession of England. Again, when he was putting on his hauberk before the battle of Hastings, he got the hinder part before. After changing it, he said the change signified a change in his name, from duke to king. A custom-house officer notified his submission to the royal will of James II in the following words, "I have fourteen reasons

for obeying His Majesty's commands, a wife and thirteen young children." Some one is responsible for the statement, that Julius Caesar introduced the use of "you" instead of "thou." The Locrians admitted only two laws in two hundred years, because he who proposed to establish or change one had to come with a halter around his neck, and was strangled if his law was rejected. The Emperor Hostilianus brought much reproach upon himself for offering an annual payment of tribute to the Goths if they would leave the Roman Empire unmolested. An innovation of Constantine, the dividing of the army into two classes, "Palatines" and "Borderers," was preparatory to the ruin of the empire. Chrysostom observes, that of the Emperors who had reigned in his time only two, Constantine and Constantius, died a natural death. The *Essex* was the first United States ship of war to double both the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn. With the exception of Cortereal's slight explorations along the Atlantic coast, Portugal took no part in American discovery. In the heroic times in Greece the guilt of murder was expiated by a pecuniary satisfaction to the family of the deceased. Tarik, with his Saracens, gained a foot-hold in Spain in 710 A.D. The elder Pliny lost his life by suffocation in consequence of venturing too near burning Vesuvius. The name Great Britain was applied to distinguish the island from Brittany in France. According to Bancroft, the authors of the American Revolution avowed their object to be the welfare of mankind. Sir Robert Walpole, in 1724, entrusted the American colonies to the Duke of Newcastle, a man whose deficiency in geographical knowledge was such that he thought New England an island. Robin Hood and Ivanhoe were contemporary with Henry II and Richard I. Since the time of Constantine, Rome has been burned

seven times. Bancroft pronounces the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm in 1759 one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind; and yet only five thousand men were engaged on either side. The same historian thinks it to be on account of pleasing associations that the common people of England reverence the peerage; since Magna Charta was obtained only by the aid of the barons; moreover, the revolution of 1688 was made possible only by the aid of the nobility and gentry. Lord Mansfield rebuked those who expressed contempt for the book of Otis as the work of a madman, declaring that one madman often makes many; that Masaniello was mad; nobody doubted it; yet, for that, he overturned the government of Naples. At the time the stamp act was thrust upon America, no one thought it would be resisted, though many thought it unwise and unjust. The warm winter of 1775-6, at Boston, was believed to be providential, as it was favorable to the shut-in people. During the riot in New York, in July, 1776, an equestrian statue of George III was thrown down, and the lead of which it was formed was cut up and run into bullets. Pennsylvania was called the Key-stone State because it had six of the original thirteen above and six below it. The great war between Greece and Persia was decided by four battles — two by land and two by sea. The Lacedaemonians voted *viva voce*, and when it was doubtful which party made the louder cry, they "divided the house" as we do. Pope Urban II proclaimed the first crusade in 1095. There was a most disastrous plague all over the Roman Empire from 250 to 265 A.D. Emerson thinks there is less intention in history than we ascribe to it. The French had the lion's share in the glory of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown. Until the reign of Peter the Great, Russia was called Muscovy. The

Dutch Republic was the second power to recognize the independence of the United States, doing so in 1782. The Greek and Roman historians treated almost wholly of wars. The pay of an Athenian sailor in the fleet which went against Syracuse in 415 B.C., was eighteen cents a day. If, says Coleridge, men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! but passion and party blind us, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us. Nobility became hereditary in Europe in the 13th century. In the time of Henry II the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with their respective followers, had a pitched battle to decide which should take precedence, Canterbury coming out the winner. Henry III reigned fifty-six years; George III and Victoria each reigned still longer. In the fourth dynasty, about 4000 B.C., Khufu built Cheops, the largest of the pyramids. Pope Hadrian IV is the only Englishman who has ever sat upon the papal throne; his time was the twelfth century. The House of Commons chose a speaker for the first time in 1377, in the reign of Richard II. The Wat Tyler affair was in the same reign. Hume tells us, that after the repulse of the Yorkists at the passage of Ferrybridge, the Earl of Warwick stabbed his horse in presence of his army, and kissing the hilt of his sword swore that he was determined to share the fate of the meanest soldier. If the United States had refused to give up Mason and Slidell, her action would have comported with England's claim of the right of search and impressment in the War of 1812, and would have been contrary to our own position taken in that war. William the Conqueror ordered the compilation of the Domesday Book in 1085. This contained a full account of the population, ownership, and resources of every shire in England. At the battle of

Marathon there fell, of the Persians, 6,400; of the Athenians, 192. King Alfred is regarded as the father of the English navy. The battle of La Hogue, 1692, was the first check ever given to Louis XIV, and the first English victory over the French after the battle of Agincourt. After the battle of Salamis each of the Greek generals voted himself deserving the first honor, but all gave Themistocles the second place. France first assumed the title "Republic" September 20, 1792. Out of the thirty-six barons who signed Magna Charta in 1215, only three signed with their names. The ropes with which the slaves hauled timbers for the fleet at Carthage were partly made of the hair of patriotic women. Gold was first coined in England in 1344. Chancellor Livingston furnished Robert Fulton with the money to build his steamboat. Poetry is truer than history, Aristotle thinks. In Thebes, in the fourth century, B.C., prisoners were set free to assist in riot and assassination. Diocletian abdicated, as did Charles V, of Spain, and, like Ovid, took delight in raising cabbages in his retirement. A great mob of Pompey's friends once shouted so loudly in denunciation of a proposal from the opposition, that a crow flying over fell dead from fright. The Scythians, when in the field and without provisions, would wound their horses to drink the blood. When Rome was at the height of her power, within the empire each year, so Flaxman informs us, 20,000 gladiators were sacrificed in the amphitheatres. According to the same authority, at the time Athens contained 12,000 free citizens, it contained 120,000 slaves. The question of American independence was in fact determined on the 2nd of July, though the 4th was settled upon as the date of the anniversary. Memoirs are the backstairs of history, George Meredith remarks. The ancients did not use oak in shipbuilding. It is a declaration of

John Fiske, that in the making of a historian there should enter something of the philosopher, something of the naturalist, and something of the poet. The history of Germany and that of France, as separate nations, begins with 843, nineteen years after the death of Charlemagne. A historian, says Voltaire, should be a man of no country and of no party. "And Boyne be sung when it has ceased to flow," is Addison's famous line. J. P. Lange asserts, that Sparta perished when the whole land of the country belonged to one hundred families; that Rome's evil day came when a proletariat of millions stood opposed to a few thousands of proprietors, whose resources were so enormous that Crassus considered no one rich who could not maintain an army at his own expense. The year 1755, the first of the Seven Years' War (the 3rd Silesian), was the year of the Lisbon earthquake. Empress Eugénie's vessel was the first to go through the Suez Canal. In the thirty years preceding 1860, Mexico had between sixty and seventy presidents, according to John Bigelow. Louis XI and Lorenzo de' Medici were contemporaries. Sulla, who had ordered Marius's remains to be taken from his grave and thrown into the Arno, ordered his own body to be burned, fearing that otherwise the same indignity might be visited upon himself. William Rufus was a bachelor king. Tacitus says Caesar rather discovered Britain than conquered it. A controversy about the merits of a hound, arising between two German friends named Guelf and Ghibelline, as they were returning from the chase, caused these two friends to become deadly enemies. The friends of each took up the quarrel, which soon drew the Emperor Frederick I to the side of the Ghibellines and Pope Honorius II to that of the Guelfs; in 1215 the feud spread throughout Italy. Rosebery states, that Napoleon's household at

St. Helena numbered fifty-one persons in all. The first genuine newspaper in England was *The English Mercury*; it was printed in 1588, to prevent false reports in connection with the Spanish Armada. The abolishment of Parliament by Charles I, an act which cost him his head, was but following the example of Elizabeth. No copper money was coined in England until the time of James I. Carlyle states, that Queen Elizabeth was the first person in England to wear knit stockings. The term Roundhead, by which the opponents of Charles I were called, was first applied by Queen Henrietta, Charles's wife. When Lord Mountjoy was taken prisoner at the siege of Rochelle, Louis XIII released him without the payment of a ransom, out of regard for his sister, queen to Charles I — an example Agnes Strickland calls the precedent for the best amelioration of the horrors of war since the institution of Christianity.

HONESTY

IF in your own judgment, remarks Lincoln, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. He was not the man to call an earthquake a seismic disturbance, as stated by some one. The human soul, says Smollett, will generally be found most defective in the article of candor. There are men who will break without scruple most of the ten commandments, and yet will scorn to accept a bribe or betray a trust. A profound conviction, Balzac declares, cannot be argued with. Lowell confesses to a strong sympathy with men who sacrificed everything to a bad cause which they could see only the good side of. Balzac thinks it not enough for a man to be honest, but that he must appear so. Mention has been made of a man so honest that you

might play odd and even with him in the dark. Joubert asserts, that Englishmen are honorable in their private affairs, but dishonorable in the affairs of their country. Sir John Drinkwater, an English magistrate, while sitting on the magisterial bench, was known to pull out a crown-piece and hand it to the clerk, with the remark, "Mr. Clerk, I was drunk last night; there are my five shillings." It is extraordinary, says Landor, to possess power and remain honest. Rousseau, or anyone else, is a fool to confess all the weaknesses of his character. Phocion, finding himself applauded, demanded of his friends whether he had not uttered something foolish. Balzac thinks the pure in mind have a superb disdain for appearances.

HONOR

IT is claimed that bribing a juror at Rome in the time of Cicero was no more disgraceful than bribing a voter now. Rectitude is a perpetual victory, Emerson declares. It is a remark of Thucydides, that the true path of expediency is the path of right. *Nulla est enim laus ibi esse integrum, ubi nemo est qui aut possit aut conetur corrumpere*, is a remark of Cicero. A candid evangelist, observes Blackie, is generally a black sheep to his brethren. Honesty is fled with Astraea, writes Swift. What's the use of being in parliament, observes one of Thackeray's characters, if you have to pay your debts? Balzac declares, that a thorough rogue never gets caught. The following statement is by Senator Hoar, — "I am strongly tempted to say, but I do not say it, that there are occasions in life where the meanest thing a man can do is to do perfectly right." Cromwell said to young Lely, "Paint me as I am." Of all the secret crimes buried in the mysteries of private life, one of the vilest and most dis-

honoring, declares Balzac, is that of opening a letter and reading it surreptitiously. Steele pronounces barbarity to be the ignorance of true honor. It was highly disgraceful for any Grecian state to be excluded from the Olympic festivals at Elis. Honors change manners, Cervantes remarks. John Quincy Adams never accepted gifts. Once a bookseller sent him an elegant copy of the Scriptures; he returned the equivalent in money. This from Addison, —

“When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.”

It has been affirmed, that in seditions bad men rise to honor. For new made honors do forget men's names, is Shakspeare's. The conqueror in one of the Olympic games was crowned with olive, drawn to the city in a chariot by four horses, and a breach was made in the wall for his entrance, this on the authority of Flaxman. The Venetians were determined upon making a certain man doge; upon his persistent refusal they threatened him with banishment if he did not accept. The following is from the mouth of Richard Lovelace, —

“I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.”

Balzac says every calling has its point of honor. Dignity of command, Bacon declares, is always proportionable to the dignity of the commanded. Some one speaks of the honor that surpasses the service. Says Whittier, —

“When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead.”

An two men ride of a horse, observes Shakspeare, one must ride behind. Walter Scott declares new honors to be as heady as new wine. Alexander would not steal a victory.

The only use of honors, Huxley thinks, is as an antidote to fits of the "blue devils."

HOPE

IN prison, of all places, a man believes what he hopes, remarks Balzac. Dumas speaks of building castles on that moving sand we call the future. Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell, is from "Paradise Lost." Despair, says Beaconsfield, is the conclusion of fools. Bacon thinks all despair to be a kind of reproaching the deity. According to Alexander Bain, the earliest and most constant sign of reason is working for a remote object. Haydon said in 1827, "There are three things in this world I hope to see before I die — the Americans whipped at sea, my own debts paid, and historical painting encouraged by government." Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve, is a line from Coleridge. A hope is akin to a doubt, says Landor. This from Pope, —

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be, blest."

It is a remark of some one, that the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. Hope, says Sir Arthur Helps, can build, in reverse, a pyramid upon a point. No possession equals the dreams of it, the proverb says. The man who lives by hope, says the Italian proverb, will die by hunger. When a sickness is desperate, Addison declares, we often try remedies we have no faith in.

HOSPITALITY

HOSPITALITY, according to Latrobe, is most conspicuous among agriculturists far removed from a market; in fact, everywhere where food cannot be bought or sold. This from Shakspeare, —

"Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone."

Lowell says the Bostonians generally seem to have two notions of hospitality — a dinner with people you never saw before nor ever wish to see again, and a drive to Mount Auburn cemetery, where you will see what man can do in the way of disfiguring nature. William von Humboldt, when invited out to dine at six, always dined first at a restaurant at five, considering the invitation one for the purpose of intellectual and social diversion. It was Irish hospitality to lock up the guest's bridle. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest, Pope's line, is taken from the "Odyssey."

HUMILITY

JESUS and Mahomet both submitted to menial offices. Timoleon accepted the leadership against the Carthaginians, after it had been refused by all the prominent Corinthians. Hesiod kept sheep upon the slopes of Helicon. George Ripley, at Brook Farm, took delight in so menial a task as blacking the boots of a fellow-member. R. L. Stevenson writes of himself, "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much." Bosquet thinks Paul was the more powerful because he felt himself weak. When it was first suggested to General Jackson, that he might be elected President, he is reported to have said, "Do you suppose I am such a d—d fool as to think myself fit for President of the United States?" Humbleness does not win multitudes or the sex, is remarked by George Meredith. If William Black is to be credited, Celsus, a Roman writer who wrote the first polemic against Christianity, made it one of his objections, that Christ had worked with his own hands. The following is from Victor Hugo, —

“— want is a low door, which, when we must
By stern necessity pass through, doth force
The greatest to bend down the most.”

HYPERBOLE

HAIR that was more than black. The tower of Babel was so high that some imagined that whoever mounted to the top could hear the angels sing. The following is from Horace,—*Fratresque tendentes opaco Pelion imposuisse Olympo*. Wet even to the marrow, is a familiar phrase. A noise that tore the sky, is Milton's.

IDIOSYNCRASIES

NOTHING more exposes us to madness, observes Goethe, than distinguishing ourselves from others. It is remarked by Creevey, that perhaps no man, prince or subject, ever left such a wardrobe behind him as our George IV. Rev. Mr. Frost, at one time an instructor in Harvard, would say in a Thanksgiving sermon, “We have been free from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday; it is true, we have had some chickenpox and some measles.” “Give me a drachm of silver,” said a cynic philosopher to Antigonus. “That is not a present befitting a king,” replied he. “Give me then a talent,” said the other. “That,” said Antigonus, “is not a present befitting a cynic.” Goethe never read his “Tasso” through after it was printed. Sterne, who was known to weep at the mere perusal of pathetic suffering, deserted his own wife and children. Sir Thomas More had his fool painted along with himself. In the time of Frederick the Great's father, it was dangerous for a man to be six feet tall.

Pepys mentions the circumstance of the Duke of York's being in mourning for his wife's grandmother, which he thought a great piece of fondness. Swift could not remember any weather that was not either too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. One of Balzac's characters wrote an anonymous letter with her left hand. Hazlitt says Coleridge always talks to people about what they don't understand. We are told of a Scotchman who had only two names for twenty dogs. There are men who are willing to err with Plato, and there are those who are unwilling to go right with Epicurus, says Bacon. It was Timothy Dexter of Massachusetts who sent an invoice of warming pans to the West Indies. Vespasian thought it his duty, after the Roman fashion, to die standing. Excessive patriotic pride is exemplified in the person of one Culrossie, who fought a duel for the honor of Aberdeen butter. A certain Englishman hanged himself, that he might no longer dress and undress himself. A certain gardener once wearily said, "Shall I always see these clouds moving from east to west?" Another one wished that the next returning spring might be red instead of green. Johnson's friend, Topham Beauclerk, was very absent-minded. One day he had a party coming to dinner, and just before their arrival he went up-stairs to dress. For the moment thinking it was bedtime, he forgot his visitors, took off his clothes, got into bed, and went to sleep. The great captain Zisca wished a drum to be made of his skin after he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight. James II sat for his portrait to a flower painter. According to Jeremy Taylor, St. John recreated himself by sporting with a tame partridge. Caligula cared more for his horse than for all the world besides; he even wanted to make him a consul. It has been reported that Victor Hugo always

wrote standing. How fond Henry James is of the word "obsession." Cardinal Mazarin never thought anything of Cardinal de Retz after learning that he had written for the last thirty years with the same pen. The soprano Catalini had an ignorant husband who, when told that the piano was too high, called in a carpenter and had the legs cut off. Madame di Murska, the prima donna, always refused to be interviewed. Aristotle was something of a dandy; his hair had a jaunty cut, and he wore numerous rings on his fingers. George III could name every ship in his navy. Baxter made it a rule in every sermon to say something that was above the capacity of his audience. Handel ate enormously; at a tavern he always ordered dinner for three. Lady Morgan's Irish hero entered a drawing-room by throwing a back somersault in at the door. The Brook Farm reformers tried to raise a calf on hay tea instead of milk, but with results fatal to the calf. An Irish tutor called his twins "Gem" and "Mini." Richardson felt unequal to the composition of a letter to a certain fine lady unless he sat down in full dress. When Evarts entered the Senate, Hoar remarked to him, "We shall now have to amend the rules so that a motion to adjourn will be in order in the middle of a sentence." At Brook Farm, instead of, "Will you pass the butter?" the over-refined request was, "Is the butter within the sphere of your influence?" Don Quixote was four days considering what name to give his horse; he thought it the very essence of adventure to allow his horse to go which way he pleased. Bayle was thrown into convulsions by the sound of falling water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of a cross; Erasmus took a fever from the smell of fish; the Duc d'Epéron fainted at the sight of a hare; Tycho Brahe at the sight of a fox, and Henry III at the sight of a cat; Marie de' Medici,

the Chevalier de Guise, and many other historic personages, were made ill by roses, even painted ones — these facts according to Balzac. A Tyrant of olden time, who feared assassination, had twelve bed chambers, that it might not be known with certainty where he slept on any given night. Augustus Caesar used to read or write while being shaved. Queen Victoria said Gladstone always addressed her as if she were a public meeting. Where the whole population is hunch-backed, says Balzac, a straight shape is a monstrosity. Deacon Hosper claimed that he never swore except when it was necessary. Huxley, like James I, was a great punster. According to Sterne, the ideas of an author are different after he has shaved from what they were before. Michelangelo went on modeling and hewing through the sack of Rome, the fall of Florence, and the decline of Italian freedom. Alexander Cruden spent his leisure moments going about London erasing with a sponge chalk marks on the walls. Hawthorne always washed his hands before reading a letter from Sophia Peabody, his future wife. Hume never broke his resolution, formed early in life, of never replying to attacks upon his literary works. Swift, who died at seventy-eight, in accordance with a vow never would wear spectacles. Halifax, the prime minister of William III, was from the very quickness of his intellect slow in deciding practical matters; he was too much inclined to argue both sides. Lord Byron kept a horse at Venice. Rousseau had a poor memory; when alone he always dined with a book as company. Dr. Johnson could write without difficulty in a noisy crowded room; he seldom corrected anything he had written. Napoleon loved old clothes and old hats. Landor was an excellent Latin scholar, but was a poor mathematician; nor could he learn to dance; at college he refused to compete for

prizes in literary composition; he cared but little for a library, but gave away his books after reading them. Socrates never left the city walls of Athens except on military service. Carlyle's father was never outside a circle having a diameter of fifty miles. Blessed is the man that hath a hobby, said Lord Brougham. It is related of Pyrrho the Sceptic, that when out walking he never turned aside to avoid any obstacle or danger, and that he was only saved from destruction by the vigilance of his friends. It is difficult, Balzac thinks, for any man to live without a hobby. John Stuart Mill does not mention his mother in his autobiography. Dr. Johnson never wished to have children. Jonathan Edwards was absent-minded; when out riding he asked the lad, who had politely opened the gate for him, whose boy he was; the boy told him; Edwards returning soon, asked the same lad, who repeated the service, the same question as before; "Why, sir," he answered, "I am the same man's boy I was fifteen minutes ago." Dean Swift could never be prevailed upon to preach before Queen Anne. Napoleon slept after the battle of Waterloo. Morosini carried his favorite cat on his campaigns. When reading, Montaigne was accustomed to underline striking passages. The younger Pitt once drank a toast out of the shoe of a famous Devonshire beauty. Fox said it was lucky Burke took the royal side in the French Revolution, for his violence would certainly have got him hanged if he had happened to take the other side. Sheridan, in order to be near Miss Linley, is said on several occasions to have disguised himself as a hackney coachman and to have driven her home from her performances. Swift remarks upon a certain vicar, that he was such a stickler for etiquette that he would go but once to the sick, except they returned the visit. A certain devotee of literature, when giving a dinner to

authors, placed his guests according to the size and thickness of the books they had published. Begin at the end, is the advice of Balzac. Gladstone chewed his food thirty-two times. Cardinal Richelieu, for recreation, used to jump in competition with his servant, each trying to reach the higher point on a wall. Paley, the great writer on natural theology, had himself painted with a fishing-rod in his hand. It made Schiller dizzy to see Madame De Staël twirl a fragment of paper between her fingers. Swift remarks, "I asked a gentleman the other day how he liked such a lady; he would not give me his opinion till I had answered him whether she were a Whig or a Tory." Every man, observes Bulwer, has his hobby; sometimes he breaks in the hobby, and sometimes the hobby breaks him in. Socrates swore by his dog, as also did Zeno; Pythagoras swore by air and water; King John of England by God's teeth. During a long attendance in the family of a particular friend, Dr. John Radcliffe regularly refused the fee pressed upon him at each visit; but in the end when offered the whole amount, he took it, saying, "Singly I could have refused them forever; but being all offered at once they are irresistible." Sheridan's disregard of money was shown in his stuffing bank-notes around the window sash to prevent its rattling. Neander was so absent-minded that he was known to enter the lecture-room in his drawers alone. Carlyle tells us that Heine, like our Bancroft, delighted in roses; and that he had a habit (which ought to be general) of yawning when people spoke to him and said nothing. Jefferson was addicted to "drawing the long bow" in telling a story. The Adamses, asserts Lowell, have a genius for saying even a gracious thing in an ungracious way. Goethe's mother left orders, that at the time of her funeral there should not be too few raisins in the cake

for the funeral feast. Madame de Sévigné said, "I should be very happy in these woods, if I only had a leaf that sings." Late in life Dr. John Brown, whose patients were mostly personal friends, found it difficult to distinguish between his professional and his personal calls. It came to be understood, that when he left his hat in the hall, the call was professional; when he kept it in his hand, it was a personal call. The records of the Hasty Pudding Club at Cambridge were kept in verse. At one time James Russell Lowell was secretary of this club. Herodotus gave to each of his books the name of a Muse. It is the remark of some one, that he never knew any good come to a man "who stroked his mustache with his little finger standing out like that from his hand." Southey, when too feeble to read his books, used to kiss them. Andrew Jackson was fond of cock-fighting. Dean Swift once kept a letter unopened several days, because he was afraid it contained news of a friend's death. Leigh Hunt tells of a man who took two Sundays in a single week instead of one in each of two weeks. Petrarch, so Balzac affirms, never appeared in the presence of Laura but in white from head to foot. President William Henry Harrison was much given to quoting the classics. In a fit of severe reformation, Rousseau decided to give up the observance of the common amenities, such as politeness and all superfluities of dress; he sold his watch, saying, "I shall henceforth never need to know the time of day." Rousseau, being a good penman, earned his livelihood by copying music. In mentioning the abdication of Charles V of Spain, James Howell says, "This does not suit with the genius of an Englishman, who loves not to pull off his clothes till he goes to bed." According to Benson, Gray refused to accept money for his publications, and gave it to be understood that he was an eccentric gentleman who

wrote solely for his own amusement. Dean Stanley, when once preaching to students, was disturbed by the half-suppressed laughter of his hearers. After the service he became aware that he had performed the functions of the pulpit with his gloves resting on the top of his head; they had accidentally been left in his hat, and when that had been removed from his head, the gloves had remained, he being quite unconscious of the fact. Madame Geoffrin, a woman of great liberality, was offended if thanked. Edward Everett was so punctilious in point of manners, that he used to retire to his chamber to wipe his nose. An English ordinary mentioned by Fielding objected to wine, but drank punch because it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture. Byron wished he could know the feeling of a murderer. Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail to make people talk. Bonaparte, so we are informed, was never more than ten minutes at dinner. La Fontaine went to sleep at the performance of his own opera. Haydon wished he could exist without sleep. Swift used to keep his birthday a day of mourning. Racine's wife was ignorant of his plays. They who are all spirit, says Balzac, do not weep. T. W. Higginson states, that General Taylor never wore a uniform, and habitually sat upon his horse with both feet hanging on the same side. In the journal of Haydon's father the most trivial notes concluded with the state of the wind. There are some fishermen, remarks Bliss Perry, who always fish as if they were being photographed. It is stated by Voltaire, that few Muscovites would venture to eat a pigeon, because the Holy Ghost is painted in the form of a dove. The actor Cooper had a strange propensity for betting. Once, seeing on Broadway a cart loaded with hay, he made a bet with another actor, staking the possible proceeds of his benefit performance, that he would draw a longer wisp from the load of hay than

his companion would; he lost the bet and \$1,200. Scott relates, that a certain king of Castile choked of thirst because his butler was not beside him to hand his cup. Coleridge, at the close of a lecture, is said to have given thanks to God that He had defended him from being able to utter a single sentence in the French language. Diderot never dated his letters. Savonarola was so impressed by one word in a sermon to which he listened, that he never forgot it; he would not reveal what the word was, and claimed that it made him a monk. We are told of a Persian dervish who for thirty years had kept a vow never to employ his organs of speech otherwise than in uttering "Allah." Goethe thinks certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality; that we should not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities. At the time of his death Frederick the Great owned one hundred and thirty snuff-boxes, the most valuable being worth £1,500. At the battle of Fontenoy, when the tide at last turned in favor of the French, King Louis XV rode up and kissed Maréchal Saxe; so Custer kissed Sheridan at the battle of Cedar Creek. Wallenstein could not endure the least noise near his sleeping-room. At Prague he had more than one hundred houses near his palace torn down, and sentries posted all around. Frederick the Great, as a sop to his father, also for a while chose tall soldiers. Landor, once in a towering passion, threw his cook out of the window, and then exclaimed, as he saw his victim strike the ground, "Good God! I never thought of those poor violets." A story is related of a greedy English clergyman, who, when asked to say grace, looked around anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table, and if there were, began, "Bountiful Jehovah"; but if he saw only claret glasses, he said, "We are not worthy of the least

of Thy mercies." In the time of George II, Lord Ferress was executed for murder, being hanged with a silken cord. Queen Elizabeth, according to report, had at one time 4,000 gowns. Frederick I obliged the apple-women to knit as they sat at their stalls. Goethe was annoyed at the sight of spectacles on anyone. Schiller kept a drawer full of rotten apples, the scent of which he found so beneficial that he could not live or work without it; Goethe chanced once to be near the drawer, and almost fainted from the effects of the dreadful odor. Ecker-mann pronounces Goethe's feeling for the Theory of Colors to be like that of a mother who loves a favorite child all the more, the less it is esteemed by others. It was Philoxenus who wished to possess the neck of the crane, so as to be longer in tasting the pleasures of the table. Voltaire is said to have one hundred and eighty pseudonyms. Emerson was not one of those writers who get up in the night to jot down a choice thought. I could digest a salad gathered in a churchyard as well as in a garden, declares Sir Thomas Browne. The unhappy queen of Henry II used to sign herself, "Eleanora by the *wrath* of God queen of England." According to Victor Hugo, the Duke of Alva would warm his hands at the stake. Rosebery states that Napoleon, to make himself agreeable to Gourgaud, would pinch the latter's ear, the well-known sign of his affection and good humor. An Englishman, noted for his oddities, especially for his strict adherence to truth, would rather be thought a malcontent than drink the king's health when he was not dry, as related by Addison. At Brook Farm, it was the proper thing to propose that the pie should be cut from the center to the periphery. We are told of a man who, while in the tower awaiting execution, used each morning to lie down on the block by way of practising.

IDLENESS

AND lack of load made his life burdensome, is a line from Milton. In idle hours the evil mind is busy, Schiller writes. It is a saying of Theocritus, that every day is a holiday to people who have nothing to do. We would all be idle if we could, says Dr. Johnson. Browning has the expression, "busy idleness." Henry James states that W. W. Story, while in college, was inclined to let himself go in almost any direction but that of effort. Chadwick informs us, that Theodore Parker's hardest work did not wear upon him so much as compulsory idleness. Euripides calls leisure "that seductive evil." There is nothing more wretched, observes Goethe, than a man in comfortable circumstances without work. William Black thinks men cannot be idle with safety either to themselves or to the community. It is the estimate of Samuel Smiles, that nine-tenths of the vices and miseries of the world proceed from idleness. Lady Montagu pronounced idleness to be the root of all evil.

IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE is the curse of God, knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, says Shakspeare. Browning says ignorance is not innocence but sin. Dr. Johnson speaks of one Taylor as an instance of how far impudence can carry ignorance. The savages sowed gunpowder, expecting to raise a crop. Bunyan writes, "Thou talkest like one upon whose head is the shell to this very day." Balzac compares some one to a Mohican at the opera. The same declares ignorance to be the sole support of despotism, as it is easier to govern a nation of idiots than a nation of scholars. De Morgan says, "a

complication" is the refuge of destitute diagnosis. A very attentive woman at Huxley's lecture on the brain, seeming to be the only one of his audience able to follow his argument, after the lecture came forward and asked Huxley if she understood him to say the cerebellum was on the inside of the skull or on the outside. There is nothing, affirms Lady Montagu, can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth, those groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life.

IMITATION

THE footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament, in the time of Swift, used to form themselves into a deliberative body, and usually debated the same points as their masters. The surest way to be artificial, declares Henry van Dyke, is to try to be natural according to some other man's recipe. Landor thinks prayers and gaping are contagious.

INGRATITUDE

AT the battle of Ramillies, Overkirk, of the allied army under Marlborough, took prisoner a Bavarian officer, but gallantly returned him his sword, saying, "You are a gentleman, keep it"; the base wretch upon receiving his weapon immediately attempted to run Overkirk through, when he was struck down by an orderly. Seneca thinks we are a great deal apter to remember injuries than benefits. Kellermann saved France and the First Consul at Marengo by a brilliant charge; the ranks applauded under fire and in the thick of the carnage; yet the heroic charge was not even mentioned in the bulletin, we are told by Balzac.

INNOCENCE

MENCIUS asserts, that the great man is he who does not lose his child heart. This from Shakspeare, —

“By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.”

The same again, —

“Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none.”

H. W. Dresser thinks the credulity of human nature one of its profoundest weaknesses. There are very few, Addison remarks, who know how to be idle and innocent.

INSULTS

THOUGH the average man would not feel insulted if you were to say to him, “You are no saint,” it would not be safe to say, “You are no gentleman.” The English solicitor-general, David Wedderspoon, in an invective against Franklin, whom he accused of tampering with private correspondence in order to have Thomas Hutchinson dismissed from the governorship of Massachusetts, called him a “man of three letters,” after the manner of Plautus, “f-u-r,” the Latin word for thief. Henry James speaks of “the perpetual luxury of a grievance.” It needs no great experience of affairs, Rosebery observes, to know, that when menace has been attempted and has failed, expostulation is only an opportunity for insult. This from Racine, —

“The dearer he
Who does the offense, the more the ill is felt.”

INTELLECT

IT is very hard, observes Addison, for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed; the thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid. It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright, says an old proverb. Mediocrity is never discussed, Balzac asserts. McCarthy says Burke saw everything, that Palmerston foresaw everything. Carlyle declares, that for Voltaire the first question was, not what is true, but what is false. George Eliot affected but little critical knowledge of works of art; her husband says she had an enormous faculty for taking pains; as a child she was not precocious. Carlyle asserts, that there is not one great thought in all Voltaire's six-and-thirty quartos. If thinking were not so hard, remarks a brain-tired man.

A great man must have an intellect that puts into motion the intellects of others, some one has observed. Emerson became interested in an obscure countryman of marked originality, a sort of philosopher in the rough, to whom he lent a volume of Plato; when the old man returned the book, he remarked to Emerson, "There are some good things in that book; I find this Mr. Plato has a good many of my ideas." Carlyle thought Alcott "the ninth part of a thinker." Balzac refers to one as having no dangerous amount of intellect. It was said of Fontenelle, that he had as good a heart as could be made out of brains. Coleridge describes a certain man as one pre-eminently a man of many thoughts with no ideas. Shakspeare has been called the Proteus of human intellect. George Sand

alludes to a man who "hasn't two ideas a week." Some school boys, says Hazlitt, cannot read but in their own books; and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. A man is always pleased with himself, observes Dr. Johnson, when he finds his intellectual inclinations predominant. Sterne would find a northeast passage to the intellectual world. A certain Ferdinand Cordoué, mentioned by Sterne, was so wise at nine "'twas thought the devil was in him." John Stuart Mill understood the integral calculus at the age of thirteen. Balzac allows the savage to have feelings only, while the civilized being has feelings and ideas. A profound thinker, says Beaconsfield, always suspects that he is superficial. Schiller is of the belief, that an honest man may be carved out of any willow stump, but to make a rogue you must have brains. Carlyle declares that Voltaire understood Newton when no other man in France understood him. John Fiske thinks one could no more expect a prime minister to understand Huxley's attitude in presence of a scientific problem, than a deaf-mute to comprehend a symphony of Beethoven. The same historian ranks Australian man the lowest of the human species. Sheridan was found very dull in society. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were all considered mediocre when at West Point. The more intellect we have ourselves, declares Pascal, the more originality do we discover in others. Ordinary people find no difference in men. 'Tis the mind that makes the body rich, says Shakspeare. Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, Pascal says, but a reed that thinks. The same would have the greatness of man to consist in thoughts. Milton, we are told, was conversant with six foreign languages; he could almost repeat Homer entire; he particularly admired Ovid and Euripides; in preferring "Paradise Re-

gained" to "Paradise Lost," he showed the mother's predilection for her imbecile child. Landor's literary activity extended over a period of sixty-eight years. Plain living and high thinking are no more, is Wordsworth's. Balzac pronounces St. Peter the man of the people among the Apostles, the roughest among them, and likewise the shrewdest. Thought, according to Richard Burton, is essentially aristocratic; emotion is democratic the world over. It was said of the second Pitt, that he never grew, he was cast. Pascal declares that all bodies, the firmament, the stars, the earth and its kingdoms, are not equal in value to the lowest human mind; for that knows all things and itself too. Advice appeals to the intellect, and experience to the emotions, is the dictum of Arlo Bates. Joubert finds it insupportable to converse with men who have in their brains only compartments which are wholly occupied, and into which nothing external can enter. Arlo Bates thinks the most common intellectual difficulty is not that of the lack of ideas, but that of vagueness of ideas. William M. Evarts thinks the legal profession one that sharpens and does not enlarge the mind. There is, it must be confessed, William James remarks, a curious fascination in hearing deep things talked about, even though neither we nor the disputants understand them. To comprehend is to equal, says Balzac. Interest, it has been observed, is the soul of the will, and the undying ambition of many a statesman has kept his brain as strong after three score and ten as it was ever before. Aristotle thought the function of the brain had nothing to do with the mind; this position was overthrown by Galen about 160 A.D. James Howell said his mind was like a stone thrown into deep water, which never rests till it goes to the bottom. The highest intellects, observes Macaulay, like the tops of mountains, are

the first to catch and reflect the dawn. S. M. Crothers defines a doctrinaire as one who theorizes without sufficient regard for practical considerations. During all Scott's life the half hour between waking and rising proved propitious to any task which was exercising his invention. Emerson asserts, that England has yielded more able men in five hundred years than any other nation. Stedman thinks the critical and the creative natures are rarely united in one person. Says Cowper, "When I can find no other occupation I think." There is no worse lie, asserts William James, than a truth misunderstood by those who hear it. George Meredith says men may be accurate observers without being good judges. Carlyle speaks of reading letters with more than the eyes. It is only when an idea has become a matter of course to the thinker, Chesterton observes, that it becomes startling to the world. The following is from Pascal,—"Set the greatest philosopher in the world on a plank really wider than he needs, but over a precipice, and though reason convince him of his security, imagination will prevail." Lamb considers Fletcher and Massinger the only poets of their age who are entitled to be considered after Shakespeare. Thucydides and Bolingbroke both complained of the indiscriminating tenacity of their memories. Marked gifts, says Sara Coleridge, are often attended by marked deficiencies even in the intellect.

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JEALOUSY

NOTHING, says Bulwer, kindles the fires of love like a sprinkling of the anxieties of jealousy. Heine confessed, that he was jealous of Goethe. Shakspeare has the following, —

“Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.”

The same again, —

“So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.”

A tiger is as jealous as a Dalmatian, says Balzac. When Dr. Johnson heard that Sheridan had been pensioned, he said in his fierce manner, “What! have they given *him* a pension? Then it is time for me to give up mine.” Blanche Howard remarks, that there are people in whose presence one can praise only the Emperor of China. The worst kind of jealousy, according to Dumas, is jealousy without love.

JESTS

AS a necessary safeguard to society, every inveterate story-teller should constitute his friends and associates a committee to decide when he is to retire certain threadbare jokes. If one carries a joke too far it becomes earnest, remarks Lessing. Dean Swift and three other clergymen once played a practical joke on a coachman, by furtively going around the coach, re-entering the other side, and coming out again, until those emerging reached the number of nine. When a certain wag had invited to a feast guests who were all stammerers, they being unaware of the trick, and had placed a reporter behind a

screen to take down the conversation, the task did not require a knowledge of shorthand, as not twenty words were spoken during the first course, from *The Spectator*.

JOY

IT has been observed by some one, that a man who shakes his sides with mirth is seldom difficult to deal with. We are told of people who confirm their own judgment by clapping of hands. Life is at the bottom so awfully serious, observes Heine, that none of us could endure it without this blending of pathos and comedy. You do not laugh when you look at mountains, nor when you look at the sea, says Lafcadio Hearn. Tolstoy thinks all work makes one cheerful. The best part of a journey, some one has remarked, is the getting home from it. Scott says all merry fellows like moonlight.

JUDGMENT

TIS an old proverb, that bids us not to be doing what is done already. A certain man portioned out his capital at so much a day, calculating to live just long enough to make it last. Unfortunately he lived too long. Austin Dobson, alluding to Steele, says his sanguine Irish nature led him continually to mistake his expectations for his income. Mirabeau is reputed to have possessed the remarkable gift of discovering obscure men of talent. Napoleon's regard for details was illustrated in his advice to the matron of a home for invalid soldiers, that the shirts returned from the wash should be placed at the bottom of the drawer, so that the same garments should not be worn and washed continually. Some one speaks of people who are all steeped in the deep slumber of de-

cided opinions. Just before the fall of Vicksburg Lincoln was half decided to supersede Grant by Banks. The very skill and swiftness of him who runs not in the right direction must increase his aberration, asserts Bacon. We are warned by some one, that in moments of great peril, to try to save everything is the sure way to lose everything. According to William Matthews, the natural order is to try a man by his works, and not the works by the man.

JUSTICE

THE truly valiant, says Sir Philip Sidney, dare everything but to do others an injury. Cicero affirms, that nothing can be generous that is not at the same time just. God, says Matthew Arnold, is an eternal Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. After the battle of the Boyne was over, one of William's soldiers butchered three defenseless Irishmen who asked for quarter. William ordered the murderer to be hanged on the spot. Force and right, declares Matthew Arnold, are the governors of the world; force till right is ready. One should not be both plaintiff and judge. Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just, is a line from Shakspeare. Untempered justice is oft injury, Racine says. It was a maxim of Bonaparte, that force is very well when one can use nothing else; but when one is master, justice is better. Carlyle thinks injustice pays itself with frightful compound interest. Horace mentions Julius Caesar but once, Virgil but three times, each seeming to fear offending Augustus.

KNOWLEDGE

WHO knows most doubts most, Browning asserts. Hazlitt calls knowledge pleasure as well as power. Emerson's lines are, —

“Sunshine cannot bleach the snow,
Nor time unmake what poets know.”

Some one wisely remarks, that knowledge should result in action. At a dinner in Washington, where President Buchanan was dining, a wager was made that no person present could tell all the names of the Muses; but one was found able to do it. Off his own beat Carlyle's opinions were of no value. No slave, it has been said, is clever enough to tie his own hands behind him. Goethe thinks self-knowledge comes from knowing other men. Hawthorne thinks the world is accumulating too many materials for knowledge; that we do not recognize for rubbish what is really rubbish. It is a glorious fever — that desire to know, suggests Bulwer. The same believes knowledge, in itself, is not friendly to content. There is nothing so little known, declares Balzac, as that which everybody is supposed to know — the law of the land, to wit. The frog in the well knows not the great sea, Japanese saying. Lecky declares, that we owe more to our illusions than to our knowledge. Good morals and knowledge are almost always inseparable in every age, though not in every individual, Hume says. All the knowledge I possess, states Goethe, every one else can acquire, but my heart is exclusively my own. Better the devil we know than the devil we know not, old proverb. Carlyle speaks of one as a very dictionary of a man; who knows, in a manner, all things, and is by no means ignorant that he knows them. Leibnitz

mentions a woman who wants to know the why even of the why.

LABOR

LABOR is the seed of idleness, says Swift. Carlyle claims that there is endless hope in work. All men, remarks Thucydides, are energetic in making a beginning. Mankind, Fielding observes, are to be comprised under two grand divisions, — those who use their own hands and those who employ the hands of others. The negroes declare, that apes could speak if they would, but that they discreetly hold their tongues lest they be made to work. Do thine own work and know thyself, is Plato's injunction. It is an assertion of Seneca, that difficulties strengthen the mind as well as labors do the body. The same declares, that an honest man is out of his element when he is idle. The secret of life, observes Mrs. Browning, is in full occupation; this world is not tenable on other terms. That slept and did none other werke, is Chaucer's. The safe and general antidote against sorrow is employment, from the *Rambler*. Jeremy Taylor calls idleness the burial of a living man. Great rest standeth in little business, is Chaucer's. According to Sir Arthur Helps, hard work is a great police agent. Aristotle says the end of labor is to gain leisure. Happy is the wife of a busy man, remarks Balzac. To face uninteresting drudgery is, in the opinion of William James, a good part of life's work. Lord Chatham regards vacancy to be worse than the most anxious work. Augustus Caesar wondered that Alexander wanted more worlds to conquer, fearing he should lack work, seeing that it is as hard a matter to keep as to conquer. If you want anything done very poorly, get a boy to do it. Lincoln said his father taught him to work, but never taught him

to love it. It has been suggested, that if you are turning a grindstone, every moment is precious; but if you are doing a man's work, the inspired moments are precious. Following is the way Coleridge has it, —

“Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve;
And hope without an object cannot live.”

As Ruskin would have it, life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality. Virtue's sentinel is work, says Balzac. Emerson worked a little every day in his vegetable garden.

LAUGHTER

PESTALOZZI at first made an attempt to be a clergyman; in his first sermon he was seized with a fit of uncontrollable laughter and broke down completely. Richardson depicts a character who excites a laugh by laughing himself at all he is going to say, as well as what he has just said. Seriousness, says Heine, shows itself more majestically when laughter leads the way. Dr. Johnson thinks every man may be judged by his laughter. In Carlyle's estimation, one great deficiency in Voltaire's nature was inborn levity; he thought him to be by birth a mocker. There is nothing more significant of men's characters, observes Goethe, than what they find laughable. Benson speaks of one who laughs as if he were amused, not like a man discharging a painful duty. Rabelais asserts, that laughter is the special gift of man.

LAWYERS

THE glory of a clever lawyer, Balzac declares, is to gain a rotten suit. It has been observed by G. S. Hillard, that Jeremiah Mason was a great lawyer, but that

Daniel Webster was a great man practising law. It is a remark of Landor, that where the lawyers flourish, there is a certain sign that the laws do not.

LETTER-WRITING

DR. JOHNSON regards the art of letter-writing as consisting solely in telling the news. Carlyle preserved all the letters he ever received; his correspondents were no common men, and in writing to him they naturally wrote their best. I have ever thought, says Steele, that men were better known by what could be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters than any other way. Southey declares, that a man's character may be judged of even more surely by the letters which his friends address to him than by those he himself pens.

LIBERTY

BURKE observes, that it is sometimes as hard to persuade slaves to become freemen as it is to compel freemen to become slaves. Seneca thinks a well governed appetite a great part of liberty. "O politics! how much bamboozling is done in thy game," paraphrase of Madame Roland's famous remark about liberty. The Rochester orator said, with true American boastfulness, "No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall two hundred and fifty feet high." Cousin's definition of liberty is, the doing of what we have a right to do. It was Madame Roland, of the time of Louis XVI, who said, "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name." It is a saying of Heine, that the Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife; the Frenchman like his mistress; the German loves her like his old grandmother. Creevey asserts, that in at-

tending Courts or the homes of Princes you lose your liberty. David depicted Robespierre with two hands upon his breast, as though he had two hearts for liberty. It is a remark of Robespierre, that there is no more formidable enemy to liberty than fanaticism. Every man is rich who has the free use of earth and air. The following from Cowper, —

“He is the free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.”

The defense of freedom, declares William Roscoe, has always been found to expand and strengthen the mind. Even liberty must have a master, asserts Schiller.

LIFE

THE following is from Browning, —

“Yes, everybody that leaves life sees all
Softened and bettered: so with other sights:
To me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than day,
For past is past.”

The Greek poet Alexis calls human life a mad pastime between two darknesses. One half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth, is a saying of Rabelais. *Relinquamus aliquid quo nos vixisse testemur*, said by the younger Pliny. The adage gives long life to threatened men, says Browning. He who lives but to save his life is already dead, is from Goethe's “Egmont.” The sea-gull is said to live longer than man. Hawthorne states, that there are three times in a man's life when he is talked about — when he is born, when he is married, and when he dies. Remarks Joubert, “Some say human life is a black cloth wherein are woven a few white threads; others

that it is a white cloth wherein are woven a few black threads." The greatest captains of antiquity, states Dumas, recreated themselves with casting pebbles into the ocean. *Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut cras moriturus*, John Fiske's motto. Plato died, while writing, in his eighty-first year. Regular habits, Balzac thinks, are the secret of long life and sound health. It is the observation of some one, that the clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes. He who lives a long life must pass through many evils, remarks Cervantes. In giving life, says Victor Hugo, God contracts a debt. One sometimes thinks it regrettable, that in the primal ordering of things God hadn't made special provision whereby a few rare souls, touched to fine issues, might be allowed to live forever, remaining, physically and intellectually, with their sun at meridian. Addison wanted to pass his winter in Spain, his spring in Italy, and his autumn in France. There are few evils without a remedy, Le Sage thinks. Everyone grumbles at his own profession, observes Scott. George Eliot says folks must put up with their own kin as they put up with their own noses; it's their own flesh and blood. Time hath power to soften all regrets, is Wordsworth's. This by P. J. Bailey, —

"He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

It is a maxim of Goethe, that what can never be recalled should not be done in haste. An oak should not be transplanted at fifty, says Grattan. Man is a buffoon, states Balzac, who dances on the edge of a precipice. It was Socrates who said concerning the commodiousness of taking a wife, "Let a man take what course he will, he will be sure to repent." Dr. Johnson thought the man who

was tired of London was tired of life. Nor is the wind less rough that blows a good man's barge, is Matthew Arnold's. Give me the luxuries of life, said Motley, and I will dispense with the necessities. To tunes we did not call our being must keep chime, is Matthew Arnold's. One lives only once in this world, says Goethe. To keep wide awake is man's best dream, is Browning's. Locke thought the lasting pleasures of life to consist in health, reputation, knowledge, doing good, and the expectation of eternal happiness. The following from Goethe, —

“Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.”

It is Ernest Thompson Seton's belief, that no wild animal dies of old age; but that its life has soon or late a tragic end. Balzac says of some one, that he had made haste to enjoy life, and had paid dear for his enjoyments. It is not by living at Padua, observes George Eliot, that you can learn to know Florentines. The stork is an emblem of longevity. Diogenes, commenting on life, says, “There are two miseries in human life, to live without a friend and with a wife.” Landor thinks he wrote “dog,” not “friend.” R. L. Stevenson defines life as a permanent possibility of sensation. There is no fooling with life, according to Abraham Cowley, when it is once turned beyond forty. It is the belief of John Fiske, that it is only through pain that higher and higher forms of life, whether individual or social, are evolved. *Ut sementem feceris, ita metes*, is Scripture Latinized. So much to do, so little done, complains Tennyson. Old age is a man who has dined and looks at others eat, is from Balzac. It is such a delight to live, observes Dumas, when one has just escaped death. Rousseau thinks the most perilous interval of human life is that between birth and the age of twelve.

Thoreau's food cost him only twenty-seven cents a week. Living means fighting, Roman proverb. Following is Shakspeare's, —

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."

So is this, —

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

And this, — "The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." The moment of separation and the moment of meeting again are the two most important epochs of life, from the Zendavesta. Dowden thinks the precept of true philosophy is, not *Memento mori*, but "Remember to live." The same author tells us, that life is short and death is always present behind the curtain. And again he remarks, that our whole life can be no more than an apprenticeship to the ideal. Balzac denies that everyday life can be cast in heroic mould. The following is Racine's, —

"The gods command
Our span of life, but in our own hand rests
Our glory."

This from George Eliot, —

"Life is not rounded in an epigram,
And, saying aught, we leave a world unsaid."

Eight days of life, Saint-Évremond declares, are worth more than eight centuries of fame when dead. Life is a constant sharing of divine power, is the rather unique way H. W. Dresser expresses it. To love and to labor,

Sir Thomas More pronounces the sum of living. Huxley's view is this, — "Life is like walking along a crowded street — there always seem to be fewer obstacles to getting along on the opposite pavement, and yet, if one crosses over, matters are rarely mended." It has been claimed as one of the advantages of living to be very old, that one comes to see that things which had seemed to be disastrous were really blessings. No work must be expected to live long which draws all its beauty from the color of the times, is Addison's idea. *Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te*, is Martial's. From the same this, *Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui*.

LITERATURE

IT is sometimes the case, that a mere fragment of an author's work is all that keeps his name alive; De Foe is chiefly known as the man who wrote "Robinson Crusoe," and of the numerous readers of the wonderful story but few know that he wrote anything else; in the same connection may be mentioned "Gray's Elegy," one of the best known poems in existence, and the only product of Gray's pen ever seriously thought of; of the works of that prolific writer, John Selden, the "Table Talk" alone makes its author live; even his "History of Tithes," which greatly incensed James I, and his "Mare Clausum" are known to only a few of the curious among readers. At the time of Selden's death it was said of him, "When a learned man dies a great deal of learning dies with him; but if learning could have kept a man alive, our brother had not died." Selden's amanuensis, Richard Milward, acting a Boswellian part, and having had ample opportunity to listen to his conversations, made a record of the good things that fell from Selden's lips and embodied them in "Table Talk,"

perhaps the original of books so titled. Polonius illustrates how Shakspeare gives to his plays an almost infinite variety of characters, the lesser ones, too, being almost as essential as the greater. Machiavelli's "Art of War" and "Marcus Aurelius" were the favorite books of Captain John Smith when a young man. Emerson and George Eliot both thought Rousseau's "Confessions" the most entertaining book they had ever read. W. D. Howells, when at Rome, paid his respects to the Tarpeian Rock, not because of its ancient renown, but because Donatello and Miriam had been associated with it in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." One of the most remarkable things about Turner was his utter lack of literary faculty; Hamerton says Turner never did anything worse than his poetry except his prose. The poet Young never composed but at night, except rarely when he was on horseback; hence the "Night Thoughts." Pope was the first Englishman who made an independent living from the sale of his literary productions. Charles Sumner read Hawthorne's chapter on Civic Banquets several times on account of the style. Byron's description of the Colosseum by moonlight has been pronounced better than the reality. What a happy surprise it would be, if the sixty-three lost plays of Æschylus were to be found! It is, however, altogether likely that the few we have are his best. James Russell Lowell makes the surprising statement, that during the fifteenth century Europe did not produce a single book that is readable today. Bishop Pearson calls Virgil "that great master of the proprieties." The possessive of "it" *does* occur in the Bible, Leviticus xxv, 5. It is the opinion of G. W. Moon, that great writers may make or mar a language. The following fragment is from Browning, —

“— fast and thick
As stars which storm the sky on autumn nights.”

The new version of the Scriptures is bad for the clergy, who lose many opportunities of telling “how it is in the original.” The vilest of prose or poetry is called “balderdash”; Balder, among the Scandinavians, was the presiding judge of poetry. According to Lowell, Milton is the only man who has succeeded in getting much poetry out of a cataract, and that was a cataract of the eye. There is a kind of consolation to be derived from literature, in that it shows the foibles and weaknesses of the men and women around us to be the characteristics of human nature throughout all history. When we hear it suggested in the way of raillery, as a necessary safeguard to society, that some tiresome dispenser of stale anecdotes ought to constitute his friends a committee to decide when he is to retire certain threadbare jokes, we are disposed to feel kindlier towards the offender to have the assurance that Cicero was much given to repeating his favorite stories; that egotism is not a recently evolved trait of human nature, is made manifest in the same great orator. Wordsworth’s self-conceit was quite equal to the most pronounced examples of antiquity; when asked to read aloud a chapter in one of Scott’s novels, noticing that the chapter was introduced by a quotation from one of his own poems, he quite forgot the story, and instead of reading the chapter recited his poem in full. The following beautiful piece of description is from one of Shakspeare’s sonnets, —

“Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.”

Richardson, author of “Clarissa,” wrote No. 99 of the *Rambler*, and it was the only number that was at once

popular. We can say nothing, declares Robert Burton, but what hath been said; the composition and method are ours only, and show the scholar. It heightens the pleasure of reading Browning to know that but few can read him. General John A. Dix is a good example of an American public man who was thoroughly literary. A great book greatens with time, says G. E. Woodberry. How true what R. L. Stevenson says, that we cannot all take pleasure in "Paradise Lost." The "Pentameron," one of Walter Savage Landor's prose volumes, is, like his "Pericles and Aspasia," of supreme literary excellence; everyone who enjoys the best should read it. Goldsmith wrote exquisitely in three distinct departments of literature — in descriptive poetry "The Deserted Village," in comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," and in prose fiction "The Vicar of Wakefield." It is claimed by some, that the actor in great measure makes Shakspeare; if this is so, why does not Booth make "Richelieu" as great a play as "Hamlet"? Webster's speeches are great as classic literature, though they lack the inspiring elocution of their author. In the judgment of Matthew Arnold, the best model of the grand style simple is Homer; perhaps the best model of the grand style severe is Milton; but Dante is remarkable for affording admirable examples of both styles. It is estimated, that thirty thousand people visit the grave of Burns every year. This is not wholly due to the fact that "Sweet Afton," "John Anderson my Jo," and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" are memorized the world over; Burns touches not only the Scotch heart, but all hearts, however humble, as no other poet has touched to responsiveness the hearts of people. Andrew Lang, in his "Letters to Dead Authors," writes of Burns, "We have had many a rural bard since Theocritus watched the visionary flocks, but you are the only one of them all who has spoken the

sincere Doric." Burns's songs, like the odes of Horace, may be said to sound like "linnets in the pauses of the wind." Carlyle thought "Tristram Shandy" one of the first books after "Robinson Crusoe." It was a fancy of John Stuart Mill, that when the greater evils of life shall have been removed, the human race is to find its chief enjoyment in reading Wordsworth's poetry. A man may play the fool in everything else, but not in poetry, says Montaigne. A translation no more reveals what there is in an exquisite classic, than words can tell what the mind sees in a perfect piece of statuary or in an excellent painting. Pope is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection. It is allowed that Homer strikes the imagination with what is great; Virgil with what is beautiful; Ovid with what is strange. Addison wrote a book entitled "An Account of the Greatest English Poets," in which he made no mention of Shakspeare. Says Longfellow, "When I quote Latin I quote Horace." Lope de Vega wrote five novels, each with one of the five vowels excluded from it. Books form a universal republic, declares Richter. Bryant, in his writings, generally abstained from using foreign words and phrases. Shelley read the Bible through four times before he was twenty-one years old. It is a dictum of Froude, that literature happens to be the only occupation in which wages are not given in proportion to goodness of the work done. This from Browning, —

"Fleet the years,
And still the Poet's page holds Helena
At gaze from topmost Troy."

At the Saturday Club Agassiz confessed that he had read but one of Scott's novels, "Ivanhoe"; "But," said he, "if God please, before my death I will read two more." Hawthorne says of Miriam, possibly the greatest character

he ever drew, "By some subtle quality she kept people at a distance, without so much as letting them know that they were excluded from her inner circle." The only impeccable writers, Hazlitt asserts, are those who do not write. Macaulay once bored Carlyle with the presentation of proofs that Sir Philip Francis wrote "The Letters of Junius." When thinking of the poet Gray, we are apt to think of his *Elegy* only, just as in thinking of Bunyan we think of his "Pilgrim's Progress" only, though each wrote other things of value. Of the Faun of Praxiteles, which inspired Hawthorne's tale, he writes, "Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word, a sculptor and a poet, too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble; neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly grounds! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp." In Miss Repplier's "Dozy Hours" are the following gems of thought: "It is a painful thing, at best, to live up to one's bric-a-brac"; "The necessity of knowing a little about a great many things is the most grievous burden of our day"; "It is never worth while to assert, that genius repeals the decalogue." It is an observation of Macaulay, as of many others, that great original literary works are most frequently produced in a rude state of society. Lowell kept Howells's first poem a long time before publishing it, to make sure it was not a translation. Montaigne might well say he could write upon any subject; for whatever the one chosen might be, he was always wandering from it. Some literary expressions, says Joubert, are like colors; often time must fade them before they can give general pleasure. Richard Burton states, that the Greeks of the

classical period were eager listeners and talkers; that they were not great students of books. According to the belief of Madame de Sévigné, those who are happy enough to have a taste for reading never need be at a loss for amusement. How fortunate, that a man's writings are often better than the man himself. Alexander Hamilton wrote his contributions to *The Federalist* on board a packet plying between New York and Albany. Among the Greeks, the competitors for prizes in poetic composition were limited to twelve; and to win the third prize, which must have been a kind of "booby," was considered a disgrace, a position to which Sophocles never fell. The judges in such contests were chosen by lot from the audience. Thackeray was often surprised by the sayings and doings of his creations. Some books, Macaulay remarks, which I never should dream of opening at dinner, please me at breakfast, and vice versa. It is observed by C. F. Richardson, that most books float a short time and then become water-logged; then sink with all their crew. Whistled as he signed for want of thought, is the way Le Sage antedates Dryden. Bayle, called the Shakspeare of Dictionary Makers, worked fourteen hours a day for forty years. His dictionary was generally found open on Addison's table. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*, is St. Augustine's. Lewes believes, that no man ever repeated himself less than Goethe. Who can tell in words what a rose is? The "Witches' Prayer" was verse, read either way; but it cursed one way and blessed the other. The Old Testament Prophets were poets; Jesus spoke prose. Smollett's Commodore Trunnion, in his last moments of subconscious dozing, mutters a hope that, "when the angel comes to pipe all hands," he "will be able to surmount the puttock — shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favor." He whistled